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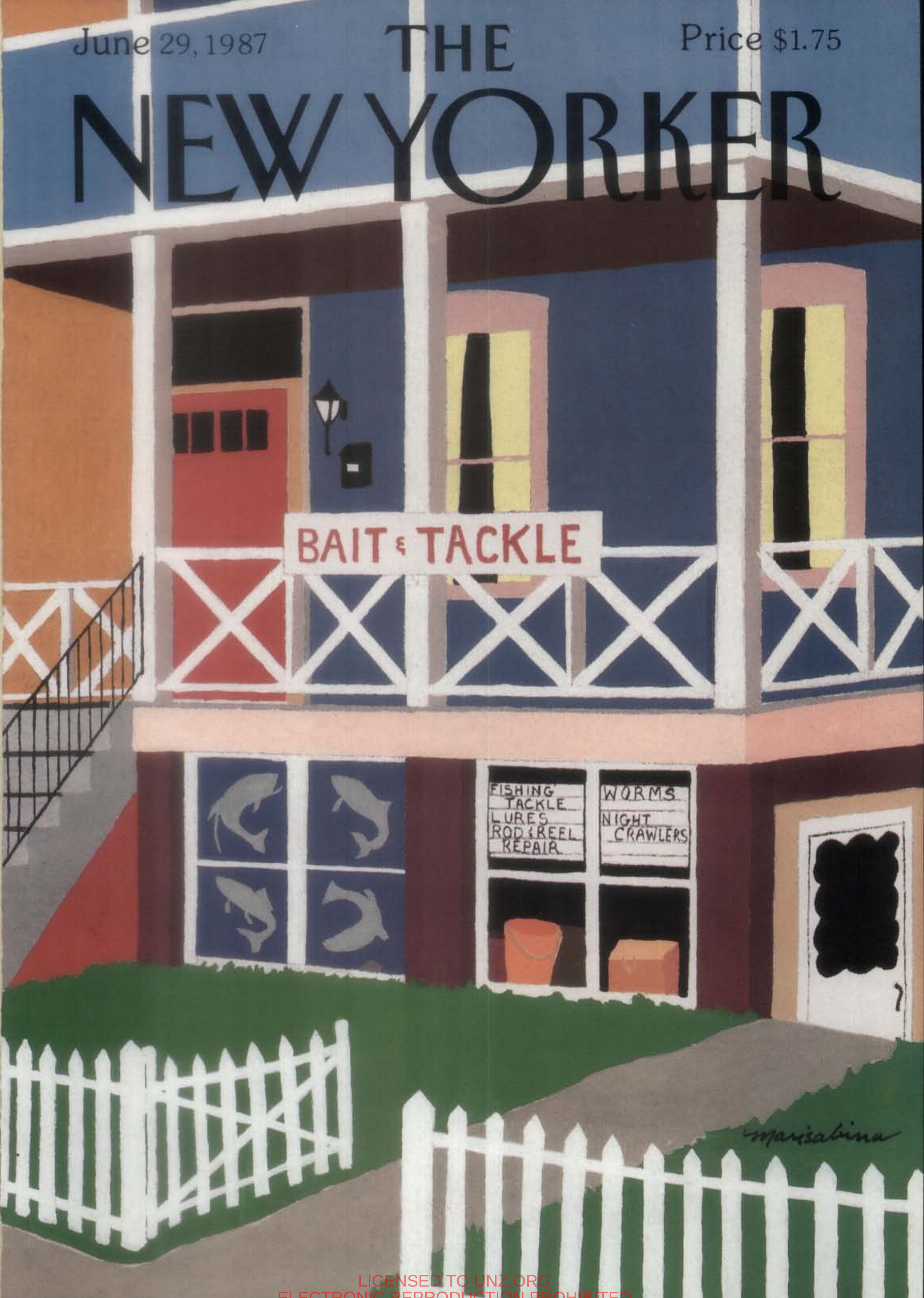
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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28	29	30	1	2	3	4

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Fourth of July. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Theatre Exchange—A festival of four productions by American regional theatre companies. The opening play, Joe Cacaci's "Self Defense," which comes from New Haven's Long Wharf Theatre, follows the gradual disillusionment of a legal-aid lawyer in the Bronx and is essentially television drama put onstage. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Joyce, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 9. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 5. Closes Saturday, June 27.)

Beirut—A play by Alan Bowne. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30.)

Bigfoot Stole My Wife—The collective title for a series of six monologues written by Ron Carlson. With Darren McGavin. A production of Manhattan Punch Line. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

Blithe Spirit—This revival of Noël Coward's comedy is an almost total miss, a waste of the talents of Blythe Danner, among others. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/13/87.) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Broadway—A revival of a 1926 comedy by George Abbott and Philip Dunning. Mr. Abbott is once again the director. Previews Wednesday, June 24. Opens officially on Thursday, June 25. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Broadway Bound—A rueful comedy in which Neil Simon studies the middle-class depths from which he sprang and has kept springing. The cast includes Linda Lavin, Jonathan Silverman, John Randolph, Philip Sterling, Jason Alexander, and Phyllis Newman. The director is Gene Saks. (12/15/86) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Claptrap—A witless comedy by Ken Friedman that aspires to be a spoof of "Deathtrap." (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, July 5.)

Coastal Disturbances—Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Annette Bening, as a photographer from this city, and Timothy Daly, as a lifeguard, are the beguiling lovers, and among the other actors, as summer people, are Rosemary Murphy, Jonas Abry, Heather Mac Rae, and Ronald Guttman. Carole Rothman is the director. (12/1/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Colored Museum—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters. The move from a tiny theatre at the Public to a larger one allows the show to spread out a bit, without in any way diminishing its force or dimming its brilliance. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Comedy of Errors—Shakespeare's treatise on identical twins and mistaken identity has become the occasion for the extraordinary juggling of the Flying Karamazov Brothers and the clowning of many another gifted hand. Robert Woodruff directed. (6/15/87) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays, Saturday, June 27, and Wednesday, July 1, at 2.)

The Common Pursuit—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach those standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except July 4, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays, except July 4, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Saturday, July 4, at 2 and 5:30.)

Copperhead—A play by Erik Brogger. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 9; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 5 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

Dreamgirls—A return engagement of Michael Bennett's 1981 musical. Tom Eyen wrote the book and lyrics, and Henry Krieger wrote the music. Previews through Saturday, June 27. Opens officially on Sunday, June 28, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 2. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Educating Rita—Austin Pendleton plays the scruffy, bookish professor and Laurie Metcalf the brash, sharp-witted local hairdresser whom he educates, bit by bit, in Willy Russell's delightful comedy, which is set in the North of England. The good production is by Chicago's Steppenwolf Theatre Company; Jeff Perry was the director. (5/18/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Fences—August Wilson's play about a black garbageman, formerly a baseball player of professional calibre, is as powerful as, and even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The triumphant performance, with James Earl Jones in the leading role, sup-

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The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and publisher; Jonathan E. Newhouse, executive vice-president; Rebecca Wesson Darwin, vice-president and associate publisher; Sam R. Spoto, vice-president; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Lynn W. Guthrie, advertising director; Frank Mustacato, circulation director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, GA 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, FL 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, FL 33629. Vol. LXIII, No. 19, June 29, 1987. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.
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Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00. Other foreign, one year, $52.00, payable in advance. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

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ported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, Charles Brown, and Karima Miller, was directed by Lloyd Richards. (4/6/87) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Funny Feet—A dancing revue spoofing everything from classical ballet to Las Vegas lounge entertainment. Conceived, choreographed, and directed by Bob Bowyer. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Garden of Earthly Delights—A return engagement of a heavenly theatre piece, seen here in 1984, that uses every resource of the theatre except words—dance, pantomime, acrobatics, clowning, and music. Based on the Hieronymus Bosch painting, it was conceived by its choreographer and director, Martha Clarke; its composer, Richard Peaslee; and the Music-Theatre Group from the Lenox Arts Center. It is a triumph for everyone concerned. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Monday, June 29, at 7:30 and 9:30; Thursdays at 8; and Fridays and Saturdays, except July 4, at 7:30 and 9:30.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday and Saturday, July 3-4, at 8. Matinées Saturdays, except July 4, at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, July 1, at 2.)

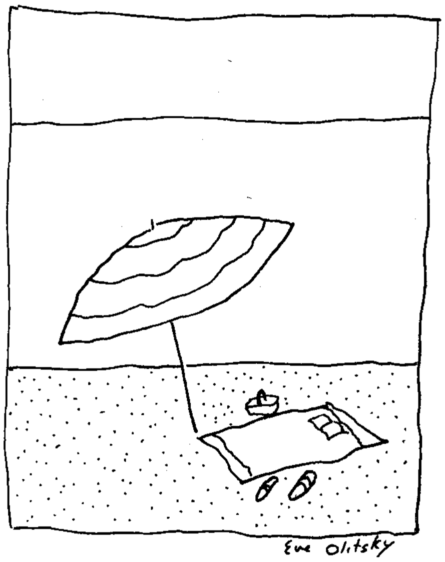
La Mama E.T.C.—Presenting two plays: **WRECKED ON BRECHT**, written and directed by Diana Son. With video by Mr. E. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Thursday through Sunday, June 25-28, at 7:30.) . . . **POWER, GREED AND SELF-DESTRUCTION IN AMERICA**, a revival of a 1966 comedy by Tom Eyen. The original title was "Give My Regards to Off-Off Broadway." (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Thursday and Friday, June 25-26, previews; Saturday, June 27, opening; Sunday, June 28; and Tuesday through Thursday, June 30-July 2, all at 8. Note: The final three performances will be presented at the main building, at 74A E. 4th St., down the street from the Annex.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—An exquisite production by the Royal Shakespeare Company of Christopher Hampton's adaptation of the scandalous 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos. With fine performances by Alan Rickman, Lindsay Duncan, Suzanne Burden, and Lucy Aston in the leading roles. Howard Davies was the deft director. (5/11/87) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting **GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY**, a musical loosely adapted from George M. Cohan's "Little Johnny Jones," by Raymond Allen, Jerry Gotham, and Todd Ellison. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Mabou Mines—Presenting **IT'S A MAN'S WORLD**, a multimedia theatre piece by Greg Mehrten, which tells the story of an actor (played by Mr. Mehrten) whose homosexuality the world of nineteen-seventies daytime television was not ready for. (6/8/87) (Apple Corps Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. 869-3981. Nightly at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

Les Misérables—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Wednesday, June 24, at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund on Sunday, June 28, at 7.)



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The Musical Comedy Murders of 1940—A whodunit, written and directd by John Bishop. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Nerd—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

No Way to Treat a Lady—A musical about a strangler of women, hateful but with a lively score and some clever lyrics by Douglas J. Cohen, who is also responsible for the nasty libretto. With Stephen Bogardus, Peter Slutsker, Liz Callaway, and June Gable. Jack Hofsiss was the director. (6/22/87) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 5.)

Pygmalion—This revival amounts to a one-man show. The one man is Peter O'Toole, as Professor Higgins, of course, and he is very funny. (5/11/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—A disappointing revival of Tom Stoppard's play. (6/1/87) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

Staggerlee—A bountiful, joyous jazz musical, with a rhythm-and-blues score and lyrics by the prodigiously gifted Allen Toussaint, and an artful, entertaining book by Vernel Bagneris, who also contributed the additional lyrics. The setting is a Southern city during Mardi Gras. The witty, vivid scenery, lighting, and costumes were designed by Akira Yoshimura, Allen Lee Hughes, and JoAnn Clevenger, respectively. Mr. Bagneris directed the prodigiously gifted black company, which is headed by Ruth Brown, Adam Wade, and Marva Hicks. (3/30/87) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Starlight Express—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Steel Magnolias—A play by Robert Harling, seen this spring at the WPA Theatre. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Talk Radio—The gifted Eric Bogosian appears in a strong and funny play of his own as the scornful host of a phone-in radio talk show. (6/8/87) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER**: A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Heidi Landesman has somehow managed to put the Mississippi River onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES**: A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS**: Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery and costumes by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 11,304 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET**: Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer, who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT**: Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Ossie Davis and Jack Klugman. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS**: Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays, except July 4, at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Saturday, July 4, at 3 and 7:30.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL**: A fifty-year-old British musical, starring Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NUNSENSE**: A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-

2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

James Thurber Kintypes—John Valentine in a one-man show, based on Thurber's writings. Part of the Lunchtime Humorists Series at the American Place Theatre. (111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday at noon, and Thursday and Friday at 1. Closes Friday, June 26.)

Beehive—A musical revue, featuring girl-group songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, June 24, at 8: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Thursday, June 25, at 8: "Square Dance," "Other Dances," "Concertino," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Friday, June 26, at 8: "Interplay," "Ecstatic Orange," and "Episodes." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 2 and 8: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Sunday, June 28, at 1: "Square Dance," "Other Dances," "Concertino," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Sunday, June 28, at 7: "Square Dance," "Les Gentilhommes," and "Liebeslieder Walzer." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Netherlands Dance Theatre—A brief engagement—Wednesday, June 24, at 8, and Saturday, June 27, at 2: "Heart's Labyrinth," "Silent Cries," "Six Dances," and "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges." . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, June 25-27, at 8: "L'Histoire du Soldat," "Stamping Ground," and "Svadebka." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Bolshoi Ballet—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Saturday, July 18—Tuesday, June 30, at 7:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, July 1-2, at 8: "The Golden Age" (New York première). . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 8, and Saturday, July 4, at 2 and 8: Act I of "Romeo and Juliet," *divertissements*, and Act II of "Spartacus." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

David Parsons Company—"Around the Corner," "Three Courtesies," "Tightwire," and "The Edge." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Sunday, June 25-28, at 8.)

New York International Ballet Competition—The final round will take place on Sunday, June 28, at 3. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON** is in the Oak Room, concentrating on the songs of Arthur Schwartz. **WILLIAM ROY,** her nimble accompanist, sings with her on "Rhode Island Is Famous for You," "Little Igloo for Two," and other light numbers. They are here through Saturday, June 27. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin music room on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. Murray Horwitz tells Shalom Aleichem stories Wednesday through Saturday, June 24-27, at six-thirty, and musical humorist Michael Garin performs at eleven Thursdays through Saturdays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A bemirrored jazz club with a spectacular piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and with bright clusters of musicians on the dais. The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, June 24-25, **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI'S NEW YORK JAZZ ORCHESTRA,** with **LEW TABACKIN;** Friday through Sunday, June 26-28, baritone saxophonist **GERRY MULLIGAN** and his Concert Jazz Band; and starting Tuesday, June 30, gospel-influenced keyboardist **LES MC CANN** and his group, which includes tenor saxophonist **HAROLD VICK,** plus organist **BROTHER JACK MC DUFF** and his combo, which includes another fine tenor man, **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN.** Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies and rock-and-roll fundamentalists, in a big pillared room that seats four hundred. The lineup: Thursday, June 25, Cliff Eberhardt, Tom Keegan & the Language, and Greg Trooper; Friday, June 26, Frank Maya; Saturday, June 27, the **JOHN CALE** band, with guitarist **CHRIS SPEDDING;** Monday, June 29, a talented jazz quintet: **RANDY BRECKER, ELIANE ELIAS, PETER ERSKINE, MARC JOHNSON,** and **BENNIE WALLACE;** Thursday, July 2, T'Pau, an Australian rock band; Friday, July 3, Fairport Convention; Saturday, July 4, jazz-funk guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar: it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good duos and trios. Bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** works with pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** through Saturday, June 27, and with pianist **HANK JONES** starting Monday, June 29. Tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK** leads a trio on Sunday, June 28. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. **DAVID MURRAY,** the tenor voice in the World Saxophone Quartet, directs a trio through Sunday, June 28, and on Tuesday, June 30, bluesy alto saxophonist **LOU DONALDSON** arrives with his quartet. Mondays are set aside for the father-and-son guitar team of **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI.** Music from nine every night except Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** a prince among café singers, is presiding over the little principality known as the Café Carlyle. Bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT** are his aides. Sets at ten and midnight through Saturday, June 27, when the Café closes for the summer. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, you can listen to pianist and singer **BARBARA CARROLL** at nine-forty-five through Saturday, June 27. On Monday, June 29, **DICK WELLSTOOD,** the stride-piano specialist, will take over the keyboard. His hours will be Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty to one.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**HORACE SILVER** plays piano with his sextet in this velvet-and-mirror-walled music box through Sunday, June 28. On Tuesday, June 30, make way for pianist **MC COY TYNER** and his fourteen-piece big band. On Mondays, **LES PAUL** plugs in his guitar and plays with his trio. Music nightly from eight, except Mondays, when sets begin at nine. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—A cathedral-size bar and restaurant. Pianists practice their art in a little grove of palms, a half mile or so from the bar. Bring your binoculars. **JOANNE BRACKEEN** holds forth through Saturday, June 27, and on Tuesday, June 30, **MICKEY TUCKER** begins a five-night stint. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark corner bar that has the cobbled-together look—and safe-from-the-ruckus-of-the-world feeling—of a kids' clubhouse. Wednesdays through Saturdays, Alicia Sherman sings with accompaniment from pianist Peter Madsen and bassist John Arbo. Sunday, June 28, belongs to pianist and vocalist Marty Phillips and bassist Chris White, and Monday, June 29, to singer Stan Edwards and his backing crew. Tuesdays are

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claimed by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Music from about ten.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. The duos: **HILTON RUIZ** and **JIMMY ROWSER** through Saturday, June 27, and **JOHN HICKS** and **MICKEY BASS** starting Tuesday, June 30. Music from about nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Scary-movie buffs like the epic-size iguana on the roof; Texans like the reminders of home; and the musicians like the Texans, the New Yorkers, and the other visitors from this planet who regularly fill the joint up. Wednesday, June 24, Highway 101 and True West; Saturday, June 27, guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN;** Sunday, June 28, Cajun musician Zachary Richard and Loup Gurou; Monday, June 29, bluesmen **HUBERT SUMLIN** and **PINETOP PERKINS;** Thursday, July 2, **DR. JOHN;** and Friday and Saturday, July 3-4, former Rolling Stones guitarist Mick Taylor and his band, and the Jon Paris band. Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**NELLIE LUTCHER** and **ELLA MAE MORSE,** two singers who had best-selling records in the late forties and early fifties, are currently sharing the stage. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen usually sits in on clarinet with the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll of the Present Moment—and, occasionally, of the Classical Era (the fifties), the Romantic Era (the sixties), and the OPEC Era (the seventies)—in a big, fancy thirties-era ballroom. Wednesday, June 24, Bad Company and Blackfoot; Thursday, June 25, **LEON RUSSELL** and **EDGAR WINTER;** Friday, June 26, the Saints; Saturday, June 27, the Exploited and D.R.I.; and Friday, July 3, Lords of the New Church. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

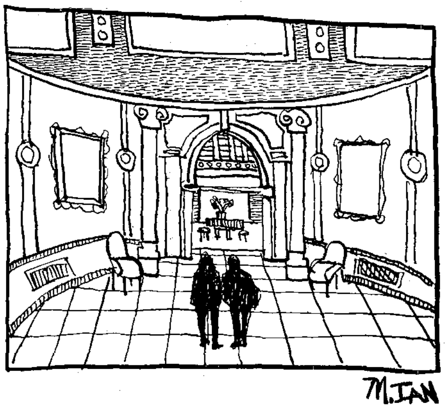
Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Tropical-forest décor (including a larger-than-life parrot suspended above the bandstand) and head-swirling music from Brazil, the U.K., the Caribbean, and the U.S.A. Wednesday and Thursday, June 24-25, Dennis Bovell & the Dub Band, a British reggae-funk-jazz group; Friday, June 26, **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES;** Saturday, June 27, and Friday and Saturday, July 3-4, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Tuesday, June 30, jazz singer **CARMEN LUNDY;** Wednesday, July 1, two guitarists, Jerome Harris and Jean-Paul Bourelly, with their groups; and Thursday, July 2, trumpeter **MARIO BAUZA** and his orchestra. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—According to Pliny the Elder, sweet basil mixed with rose oil and vinegar and applied as a liniment relieves headache and fatigue. Add a dash of **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS** and you have one effervescent week at this convivial Village club. Mr. Blakey and his crew play through Sunday, June 28. On Tuesday, June 30, the celestial **SUN RA ARKESTRA** beams down for a six-night visit. Pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** leads a group that features **TERENCE BLANCHARD** on trumpet Monday, June 29. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Sweetwaters, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—A sleek, multitiered jazz and soul room. A white grand piano illuminates the bandstand. Thursday through Saturday, June 24-27, the Main Ingredient, a vocal group, is present. Music from nine. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple no-frills blues and rock club that is attached to an Irish pub. The schedule, in part: Thursday, June 25, the Dots and Shades of Shame; Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, **MAGIC SLIM & THE TEARDROPS;** Sunday, June 28, Bullet Proof and **JUMP STREET;** Monday, June 29, the Upstartz and Ya; and Friday and Saturday, July 3-4, **HUBERT SUMLIN.** Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Peppy salsa bands play for their excitable fans in the gym-size downstairs room on Mondays after nine-thirty. On Monday, June 29, **LUIS (PERICO) ORTIZ** and his ensemble will share the stage with **EDDIE PALMIERI'S** group and alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA,** the guest soloist. Dancing under the spinning mirrored ball. . . . ¶ In the Terrace Bar, you can keep an eye on Village street life and listen to the piano-bass team of **JACK WILSON** and **LEON (BOOTS) MALESON** nightly, except Mondays. On Tuesdays, they trade sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from nine-thirty on Tuesdays, and from ten the rest of the week.



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Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment has been described by Max Gordon, the wise, elfin, cigar-smoking proprietor, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Trombonist **AL GREY** and tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** co-pilot a quintet through Sunday, June 28, and starting Tuesday, June 30, the **GEORGE ADAMS–DON PULLEN** quartet moves in. Mondays remain the property of the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA.** Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines and jukebox is a room full of jazz. Through Sunday, June 28, **SAMMY PRICE** plays boogie-woogie and blues piano with his group, and on Wednesday, July 1, singer **AL HIBBLER** brings in his musical team. Mondays are comedy nights. Shows from nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. **JANE JARVIS** and **MILT HINTON** engage in lively piano-bass duets on Wednesday and Thursday, June 24-25, and on Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, **JOE BECK** will join them to form a lively piano-bass-guitar trio. Music from eight. The club will be closed for vacation Monday through Sunday, June 29-July 5.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JVC Jazz Festival—Final performances. The concerts are taking place in various halls around the city, on a Hudson River Day Liner, and at the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga Springs. For Saratoga listings, see page 11, under "In the Country." For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. Wednesday, June 24, at 5: Dave McKenna. (Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 24, at 7 and 11: The Herbie Hancock trio and Stanley Jordan. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 24, at 7:30: Ramsey Lewis, Roy Ayers, Jane Ira Bloom, and others. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 24, at 8: Ella Fitzgerald and a trio. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 24, at 8: The American Jazz Orchestra. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 24, at 8:30: Anthony Davis's Episteme and the John Carter octet. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 25, at 5: Cedar Walton. (Weill Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 25, at 7 and 11: The Ray Charles Show '87 and the Grover Washington, Jr., band. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 25, at 8: Joe Williams, Nancy Wilson, and the Count Basie Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 26, at 5: Monty Alexander. (Weill Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 26, at 8: Mel Tormé and his trio; Lonette McKee; Stan Getz, with Diane Schuur; and the Mel Lewis Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 26, at 8: The Tania Maria group. (Hudson River Day Liner, Pier 81, Twelfth Ave. at 41st St.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 26, at 8:30: Leroy Jenkins' Sting and the Gerry Hemingway Ensemble. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 5:30: Roger Kellaway. (Weill Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 7 and 11: Spyro Gyra and Larry Carlton. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 7:30: Tony Williams, the Bennie Wallace band, and others. (Town Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 8: Rubén Blades y los Seis del Solar. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 9:30: Craig Harris & the Tailgaters Tales and the Amina Claudine Myers quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 28, at 8: Hank Jones, with George Mraz, Michael Moore, Kenny Barron, and others. (Town Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 28, at 8: Films of live performances of the Miles Davis quintet (in 1967), Sonny Rollins, Louis Armstrong, and others. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St.)

Duran Duran—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, June 24, at 8.

Henry Street Settlement Jazz Festival—Final performance Friday, June 26, at 7: The Frank Gordon sextet. (466 Grand St. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Kool & the Gang—With Klymaxx. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Friday, June 26, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, June 27-28, at 7:30.)

Hiroshi Itsuki—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, June 28, at 7:30.

Rodney Dangerfield—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Sunday and Monday, June 28-29, at 8.

Tribute to the Original Dixieland Jazz Band—A six-member band performing transcriptions from seventy-year-old recordings. (Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Wednesday, July 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 982-5609.)

Suzanne Vega—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, July 1-2, at 8.

Paul Simon—With Miriam Makeba, Hugh Masekela, and Ladysmith Black Mambazo. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, July 2, at 8.)

Benefit Concert—Peter Yarrow, Tom Chapin, Judy Collins, Ronnie Gilbert, Marvin Hamlisch, and Tom Paxton. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, June 25, at 7:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Saturday, July 4.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Carlo Carrà (1881-1966)—Fifty paintings and drawings from the early nineteen-hundreds. Through Tuesday, June 30. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Leonardo Cremonini—Paintings of beach scenes, some very quiet and some populated with rather unearthly looking figures. Through July 10. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

William Garbe—Watercolors and charcoal drawings of crabs, lobsters, swans, and other aquatic animals. First one-man show in New York. Through July 10. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Two gallery shows that complement the artist's retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Aquatints at Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Through Tuesday, June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . ¶ Sculptures, paintings, and drawings at Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Through Aug. 29.

John Stockdale / Marianne Engberg—Abstract grid paintings. / Color photographs of masks used in the Basel Fastnacht, a Lenten festival. Through Saturday, June 27. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Rufino Tamayo—Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, June 27. (Martin, 23 E. 73rd St.)

Group Shows—At the **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: Figurative and abstract works on canvas and paper, by Roxi Marsen, Hedda Sterne, Graham Campbell, and others. Through July 27. (Open Mondays.) . . . **CENTER FOR AFRICAN ART,** 54 E. 68th St.: More than a hundred African objects on loan from the Museum für Völkerkunde, in Munich. Through Aug. 16. (Opens at noon on Sundays.) . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM,** 417 E. 75th St.: A strong showing of collages—by Bearden, Mackintosh, Stokes, and Ohnigian—and other works by gallery regulars. Through July 10. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such American artists as Saul Steinberg, Gregory Gillespie, Marina Stern, and Chaim Gross. Through July 31. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St.: Paintings by de Kooning, Heizer, Mitchell, Murphy, Palermo, Twombly, and Tony Smith. Through Sept. 19. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER MODERN,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings by Thérèse Oulton and Joan Snyder, and drawings by Norbert Prangenberg. Through Tuesday, June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **LAFAYETTE PARKE,** 58 E. 79th St.: Paintings by German Expressionists Kirchner, Pechstein, Macke, Feininger, Nolde, and others. Through July 11. . . . **MATHES,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings and drawings of landscapes by Louisa Chase, Freya Hansell, Richard Kalina, and others. Through July 21. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **PERLOW,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Summer activities reflected in paintings and drawings, such as Larry Rivers' large colored-pencil drawing of his family out on the lawn and a 1980 oil by Balcomb Greene called "White Sand." Through Sept. 8. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **STONE,** 48 E. 86th St.: A new painting by Richard Estes and miscellaneous works by other gallery members. Through Thursday, July 2. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Francis Bacon—Six triptychs and a diptych, all from the eighties. Through July 24. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays and Friday, July 3.)

Michael Beck / Peter Holbrook—Watercolors of still-lifes in interiors. / Realist paintings of Western mountains and Hawaiian seascapes in a new water-soluble medium called Master-Color. Through Friday, July 3. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Chuck Close—Twenty drawings, dating from 1974 to 1986, using such techniques as grid systems and fingerprint patterns. Through July 24. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Thomas Aquinas Daly—Paintings of wildlife and landscapes. Through Tuesday, June 30. (Grand Central Art Galleries, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

K. H. Hödicke—Eleven paintings from the past ten years. Through Friday, June 26. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Patricia Nix—Constructions and paintings, one a nostalgic composition called "Rose Trellis," which has a series of individual roses painted against a vine pattern. Through Tuesday, June 30. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Betty Parsons (1900-82) / **Elyssa Rundle**—Paintings and driftwood constructions. / Abstractions in mixed mediums on paper. Through July 7. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Sean Scully—Monotypes with stripe motifs. Through Friday, June 26. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

William Tillyer—Loosely executed, vibrant watercolors of the English countryside. Through July 10. (Jacobson, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 20 W. 57th St.: Old Master prints. Through July 31. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **BLUM HELMAN,** 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by gallery artists. Through July 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **BORGENICHT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Seven artists have been invited to exhibit their paintings and sculptures. Through Thursday, July 2. . . . **DE NAGY,** 41 W. 57th St.: Still-lifes by Fish, Groover, Guston, Thiebaud, Paul Hunter, and others. Through Saturday, June 27. . . . **DORSKY,** 58 W. 58th St.: Paintings and drawings by Berlin artists Middendorf, Bach, Penck, and others. Through Friday, July 3. (Open Mondays.) . . . **FRENCH,** 41 W. 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper of either nocturnal scenes (by William L. Haney and Sarah Supplee, for instance) or scenes evocative of dark moods (Jerome Witkin and April Gornik). Through Saturday, June 27. . . . **FRUMKIN,** 50 W. 57th St.: Landscape motifs in abstract paintings by Gregory Amenoff, Robert Barnes, James Conboy, Katherine Porter, and William T. Wiley. Through Friday, June 26. . . . **GALERIE MAEGHT LELONG,** 20 W. 57th St.: A minimal sculpture and drawing by Roni Horn, a lavish marble piece by Louise Bourgeois called "Nature Study, Pink Fountain," and works by five other artists. Through Tuesday, June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **KENT,** 41 E. 57th St.: Assemblages and collages by Cornell, Schwitters, Westermann, Hesse, and others. Through Thursday, July 2. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **LUHRING AUGUSTINE & HODES,** 41 E. 57th St.: Wall pieces: a three-part conceptual work called "Für Beuys," by Blinky Palermo; two geometric wood pieces by Imi Knoebel; and several paintings on lead and a photographic work by Günther Förg. Through July 10. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays and Friday, July 3.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings of interiors (some with figures) by Sylvia Allen, Debra Bermingham, Elizabeth Sidamon-Eristoff, and Kathryn Waters. Through July 17. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays and Friday, July 3.) . . . **MILLER,** 41 E. 57th St.: A selection from the sixties: paintings by Fish, Ruscha, and others; sculptures by Bourgeois, Sugarman, and others; and photographs by Arbus. Through July 31. . . . **ROSS,** 50 W. 57th St.: Drawings by fifteen New York artists, among them George McNeil, June Leaf, and Agnes Denes. Through July 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Twenty-one contemporary Los Angeles artists displaying paintings and sculptures. Through Friday, July 3. (Open Mondays.) . . . **WASHBURN,** 41 E. 57th St.: Four oils by Marsden Hartley, four watercolors by John William Hill, two oils each by Georgia O'Keeffe and Arthur G. Dove, and several other paintings by Americans. Through July 10. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Sculpture—Works by Richard Artschwager, Luciano Fabro, Rebecca Horn, Jannis Kounellis, Claes Oldenburg, and Giulio Paolini. Through Friday, July 3. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Bill Barrell—Bright-colored paintings of houses and figures as a child might depict them. Through Friday, July 3. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Elizabeth Dworkin—Abstract drawings (in paint, pastel, charcoal) from the past fifteen years. Through July 10. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

Jud Fine—Freestanding mixed-medium sculptures—one measures more than twenty feet in length and resembles an elongated pig—and several large paintings. Through Saturday, June 27. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Gilbert and George—New works. Through July 15. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

David Hacker / Eric de la Cova—Drawings by a sculptor. / Sculptures. Through July 31. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Eve Ingalls—Recent paintings of Western wilderness areas. Through Saturday, June 27. (Allen, 110 Greene St.)

Nicholas Pearson—Large-scale sculptures, each consisting of a web of steel rods in which pieces of colored concrete and painted aluminum are caught. Through Saturday, June 27. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Beverly Pepper—Paintings. Through Thursday, July 2. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway. A large exhibit of the artist's sculptures is at the Brooklyn Museum.)

Peter Pinchbeck—Recent oils of overlapping geometric shapes. Through July 11. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

Joan Semmel—Recent paintings of athletes working out at a gym; also, earlier canvases. Through Saturday, June 27. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

David Loeffler Smith and Jonathan Waite—New paintings. Through July 5. (M-13, at 72 Greene St. Opens at noon on Sundays.)

Drawings from France 1400-1900—A show on loan from Stockholm's Nationalmuseum. Through July 22. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **BOONE,** 417 West Broadway: Paintings and constructions by Brice Marden, David Salle, Philip Taaffe, and others. Through Saturday, June 27. . . . **BROWN,** 100 Greene St.: Sculptures by Abraham

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David Christian, Joel Fisher, Erik Levine, and Wade Saunders; paintings by Thomas Nozkowski. Through Saturday, June 27. . . . **55 MERCER STREET GALLERY:** Paintings by such colorists as Esteban Vicente, Robert Natkin, Cynthia Gallagher, and others. Through Saturday, June 27. . . . **GERMANS VAN ECK,** 420 West Broadway: Among the works in the current exhibit are sculptures by Donald Lipski and paintings by Peter Fletcher and Susan Laufer. Through July 31. . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway: Four Bay Area artists—painters Squeak Carnwath, Michael Gregory, and Roger Hankins, and sculptor Rick Soss. Through July 24. . . . **MARCUS,** 578 Broadway: Sculptures, paintings, and photographic constructions by Brigitta Rohrbach, Peter Shelton, the Starn Twins, and Rosemarie Trockel. Through Friday, July 3. . . . **WEBER,** 142 Greene St.: Works by Alice Aycock, Hans Haacke, Barbara Kasten, Mel Kendrick, and others. Through July 25.

OTHER GALLERIES

CALVERT COGGESHALL AND FREDERICK HAMMERSLEY—Abstract paintings by two artists with contrasting styles. Through Saturday, June 27. (Artists Space, 223 West Broadway.)

KEVIN NOBLE—Paintings of interiors and re-photographed found photographs—all finished in a monochromatic haze. Through Sunday, June 28. (Bernarducci, 17 E. 17th St. Opens at 1 Thursdays through Sundays.)

JODY PINTO—Freestanding plaster sculptures of arms and legs; also, works on paper. Through Sunday, June 28. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **AVENUE B GALLERY,** 167 Avenue B, at 11th St.: Conceptual work by Paik, Nauman, Sherman, Ireland, Holzer, Warhol, and others. Starts Thursday, June 25. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **GOOD,** 39 Great Jones St.: Works that are labor (physical and mental) intensive but understated in effect, by nineteen artists—Günther Umberg applied fifty coats of finish to his black canvas, you can see yourself in Barry X Ball's highly polished gold-leaf painting, and the surface of Kathleen Montgomery's wax-and-graphite floor sculpture has the uniformity of cast metal. Through July 10. . . . **GORNEY,** 204 E. 10th St.: Photographic work by Bernd and Hilla Becher and Clegg & Guttmann, a drawing by Ralph Humphrey, a cast-metal relief by Peter Nagy, a painting and a sculpture by Tim Rollins and K.O.S., and a sculpture by Haim Steinbach. Through Sunday, June 28. (Opens at noon.) . . . **PIEZO ELECTRIC,** 200 Avenue A, near 12th St.: New paintings by Jack Goldstein and John Lamka and, printed on the wall, the work by Lawrence Weiner beginning with the words "Back to Back at a Point in Time . . ." Through Sunday, June 28. (Opens at noon.) . . . **RYAN,** 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St.: American prints, 1900-40—Blanche Lazzell, Charles Sheeler, Robert Gwathmey, and others. Through July 11. (Opens at noon; closed Friday, July 3.) . . . **SHARPE,** 175 Avenue B, at 11th St.: Nonobjective sculptures and paintings brought together because they all, according to the gallery, "flaunt their materiality." By John Duff, Thomas Nozkowski, Robin Rose, Ruth Vollmer, and Tad Wiley. Through July 18. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

REBECCA BLAKE—Prints, films, and videos by a commercial photographer whose work is seen in *Vogue* and who does rock-and-roll videos. Through July 17. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

SHIRLEY BURDEN—The Brooklyn Museum has mounted a show of thirty of his prints. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MICHAEL EASTMAN—Photographs that stress the abstract qualities of façades, stairs, fireplugs. Through July 11. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

SID GROSSMAN (1914-55)—Vintage prints, including a series on Coney Island. Through Thursday, July 2. (Photofind, 138 Spring St.)

DAVID JOYCE / H. TERRY BRAUNSTEIN—Installations combining life-size photographic cutouts with actual objects; one involves a man (photo) sitting in a chair (real) watching TV (real). Through July 31. / Photomontages made with both published and private photographs. Through Friday, June 26. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

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GUSTAVE LE GRAY (*1820-82*) **AND HENRI LE SECQ** (1818-82)—The Metropolitan Museum has mounted an exhibition of works by these paper-negative pioneers. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

JOE MALONEY—Photographs of the Delaware River in upstate New York, stone houses in Philadelphia, and monuments in Washington, D.C. Through July 31. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BURDEN,** 20 E. 23rd St.: Prints by contemporary Latin-American photographers. Through July 25. (Opens at 1.) . . . **LAURENCE MILLER,** 138 Spring St.: Painted photographs by Bayat Keerl, Arnulf Rainer, Thomas Barrow, and others. Through July 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Two nineteenth-century French photographers—Gustave Le Gray (seascapes of the English Channel and the Mediterranean, and other prints) and Henri Le Secq (Chartres and Notre-Dame de Paris before their restorations, and other prints). Through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ "Dance" is the title of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. Through Sept. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Berlinart" covers paintings, plus photographs and handmade books, by artists (German and otherwise) who have been part of the Berlin art world in the past twenty-five years. Georg Baselitz, Markus Lüpertz, Rainer Fetting, Eva-Marie Schön, Jonathan Borofsky, William Eggleston, and others. Through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by the Italian industrial designer Mario Bellini, including computers, calculators, chairs, and lamps. Starts Thursday, June 25. . . . ¶ Prints by Gauguin and other artists active in Brittany and Paris during the late eighteen-hundreds. The show includes etchings, lithographs, woodcuts, and monoprints. Through July 26. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective show of the works of Joan Miró which includes paintings, objects, and works on paper. Through Aug. 23. Complementary shows are at Nathan Silberberg Fine Arts, 16 E. 79th St. (ending Tuesday, June 30), and Arnold Herstand & Company, 24 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The 1987 Biennial can be seen in its entirety through Sunday, June 28; the second-floor exhibits continue through Thursday, July 2, and the fourth-floor exhibits continue through Sunday, July 5. (Open daily except Mondays and Saturday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A survey of Beverly Pepper's sculptures begins outside the museum's entrance, where four monumental columnar pieces and four smaller works are placed. Through Aug. 3. A complementary exhibit (ending Thursday, July 2) is at Charles Cowles Gallery, 420 West Broadway. . . . ¶ Paintings by twenty artists whose studios are in Brooklyn. Roxi Marsen, Dan Rice, George McNeil, and Irene Lipton are among them. Through Sept. 7. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints of Ellis Island from the fifties by Shirley Burden. Through Sept. 14. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A three-inch-tall frog carved in jet, with turquoise eyes and a turquoise collar, is the centerpiece of a show of two hundred Pueblo artifacts. Through Aug. 2. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—The ABCs of braiding illustrated with traditional fibre, clay, and metal artifacts from all over the world and with contemporary works by thirty-five artisans. Through July 17. . . . ¶ Glass objects from nine countries. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Frank Lloyd Wright's designs for the Johnson Wax Company's buildings in Racine, Wisconsin, are documented with a hundred items, including drawings, models, furniture, and a videotape of Wright discussing what he called his "war against the box" philosophy of architecture. Through July 19. . . . ¶ A show devoted to Louis Sullivan, the influential Chicago-school architect who was Wright's mentor. Drawings, photographs, models, and architectural details from some of his projects. Through Sunday, June 28. (Open daily except Mondays and Saturday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

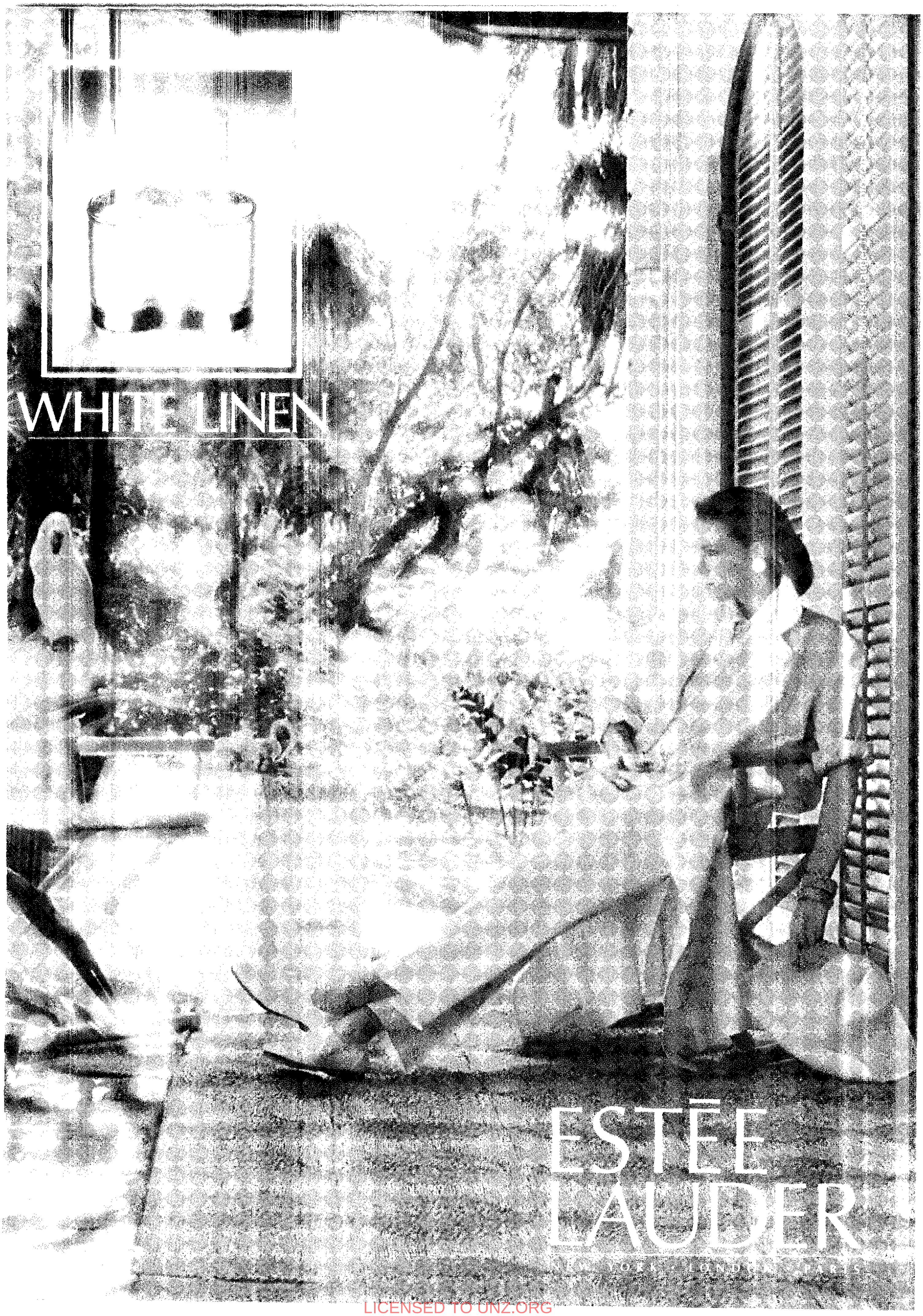
JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St.—The first of a series of exhibits of works by contemporary Japanese. This show features three artists living in New York: painters Akira Arita and Naoto Nakagawa and photographer Hiroshi Sugimoto. Through Sunday, June 28. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Chagall and the Bible," a show of a hundred and five etchings illustrating the Hebrew Bible and of eighteen paintings and drawings, also with Biblical subjects. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Italian Renaissance majolica and eighteenth-century German Meissen figures are among the European decorative works on loan from the Wadsworth Atheneum, which acquired them from the estate of J. Pierpont Morgan through a bequest. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays and Saturday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A selection of early-nineteenth-century furniture by New York artisan Duncan Phyfe and his contemporaries. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except July 3-4, from 10 to 5; Sundays and Friday and Saturday, July 3-4, from 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at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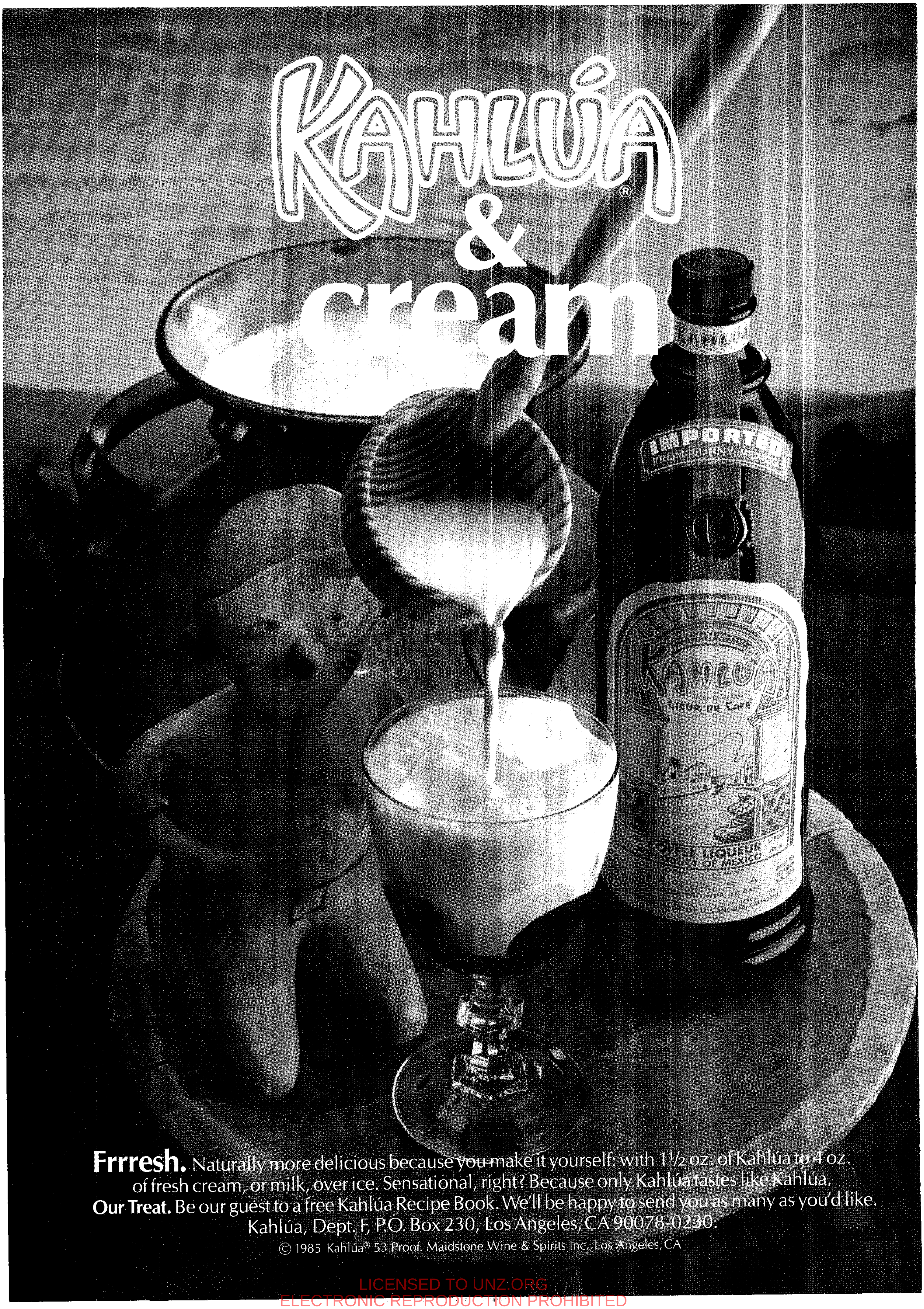

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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89th St.—American landscape painting between 1865 and 1900 summed up in seventy-seven works—by Whistler, Homer, Eakins, Chase, Lilla Cabot Perry, and others. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily except Mondays and Saturday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"Fake," an exhibit of various works which examines the ideas of authenticity and originality in art. For example, a "painting" by David Cabrera is in fact a piece of printed polyester fabric that is stretched like a canvas and framed. Through July 12. (Open daily except Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturday, July 4. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Music devotee George Templeton Strong's private journal detailing the New York music scene between 1836 and 1850 is the centerpiece of an exhibit of memorabilia of the period—critics' reviews, concert playbills, sheet music, the constitution of the New-York Philharmonic Society. Through Sept. 20. (Open daily except Mondays and Saturday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Harlem Renaissance: Art of Black America," a show of two hundred paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints, nearly all of them by five pivotal artists of the twenties—Aaron Douglas, William H. Johnson, Palmer Hayden, Meta Vaux Warrick Fuller, and James Van DerZee. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily except Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturday, July 4. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—David Mamula (performance), Thursday through Sunday, June 25-28, at 9; Ann Papoulis (dance), Thursday through Sunday, June 25-28, at 9.

Note—Franklin Furnace is sponsoring programs of performance art on the Staten Island ferries departing from the Whitehall Street terminal, Friday, June 26, at 6:45, 8, 9, and 10; and Saturday, June 27, at 2, 3, 4, and 5.

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Shea Stadium is 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

Automobile Racing—At the Meadowlands: The Meadowlands Indy, Sunday, June 28, at 1.

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Wednesday, June 24, at 7:35, and Thursday, June 25, at 1:35. . . . ¶ St. Louis, Monday through Wednesday, June 29-July 1, at 7:35. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Boston, Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, at 7:30, and Sunday, June 28, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Texas, Thursday and Friday, July 2-3, at 7:30, and Saturday, July 4, at 2:20.

Racing—At **belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, Aug. 3. Post time will be at 3 on Friday, June 26, and Thursday, July 2. The Dwyer, Friday, July 3, and the Suburban Handicap, Saturday, July 4. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 5. . . . **atlantic city race course,** McKee City, N.J.: Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7; through Saturday, Sept. 5.

Trotting—At the **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 15. . . . **yonkers raceway:** Nightly at 8, and Tuesdays at 1; through Sunday, Aug. 2. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:45; through Saturday, Nov. 21.

MUSIC

New York City Gay Men's Chorus—Gary Miller directing. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, June 25, and Saturday, June 27, at 8.)

Reimann Opera Studio—Martin Rutishauser conducting the New York première of Seymour Barab's "A Piece of String," staged by the composer. The work is based on a short story by Maupassant. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. 998-5278. Thursday through Saturday, June 25-27, at 8.)

Benjamin Oren—Piano. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, June 27, and Friday, July 3, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Ave Sol—Imants Kokars directing a chamber choir from Latvia, making its first appearance here. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, June 28, at 2:30.)

For the Love of Music—With Emily Mitchell, harp, and David Taylor, bass trombone. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Sunday, June 28, at 3.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

The Glorious Fourth—The traditional Macy's fireworks display, set off from barges in the East River, will begin at nine-twenty. The best viewing sites will be the southbound lane of the F.D.R. Drive (which will be closed to automobiles) between 14th and 51st Streets. Pedestrians can enter the road at 23rd, 34th, and 42nd Streets. . . . ¶ On Friday and Saturday, July 3-4, sailboats participating in the Stars and Stripes Regatta will be racing in New York Harbor (and seen off the Battery) between 11 and 4 each day.

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **richard ii,** with Peter MacNicol, will start on Wednesday, June 24, and run through Sunday, July 19. The first of three productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—**botanical garden,** the Bronx: Wednesday, June 24, at 8 (rain date, June 25), "Tosca," with Johanna Meier, Taro Ichihara, and George Fortune; conducted by Garcia Navarro. . . . **cunningham park,** Queens: Friday, June 26, at 8 (rain date, June 28), "La Bohème," with Rosario Andrade, Priscilla Baskerville, Dino Di Domenico, and David Arnold; Richard Woitach.

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various city parks. Raymond Leppard will conduct (with Philip Myers, horn) the first in a series of three programs. **prospect park,** Brooklyn: Tuesday, June 30, at 8. . . . **snug harbor,** Staten Island: Wednesday, July 1, at 8.

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summer series. Friday, June 26: Stevie Ray Vaughan and Gregg Allman. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27: The Kinks. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Central Park Bandshell—Friday, June 26, at 8: The Balinese American Dance Theatre, and Stephanie Skura and Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 3: The Microscopic Septet and Wilberforce. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 28, at 3: Tabou Combo. . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 8: Jim Self and Dancers, Lauri Nagel, and Jo Andres. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 3: Olu Dara & the Okra Orchestra. (For rain-date information, call 860-1335.)

Music Cruises—Jazz concerts on excursion boats. Monday, June 29, at 6:30: Noel Pointer. (South Street Seaport, Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. For information about tickets, call 964-9082.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 7:30: Pieces of a Dream. (Hudson River Day Liner, Pier 81, Twelfth Ave. at 41st St. For information about tickets, call 595-5272.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Anthony and Joseph Paratore, duo piano, with Joanne Paratore, vocals, in an all-Gershwin program. (Tuesday, June 30, at 7.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Caramoor Music Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 23. Saturday, June 27, at 8:30: John Nelson conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's, with Kathleen Battle, soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 28, at 5:30: The Waverly Consort, in a program of Elizabethan music. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 2, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 9: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Kathryn Selby, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 8:30: John Nelson conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's in an Ives-Gershwin-Bernstein program, with Kun Woo Paik, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 5:30: Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano. (Katonah, N.Y. On Saturdays, trains will leave Grand Central Terminal at 2:48 and 5:48, and will be met at Katonah by buses for Caramoor. For information about tickets and trains, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Waterloo Festival Orchestra—Two in a series of weekly concerts. Saturday, June 27, at 8:30: Jahja Ling conducting, with Janos Starker, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 8:30: Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Leonard Pennario, piano, and a chorus. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J. 1-201 347-4700. Through Saturday, July 25.)

Tanglewood—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 30. Thursday, July 2, at 8:30: Elly Ameling, soprano, and Rudolf Jansen, piano, in an all-Schubert program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 7: James Galway, flute, and Phillip Moll, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony, with Mr. Galway. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Leontyne Price, soprano, and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 2:30: Charles Dutoit conducting an all-Beethoven program with Marvis Martin, soprano; Claudine Carlson, mezzo-soprano; Vinson Cole, tenor; John Cheek, bass-baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Through Saturday, June 27: Pilobolus. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, June 30-July 4: The Mark Morris Dance Group. (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 29. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Two twelve-hour programs of the **jvc jazz festival.** Saturday, June 27, at noon: Sarah Vaughan, the Dave Brubeck Quartet, the McCoy Tyner trio, the Branford Marsalis quartet, the John Scofield band, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 28, at noon: The Dizzy Gillespie big band, Rubén Blades y los Seis del Solar, the Wynton Marsalis quintet, the Frank Gordon quintet, and others. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets call 1-212 787-2020.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through July 2: (Separate admissions) "Andy Warhol" (1973; directed by Lana Jokel), a documentary; and "A Virus Knows No Morals" (1986; Rosa von Praunheim; in German).
From July 3: At 6, "The Merry Widow" (1934; Ernst Lubitsch), with Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier; at 8, "Sweethearts" (†); and, at 10, "Naughty Marietta" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Witches of Eastwick" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Believers" (John Schlesinger), with Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and Robert Loggia.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Untouchables" (†).
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 3: "The Untouchables" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Roxanne" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through June 30: "Ishtar" (†).
From July 1: "Innerspace" (Joe Dante), with Dennis Quaid and Martin Short.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Devil in the Flesh" (1987 †).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through June 25: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy. From June 26: "Full Metal Jacket" (Stanley Kubrick), with Matthew Modine.
Theatre 2: Through June 25: "The Believers" (John Schlesinger), with Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and Robert Loggia. From June 26: "Full Metal Jacket."

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "River's Edge" (†).
Theatre 2: "Roxanne" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through June 25: "Personal Services" (†).
From June 26: "The Believers" (John Schlesinger), with Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and Robert Loggia.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through June 25: "Burke and Wills" (Graeme Clifford), with Jack Thompson. From June 26: "Straight to Hell" (Alex Cox).
Theatre 2: "Summer Night" (Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Mariangela Melato and Michele Placido.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through June 25: "Sweet Lorraine" (Steve Gomer), with Maureen Stapleton. From June 26: "Dragnet" (Tom Mankiewicz), with Dan Aykroyd and Tom Hanks.
Theatre 2: Through June 25: "The Stepfather" (†). From June 26: "Dragnet."

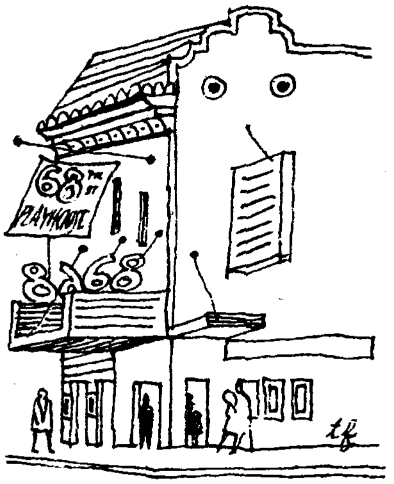
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Witches of Eastwick" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through June 25: "Harry and the Hendersons" (William Dear), with John Lithgow, Melinda Dillon, and Don Ameche. From June 26: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "The Untouchables" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Amazing Grace and Chuck" (Mike Newell).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Spaceballs" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 14.

Through June 25: "Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp).
From June 26: "Dragnet" (Tom Mankiewicz), with Dan Aykroyd and Tom Hanks.

86th Street Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Untouchables" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 30: "The Untouchables" (†). From July 1: "Innerspace" (Joe Dante), with Dennis Quaid and Martin Short.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "The Believers" (John Schlesinger), with Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and Robert Loggia.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: Through June 25: "Predator." From June 26: "Full Metal Jacket" (Stanley Kubrick), with Matthew Modine.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Number One" (1976; directed by Dyan Cannon), and three other short films on the subject of growing up.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through June 25: "Raising Arizona" (†). From June 26: "Sleepwalk" (Sara Driver).
Theatre 2: Through June 25: (Matinées only) "The Puppetoon Movie;" and (evenings only) "Salvation!" (Beth B). From June 26: "Law of Desire" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through June 27: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" and "Andy Warhol's Dracula" (1975), both films directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro. June 28-30: "Heat" (†) and "Trash" (†). From July 1: "Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus).
Theatre 2: "Roxanne" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 25: "Luggage of the Gods."
From June 26: "Full Metal Jacket" (Stanley Kubrick), with Matthew Modine.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through June 25: "Harry and the Hendersons" (William Dear), with John Lithgow, Melinda Dillon, and Don Ameche. From June 26: "Dragnet" (Tom Mankiewicz), with Dan Aykroyd and Tom Hanks.
Theatre 2: Through June 30: "Personal Services" (†). From July 1: "Innerspace" (Joe Dante), with Dennis Quaid and Martin Short.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 3: Through June 25: "Swimming to Cambodia" (†). From June 26: "Prick Up Your Ears" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 25: "Law of Desire" (†). From June 26: "Devil in the Flesh" (1987 †).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp).
Theatre 2: "The Believers" (John Schlesinger), with Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and Robert Loggia.
Theatre 3: "Spaceballs" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Roxanne" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through June 25: "Sweet Lorraine" (Steve Gomer), with Maureen Stapleton.
From June 26: "Devil in the Flesh" (†).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
June 24: "Personal Services" (†).
June 25: Theatre closed.
From June 26: "Dragnet" (Tom Mankiewicz), with Dan Aykroyd and Tom Hanks.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Withnail and I" (Bruce Robinson).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
Through July 2: Theatre closed.
From July 3: "Sleepwalk" (Sara Driver).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through June 25: "L'Année des Méduses" (Christopher Frank; in French).
From June 26: "Jean de Florette" (Claude Berri; in French), with Yves Montand, Gérard Depardieu, and Elisabeth Depardieu.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Witches of Eastwick" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Spaceballs" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Prick Up Your Ears" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "Rosa Luxemburg" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Tampopo" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 25: "Swimming to Cambodia" (†). From June 26: "Full Metal Jacket" (Stanley Kubrick), with Matthew Modine.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: Through June 30: "Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp). From July 1: "Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "The Untouchables" (†).
Theatre 3: Through June 25: "Harry and the Hendersons" (William Dear), with John Lithgow, Melinda Dillon, and Don Ameche. From June 26: "Dragnet" (Tom Mankiewicz), with Dan Aykroyd and Tom Hanks.
Theatre 4: "The Believers" (John Schlesinger), with Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and Robert Loggia.
Theatre 5: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†).
Theatre 6: Through June 30: "The Untouchables" (†). From July 1: "Innerspace" (Joe

Dante), with Dennis Quaid and Martin Short.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 2: "River's Edge" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Secret of My Success" (†).
Theatre 3: "Lethal Weapon" (†).
Theatre 4: "Hollywood Shuffle" (directed by Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 5: Through June 25: "The Gate" (Tibor Takacs). From June 26: "Harry and the Hendersons" (William Dear), with John Lithgow, Melinda Dillon, and Don Ameche.
Theatre 6: Through June 30: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†). From July 1: "Innerspace" (Joe Dante), with Dennis Quaid and Martin Short.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Untouchables" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through June 30: "The Untouchables" (†). From July 1: "Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus).
Theatre 3: "The Untouchables" (†).
Theatre 4: "Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through June 25: "Harry and the Hendersons" (William Dear), with John Lithgow, Melinda Dillon, and Don Ameche.
From June 26: "The Believers" (John Schlesinger), with Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and Robert Loggia.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through June 25: "The Believers" (John Schlesinger), with Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and Robert Loggia. From June 26: "Full Metal Jacket" (Stanley Kubrick), with Matthew Modine.
Theatre 2: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Warner Theatre, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Through June 25: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
From June 26: "Dragnet" (Tom Mankiewicz), with Dan Aykroyd and Tom Hanks.

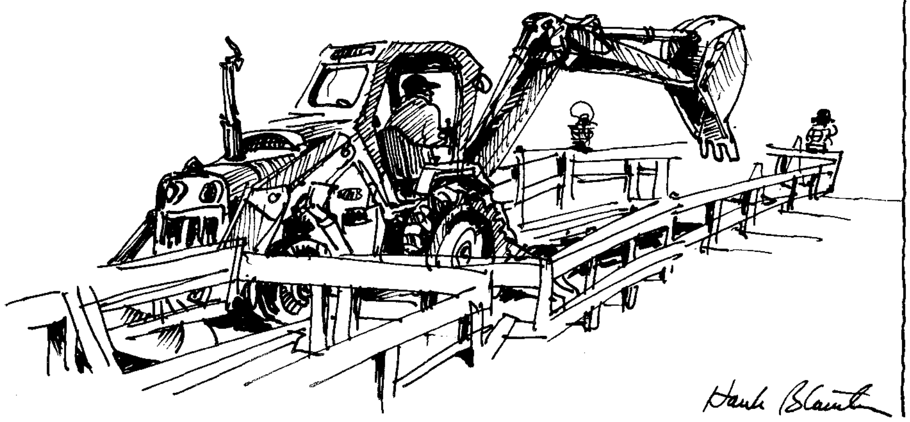
REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 25: "Crimes of the Heart" (1986; directed by Bruce Beresford), with Diane Keaton, Jessica Lange, and Sissy Spacek; and "Children of a Lesser God" (1986; Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.
June 26-27: "Blue Velvet" (1986; David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan, Isabella Rossellini, Dennis Hopper, and Laura Dern; and "Eraserhead" (1977; David Lynch).
June 28: "Airplane!" (†); and "Airplane II: The Sequel" (1982; Ken Finkleman), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty.
June 29-30: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975; Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman; and "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus."
July 1-2: "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters; and "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr.
July 3-4: "Stop Making Sense" (†); and "Koyaanisqatsi" (1983; Godfrey Reggio).

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
June 24: "Queen Kelly" (1929; Erich von Stroheim; a silent film), with Gloria Swanson; and "Foolish Wives" (1921; Erich von Stroheim; a silent film), with Mae Busch, Maude George, Miss Dupont, and von Stroheim.
June 25-27: "Modern Times" (1936; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Paulette Goddard; and "The Great Dictator" (1940; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin.
June 28: "Blithe Spirit" (†) and "Pygmalion" (†).
June 29-30: "El Cochecito" (1960; Marco Ferreri; in Spanish).
July 1: "The Freshman" (1925) and "Safety Last" (1923), both silent films, directed by Sam Taylor and Fred Newmeyer, with Harold Lloyd.
July 2-4: "The Hour of the Star" (†); and "Sugarbaby" (1985; Percy Adlon; in German).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through June 25: "Hold Your Man" (1933; Sam Wood), with Jean Harlow and Clark Gable; and "Riffraff" (1935; J. Walter Ruben), with Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy.
June 26-27: "China Seas" (1935; Tay Garnett), with Jean Harlow and Clark Gable; and "The Girl from Missouri" (1934; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, and Lionel Barrymore.
June 28-29: "Saratoga" (1937; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow and Clark Gable; and "Personal Property" (1937; W. S. Van Dyke), with Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor.
June 30-July 1: "Platinum Blonde" (†) and "Red-Headed Woman" (†).
July 2-4: "Libeled Lady" (†); and "Red Dust" (1932; Victor Fleming), with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
June 24: "Panic in the Streets" (1950; Elia Kazan), with Richard Widmark, Paul Douglas, Jack Palance, Zero Mostel, and Barbara Bel Geddes; and "Boomerang!" (1947; Elia Kazan), with Dana Andrews, Jane Wyatt, and Arthur Kennedy.
June 25: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "The Blue Angel" (1929; Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers.
June 26-27: "Something Wild" (1986; Jonathan Demme), with Jeff Daniels, Melanie Griffith, and Ray Liotta; and "Desperately Seeking Susan" (1985; Susan Seidelman), with Rosanna Arquette and Madonna.
June 28: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "Il Bidone" (1955; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Broderick Crawford, Richard Basehart, Franco Fabrizi, and Giulietta Masina.
June 29: "Vampyr" (†); and "Nosferatu"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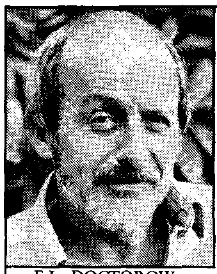
E.L. DOCTOROW

NANCY MILFORD

HERMAN WOUK

THEODORE H. WHITE

PHOTOS, TOP L-R: © 1984 Nancy Crampton; LOWER L-R: © 1978 David Kennerly/Gamma Liaison, © Carl Mydans.

Some of their best works began in the same setting.

Whether their books begin in the south of France or the streets of New York City, all of these authors chose the same place to work — The New York Public Library.

It's where E. L. Doctorow did research for *Ragtime*. It's where Herman Wouk worked on *The Caine Mutiny*, Nancy Milford wrote *Zelda*, and Theodore H. White, *The Making of the President, 1964*.

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(1922; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Max Schreck.

June 30: "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970; Russ Meyer); and "Deep End" (†).

July 1: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Wild River" (1960; Elia Kazan), with Montgomery Clift, Lee Remick, and Jo Van Fleet.

July 2: "2000 Maniacs" (1964; H. G. Lewis); and "Scum of the Earth" (1963; H. G. Lewis).

July 3-4: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys); and "Dingaka" (1965; Jamie Uys), with Stanley Baker, Juliet Prowse, and Ken Gampu.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 24: "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner" (1962; Tony Richardson), with Michael Redgrave and Tom Courtenay; and "A Delicate Balance" (1973; Tony Richardson), with Katharine Hepburn, Paul Scofield, Lee Remick, Kate Reid, Joseph Cotten, and Betsy Blair.

June 25: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford), with Edward Woodward; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.

June 26-27: "Shadow of the Thin Man" (1941; W. S. Van Dyke) and "The Thin Man Goes Home" (1945; Richard Thorpe), both with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

June 28: "Murder Ahoy" (1964; George Pollock), with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple; and "Murder at the Gallop" (†).

June 29: "Ordet" (1955; Carl Dreyer; in Danish); and "The Magician" (1958; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand.

June 30: "The Parallax View" (†) and "All the President's Men" (†).

July 1: "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift; and "River of No Return" (1954; Otto Preminger), with Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe.

July 2: "My Favorite Wife" (1940; Garson Kanin), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Gail Patrick, and Randolph Scott; and "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948 †).

July 3-4: "Dark Passage" (†) and "To Have and Have Not" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: June 25 at 6:30: "The All-Round Reduced Personality" (1977; directed by Helke Sander; in German, with English subtitles), with Sander. . . . ¶ June 26 at 2:30 and 6: "The Wild Party" (1975; James Ivory), with James Coco, Raquel Welch, and Perry King. . . . ¶ June 27 at 2 and 5: "1860" (1933; Alessandro Blasetti; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Aida Bellia.

THEATRE 2: June 25 at 2:30 and 6: "Follow the Fleet" (1936; Mark Sandrich), with Randolph Scott, Fred Astaire, and Ginger Rogers. . . . ¶ June 27 at 4: "The All-Round Reduced Personality" (1977; Helke Sander; in German, with English subtitles), with Sander. . . . ¶ June 28 at noon: "The Satin Slipper" (1985; Manoel de Oliveira; in French, with English subtitles), with Luis Miguel Cintra and Anne Consigny. The film is 405 minutes long; there will be a one-hour intermission, at approximately 4. . . . ¶ June 29 at 2:30: Part 1 (approximately 195 minutes) of "The Satin Slipper." . . . ¶ June 30 at 2:30: Part 2 (approximately 210 minutes) of "The Satin Slipper." . . . ¶ July 2 at 6:30: "Who Says It's Fate!" (1979; Helga Reidemeister; in German, with English subtitles), with Irene Rakowitz. . . . ¶ July 3 at 3 and 6:30: "The Horse of Pride" (1980; Claude Chabrol; in French; with English subtitles). . . . ¶ July 4 at 4: "Who Says It's Fate!"

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through July 2: A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—June 26 at 7:30: "The Map of a 19-Year-Old" (1981; Mitsuo Yanagimachi; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Yuji Homma.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through Aug. 1: "Columbia Pictures Television: The Studio and the Creative Process," a program of selected episodes from dramatic series, situation comedies, anthology series, TV movies, and mini-series produced over the past thirty-five years at the studio. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. . . . ¶ Through July 23: "Peter Pan" (1960; Vincent J. Donehue), with Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard. Showings Tuesdays at 12:30, 2:45, and 5:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30 and 2:45. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100)—A program of films in which one or another of the seven deadly sins makes an appearance. June 24 at 8: Lust–"Sunrise" (1927; F. W. Murnau; a silent film), with Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien. . . . ¶ June 25 at 8: Envy–"All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, and Gary Merrill. . . . ¶ July 1 at 8: Gluttony–"Sugarbaby" (1985; Percy Adlon; in German, with English subtitles).

Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. (82nd St. entrance on Tuesdays) (570-3949)—July 1: "Intermezzo: A Love Story" (1939; Gregory Ratoff), with Leslie Howard and Ingrid Bergman. . . . ¶ July 2: "The Front" (1976; Martin Ritt), with Woody Allen, Zero Mostel, and Herschel Bernardi. (All showings at 8. Tickets available one hour before performance time, on the night of the performance.)

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (316-7563)—"America" (1924; D. W. Griffith; a silent film), with Neil Hamilton, Erville Alderson, and Carol Dempster. Organ accompaniment by Lee Erwin. (Wednesday, July 1, at 8.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Penelope Gilliatt and Terrence Rafferty.)

Airplane! (1980)—If you were a teen-ager in the late fifties and read the movie lampoons in *Mad* and watched a lot of TV series shows and a lot of cheapie old movies on television and remembered parts of all of them, jumbled together into one dumb movie—that's "Airplane!" But the three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. (Cinema Village; June 28.)

All the President's Men (1976)—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford; Bernstein is played with edgy intelligence by Dustin Hoffman. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press.—P.G. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 30.)

Blithe Spirit (1945)—Noël Coward wrote this flippant, ectoplasmic comedy in 1941 to provide some relief for war-torn London; it seemed pleasantly airy in stage productions at the time, but it sags more than a little in this arch David Lean version. Rex Harrison plays the English novelist who, in order to gather material for a story, jestingly arranges for a medium to conduct a séance. Inadvertently, the ghost of his first wife (Kay Hammond) is conjured up, and she ensconces herself in the home he now shares with his second wife (Constance Cummings), and flits about, making salacious comments. Margaret Rutherford provides some desperately needed gusto. She plays Madame Arcati, the brisk, exuberant medium, who wears long woollen scarves, moves with a skating motion, and whoops clichés like a football coach. (Film Forum 2; June 28.)

Dark Passage (1947)—"Dark" in a movie title generally seems to be an attempt to give some sinister allure to opacity and confusion, as in "The Dark Corner," "Dark Waters," "The Dark Mirror." And this Bogart-Bacall bummer is no exception. Throughout most of the miserably plotted picture, Bogart, accused of murder, hides out in Bacall's fashionable San Francisco apartment while recovering from plastic surgery; with his head bandaged, he can't do much except nod appreciatively while Bacall feeds him through a glass straw. In moments of stress, she dilates her nostrils; he's so trussed up he can't even do that. The picture is an almost total drag, though Agnes Moorehead, as the villainess, has a sensational exit through plate-glass windows. Written and directed by Delmer Daves. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 3-4.)

Deep End (1971)—Drama in a public bath. Jerzy Skolimowski, a gifted Pole in exile who has the Polish black trick of pretending to be less serious than he is, has made a halfway-meant film about a desperate young voyeur (John Moulder-Brown) and an enragingly prissy redhead (Jane Asher).—P.G. (Thalia SoHo; June 30.)

Devil in the Flesh—Madness, politics, and sexual frenzy: business as usual for director Marco Bellocchio. In this very loose adaptation of the famous Raymond Radiguet novel about an affair between a student and a young married woman (filmed once before, by Claude Autant-Lara in 1947), Bellocchio's work is enervated and uncertain. There are flashes of his audacity and cruel wit, but the movie never quite comes to life. Even the explicit lovemaking scenes that earned this picture its X rating seem, in context, a little academic: most of the time, Bellocchio's movie plays as a kind of structuralist dissertation on the concepts of "in" and "out." With Maruschka Detmers (a powerful sexual presence but a terrible actress) and Federico Pitzalis as the lovers. Cinematography by Giuseppe Lanci. In Italian.—T.R. (Plaza. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and 57th St. Playhouse; starting June 26.)

Heat (1972)—A slack, depressive Paul Morrissey version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. Produced by Andy Warhol. (Waverly; June 28-30.)

The Hour of the Star—A lot of the scenes don't quite work, but something numinous happens when you watch this first feature by the Brazilian Suzana Amaral, the mother of nine, who, at the age of fifty-two, shot it in four weeks, in 1985, for $150,000. It's as if the characters' souls became magically visible. Working from a script adapted from the novella by Clarice Lispector, Amaral tells the story of Macabéa (Marcelia Cartaxo), a nineteen-year-old orphan from the northeast, a girl without skills or education or even training in keeping herself clean, who comes south to São Paulo. This mass woman smiles serenely as she celebrates her Sunday by taking a ride on the subway, and her terrible aloneness gets to you. Like De Sica's "Umberto D.," this film has moments of uncanny humor and painful intuition, but it goes from neorealism to magic realism. Amaral is better at the plain, level scenes—they have a truer magic. Still, this Latin-American mash of dreams and reality and American advertising art and images from the movies has an awkward, mystic sanctity. With José Dumont as Olimpico and Fernanda Montenegro as the witch doctor; the cinematography is by Edgar Moura. In Portuguese. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/23/87.) (Film Forum 2; July 2-4.)

Ishtar—Written and directed by Elaine May, this must have started out to be a casual, tacky "Road to" comedy about two aging

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nonentities—singer-songwriters (Warren Beatty and Dustin Hoffman) who can only be booked into faraway night spots; dreaming of show-business success, they arrive in the Middle East and get caught up in revolutionary politics they don't know a thing about. The picture isn't dislikable, but it has no comic energy. May's directing is limp, passive; she doesn't do the obvious, but sometimes she doesn't do anything else, either. And when Beatty and Hoffman play small-timers it's a reverse conceit, a form of affectation. Besides, they don't have the kind of sketch-humor savvy to goof off gracefully. They do have a great desert scene with a troupe of unusually handsome, well-groomed vultures. And there are performers who bring some charge with them: Jack Weston, as the team's two-bit hustling agent; Rose Arrick, in a tiny role as Hoffman's mother. And, as the C.I.A. villain, Charles Grodin manages to be fairly amusing because of his bland, whiny *lack* of charge. Also with Isabelle Adjani, Tess Harper, Carol Kane, Aharon Ipale, and Herb Gardner. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (6/1/87) (Sutton; through June 30.)

Law of Desire—This flamboyantly glamorous homosexual fantasy by Madrid's gagster-artist Pedro Almodóvar is satirical, romantic, metaphorical; it has wonderful jokes and the exaggerated plot of an absurdist Hollywood melodrama. It doesn't disguise its narcissism; it turns it into bright-colored tragicomedy. And even when it loses its beat (after a murder) there's always something happening. Carmen Maura, a powerful actress in the manner of the early Anna Magnani, with the trippiness and self-mockery of Bette Midler, plays Tina, a transsexual who has a hot, roiling temperament. Tina's celebrity brother Pablo (Eusebio Poncela) directs classy homoerotic films. One night, Pablo takes home Antonio (Antonio Banderas), a government minister's son, who has been stalking him; by morning, Antonio loves him, is determined to possess him completely, and refuses to get out of his life. With Miguel Molina as Pablo's true love, Manuela Velasco as little Ada, and the male transvestite Bibi Andersen as Tina's lesbian ex-lover. In Spanish. (4/20/87) (Quad Cinema; through June 25. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; starting June 26.)

Lethal Weapon—In this high-concept urban thriller, Mel Gibson and Danny Glover run through their buddy-buddy routines with the skill of veteran infielders: Gibson, as a suicidal L.A. cop, is as lithe and quick-witted as a shortstop, while his partner Glover, a paunchily contented family man, remains (thanklessly) rock-steady at first base. The movie's central joke is that the depressive Gibson, a crack shot *and* a martial-arts wizard, is so unconcerned with his own safety that he pushes sticky situations to perilous extremes—he can't seem to get through a whole day without killing someone. But neither the screenwriter, Shane Black, nor the director, Richard Donner, has the style for black comedy. Windshields shatter; copters swoop; bare-chested Vietnam vets are tortured; a teen-age girl, stripped to her underwear, screams; sleek cars burst into great balls of fire on the freeway—and it's all as depressing as only top-of-the-line Hollywood entertainment can be. With Gary Busey, Mitchell Ryan, Darlene Love, and Traci Wolfe.—T.R. (Criterion Center.)

Libeled Lady (1936)—A wisecracking newspaper comedy, with Spencer Tracy as the editor whose paper is being sued for libel, Jean Harlow as his fiancée, Myrna Loy as the maligned heiress who is suing, and William Powell as the man Tracy hires to put Loy in a compromising position, so she'll drop the suit. The director, Jack Conway, keeps up the fast pace by a lot of shouting and busywork. The picture isn't bad—it's enjoyable—but it's rather charmless. It's constructed like a seventies sitcom, and it has the same kind of forced atmosphere of hilarity. Written by Maurine Watkins, Howard Emmett Rogers, and George Oppenheimer. (Regency; July 2-4.)

Murder at the Gallop (1963)—Modest, relaxed follow-up to "Murder She Said." Margaret Rutherford again as Agatha Christie's dotty, blustering Miss Marple; she rides a horse in this one and does the Twist, as well as

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attempting to solve crimes. With Robert Morley, Flora Robson, Stringer Davis, James Villiers, and Duncan Lamont. George Pollock directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 28.)

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naiveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—It's an atrocity, of course, and one of the most spoofed of all the Jeanette MacDonald–Nelson Eddy operettas, and yet it has vitality and a mad sort of appeal. When those two profiles come together as they sing "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life," it's beyond kitsch, it's in a realm of its own. She's a princess who has fled France and come to the New World, and he's a valiant Indian scout. With Elsa Lanchester, Douglass Dumbrille, Frank Morgan, Joseph Cawthorn, and Cecilia Parker. W. S. Van Dyke directed. The music is by Victor Herbert. (Public Theatre; starting July 3, showings at 10.)

The Parallax View (1974)—Alan J. Pakula directs a rather trite and cautious movie about the political assassination of a Presidential aspirant. The film skirts carefully around the question of whether the traumatic killings of the Kennedy brothers were organized political murders or the madnesses of lone men. With Warren Beatty as a rumpled newspaper reporter, Paula Prentiss trying vainly to look as hard as nails, and Hume Cronyn.—P.G. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 30.)

Personal Services—An astonishingly cheerful high and low comedy, starring Julie Walters as a London brothelkeeper. Walters is a human carnival; at times, she's as spirited as Mel Brooks on a good day. When this madam, called Christine Painter, thinks about the undignified actions that her dignified old gentlemen like to engage in, she giggles, and she carries you along with her. Her giddy hysteria seems the only appropriate response to the sexual habits of the English—it seems a higher normality. Christine Painter, grounded on Cynthia Payne, London's famous Mme. Cyn (who acted as consultant to the film), is a great subject for the director, Terry Jones, of the Monty Python group, and the writer, David Leland (who co-wrote the 1986 "Mona Lisa"). Julie Walters seems to energize the whole film—to give it a rare kind of screwball fizziness—though she actually gets a lot of help from Alec McCowen, Shirley Stelfox, and Danny Schiller (as Dolly, the elderly maid at the brothel). Cinematography by Roger Deakins. (5/18/87) (New Carnegie; June 24. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through June 25. . . . ¶ Art Greenwich Twin; through June 30.)

Platinum Blonde (1931)—Frank Capra's early talkie about a glib newspaper reporter (Robert Williams) who marries an aristocratic heiress (Jean Harlow, ludicrously miscast but fun to watch anyway). Almost a catalogue of the movie conventions of the period, complete to an effete valet (Claude Allister) and a comic butler (Halliwell Hobbes). The film's considerable attractions include Robert Riskin's uninhibited dialogue and ravishing Loretta Young, who, as a tough-minded girl reporter (prototype of the later Jean Arthur roles), is a natural aristocrat. With Louise Closser Hale, Reginald Owen, and Walter Catlett. From a story by Harry E. Chandlee and Douglas W. Churchill, which had been adapted by Jo Swerling, with continuity by Dorothy Howell; Riskin, a former playwright, livened it all up, and went on to do a series of hits with Capra. (The central performer, Robert Williams, whose style suggests that of Lee Tracy, was on the verge of stardom, but this was his last film; he died of a ruptured appendix.) (Regency; June 30-July 1.)

ART SHOW
PARKING

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Prick Up Your Ears—Joe Orton wrote some of the greatest farces of the English-speaking theatre in this century, but you could come out of this movie about him without any sense of their vengeful, bawdy originality. Directed by Stephen Frears from a screenplay by Alan Bennett, based on the literary biography of the same name by John Lahr, the film is honest and watchable. But, unlike Orton, it takes no real delight in misbehaving. And though the moviemakers don't try to conceal the facts of the sixteen years that Orton (Gary Oldman) spent with Kenneth Halliwell (Alfred Molina), who bludgeoned him to death and then killed himself, what you come out with is some modern-style psychosexual moralizing about how Orton's pansexuality liberated his talent whereas the inhibited Halliwell was driven to murder. You don't feel Orton's pulse, but Vanessa Redgrave, who plays his smart, ribald agent, has never been sexier or more spontaneous. With Wallace Shawn, Lindsay Duncan, Margaret Tyzack, Janet Dale, and Julie Walters. Cinematography by Oliver Stapleton. (5/4/87) (Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting June 26.)

Pygmalion (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G. B. S. picture ever done. It doesn't seem weighted down with talk, like most of the others, and though a trifle slow in spots it has a very satisfying tempo. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film début as Eliza, the Covent Garden flower girl, and Leslie Howard is marvellously high-spirited and combative as the smug Professor Higgins, who trains Eliza to speak like a lady. Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed. The cast includes Wilfrid Lawson, Marie Lohr, Scott Sunderland, Jean Cadell, and David Tree. (Film Forum 2; June 28.)

Raising Arizona—This broad farce is no big deal, but it has a cornpone-surreal quality and a rambunctious charm. It's about baby love—about people who feel they can't live without an infant to cuddle. When Edwina, or Ed—played by Holly Hunter—discovers she can't have a child, she's a wreck until she hears about male quintuplets that have been born to a woman who took fertility drugs; then she torments her husband, Hi (Nicolas Cage), until he goes to steal one of them. Hi and Ed live in a yellow mobile home in a Tempe, Arizona, trailer park at the edge of a Pop-art version of the desert. Everything in the film is warped and flipped out; the light seems fluorescent, as if the world were a twenty-four-hour supermarket. And the film is storyboarded like a comic strip; it has a galumphing tempo. Joel and Ethan Coen did the writing together, and Joel directed and Ethan produced (with Mark Silverman). With John Goodman and William Forsythe as the escaped-convict brothers who become gaga over the babe, Trey Wilson as the quints' hardheaded father, Randall (Tex) Cobb as the biker, and Frances McDormand and Sam McMurray. Cinematography by Barry Sonnenfeld. (4/20/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema; through June 25.)

Red-Headed Woman (1932)—Jean Harlow as a girl who exploits her charms and makes the journey from the wrong side of the tracks to a rich marriage, and then to even richer liaisons. She's a throttler, a scrambler, a kicker—and the picture, written by Anita Loos, is tough and funny. Chester Morris is the young man, and Charles Boyer, having just arrived in the U.S., puts in a stunning appearance. Jack Conway directed. (Regency; June 30-July 1.)

River's Edge—Teen-age anomie and the indifference of selfish, corrupt adults. The subject might suggest a movie made for TV if it weren't for the explicitly sexual pulp elements and the woozy poetry. The script, by Neal Jimenez, which takes off from an incident in Milpitas, California, in 1981, appears to have been conceived as an exploitation melodrama, but the director, Tim Hunter, has a fuzzy, naturalistic approach, and the movie is a slack mixture of "important" and mediocre—a blur that viewers can project onto. Big-bellied John (Daniel Roebuck), a high-school pothead, strangles his girlfriend, Jamie, and leaves her lying nude on the riverbank. Soon all the members of his pack of six or seven stoned kids have viewed their dead friend, but nobody speaks of notifying the authorities, because Layne (Crispin Glover), the high-strung leader of the group, pressures them to believe that it would be a violation of their code to let any adults know about what happened. The movie doesn't deal with the facts of the Milpitas case (where the murderer was black). It tells us next to nothing about why John killed Jamie and shows us very little of how the other kids react to her death. Then this vacancy at the heart of the film is used as proof of the kids' heartlessness. Glover gives a weird, grimacing, hand-waving performance; other garish elements include Dennis Hopper as a one-legged ex-biker dope dealer who waltzes with an inflatable sex doll and Joshua Miller as a malicious twelve-year-old who drowns his baby sister's dolly. Also with Keanu Reeves, Ione Skye, and Jim Metzler as the teacher. Cinematography by Frederick Elmes. (6/15/87) (Baronet, and Metro Cinema.)

Rosa Luxemburg—Margarethe von Trotta's biography of the fiery, independent-minded Marxist writer and activist Rosa Luxemburg is conscientious but inert. Von Trotta tries to bring Luxemburg to life as a character and to reconstruct the time and place of her struggles (Germany before and just after the First World War) without romanticizing and trivializing history. The film is occasionally moving, more frequently puzzling: it bears the same uneasy relationship to both politics and entertainment as a May Day parade, and seems about as long. Barbara Sukowa's portrayal of Luxemburg, which won her a Best Actress award at last year's Cannes festival, is dogged and rather monotonous. With Daniel Olbrychski, Otto Sander, and Adelheid Arndt. Von Trotta wrote the screenplay; the excellent cinematography is by Franz Rath. In German and Polish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Roxanne—Steve Martin is improbably light on his feet in this airy, modern love comedy based on Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac." He seems to crossbreed the skills of W. C. Fields and Buster Keaton, with some Fred Astaire mingled in. And as the stargazer Roxanne Daryl Hannah gives off a womanly radiance—a combination of carnality and moonglow. Directed by Fred Schepisi, from Martin's script, this film is unabashedly romantic. It's set in the ski-resort town of Nelson, Washington (nestled against the mountains, it seems a dream-built locale, but it's actually Nelson, British Columbia). You want to go to the town; you want to go back to the movie. It has a mellow, dotty charm. With Shelley Duvall, Rick Rossovich, Shandra Beri, and a squad of volunteer firefighters who are like Keystone Cops. Cinematography by Ian Baker; music by Bruce Smeaton. (6/15/87) (34th St. East, Coronet, Waverly, and Ziegfeld.)

The Secret of My Success—The story of how the farm-bred Brantley (Michael J. Fox) comes to

Manhattan, is given a lowly mailroom job by his distant uncle (Richard Jordan), and takes over his uncle's wife (Margaret Whitton), mistress (Helen Slater), and conglomerate. The picture is stupid and often perfunctory; at the same time it has a let's-try-it cheerfulness, a knockout performance by Whitton, who's like a Lubitsch vamp, and nonchalant bits of artifice that are like Lubitsch touches. The director, Herbert Ross, seems to take the derivative, jumbled material as a challenge, and he gives the adventures of Fox's polite Yuppie hustler a spinning, light-headed quality. With standout "character" performances by Elizabeth Franz as Brantley's mother, John Pankow as his mailroom pal, Christopher Murney as the boss of the mailroom, Susan Kellerman and Carol-Ann Susi as secretaries, and Mercedes Ruehl as a waitress. The cinematography is by Carlo Di Palma; the editing is by Paul Hirsch. The movie is painless, except for the music (by David Foster). (5/4/87) (Criterion Center.)

The Stepfather—A first-rate cunning, shapely thriller, directed by Joseph Ruben ("Dreamscape"), from a nifty screenplay by the crime novelist Donald E. Westlake. The blandly handsome perfectionist (Terry O'Quinn) wants to be the head of an ideal family; he's attracted to widows with children, in picture-postcard houses. Everything's going smoothly for him in his new marriage, except that his sixteen-year-old stepdaughter (Jill Schoelen) recoils from his touch. She knows right down to her toes that he's got some kind of fix on her and that he doesn't love her bamboozled mother (Shelley Hack). This movie has a deceptively placid surface: the horror is there waiting all the time. It's in what's missing from the man we see, and the skill of the picture is that it keeps us creepily conscious of what's missing. With Charles Lanyer, Stephen Shellen, and Jeff Schultz; cinematography by John W. Lindley. (2/9/87) (Gemini; through June 25.)

Stop Making Sense (1984)—Directed by Jonathan Demme, this concert film by the New York new-wave rock band Talking Heads is a continuous rock experience that keeps building, becoming ever more intense and euphoric. It's a happy movie from beginning to end. The lead singer, David Byrne, is a stupefying performer who gives the group its modernism—the undertone of repressed hysteria, which he somehow blends with freshness and adventurousness and a driving beat. He designed the stage lighting and the elegantly plain performance-art environment (three screens used for backlit slide projections); there's no glitter, no sleaze. The sound seems better than live sound; it *is* better—it has been filtered and mixed and fussed over, so that it achieves ideal clarity. The movie was shot during three performances at the Hollywood Pantages Theatre, in December, 1983; the cinematography is by Jordan Cronenweth. (Cinema Village; July 3-4.)

Sweethearts (1938)—One of the liveliest of the Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy musicals. The title is ironic; they are squabbling husband-and-wife operetta stars, trading insults written by Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell. The Parker-Campbell script has nothing to do with the original story of Victor Herbert's 1913 operetta; the songs are retained as part of the long-running show, "Sweethearts," that the couple is appearing in. This was M-G-M's first three-color-process Technicolor feature, and it has startling color costuming by Adrian. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke; choreographed by Albertina Rasch. With Ray Bolger, Reginald Gardiner, Mischa Auer, Frank Morgan, Allyn Joslyn, Herman Bing, Florence Rice, Berton Churchill, Terry Kilburn, Lucile Watson, George Barbier, Gene and Kathleen Lockhart, Barbara Pepper, Raymond Walburn, and Jimmy Conlin. (Public Theatre; starting July 3, showings at 8.)

Swimming to Cambodia—Jonathan Demme directed this concert film of Spalding Gray's stage performance; it was shot before live audiences in November, 1986, at the Performing Garage, in lower Manhattan. Working on a minimalist basis, with nothing but Gray and his props, Demme uses the lighting and shifts in camera angles and a musical score by Laurie Anderson to virtuoso rhythmic effect. Gray presents a droll, vaguely stream-of-consciousness report of his life as an actor, and of how he happened to be cast in the small role of an American diplomat in "The Killing Fields." The high point of his monologue comes when he hears about our secret bombing of Cambodia, and what the Khmer Rouge did to the Cambodian people in 1975, driving them out of the cities and to their deaths. He's incredulous and horrified as he describes the exodus; he's an actor who has discovered strong material, and he builds the tension. But he doesn't know that heating up his piddling stage act by an account of the Cambodian misery is about the most squalid thing anyone could do. (4/6/87) (Quad Cinema, and Cinema Studio; through June 25.)

Tampopo—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruptions of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Cinema Studio.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—In this picture, Humphrey Bogart, the greatest cynical hero of them all, found himself in Martinique, where a beautiful big cat of a girl named Lauren Bacall slouched across the screen for the first time and managed to make the question "Anybody got a match?" sound like the most insolent and insinuating of demands. Howard Hawks directed this slickly professional, thoroughly enjoyable Second World War melodrama, which was taken from what Warner Brothers advertised as Ernest Hemingway's novel, with William Faulkner listed as co-author of the screenplay—making this the only movie on record with two Nobel Prize-winning authors. Don't be misled: it's the Warners mixture as before—sex and politics—but better this time. Hoagy Carmichael provides the music and accompaniment for Bacall's facial exercises; the singing voice is that of Andy Williams, and it never sounded sexier than when coming out of her. With Walter Brennan, Dolores Moran, Sheldon Leonard, Marcel Dalio, and Dan Seymour (literally the heavy). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 3-4.)

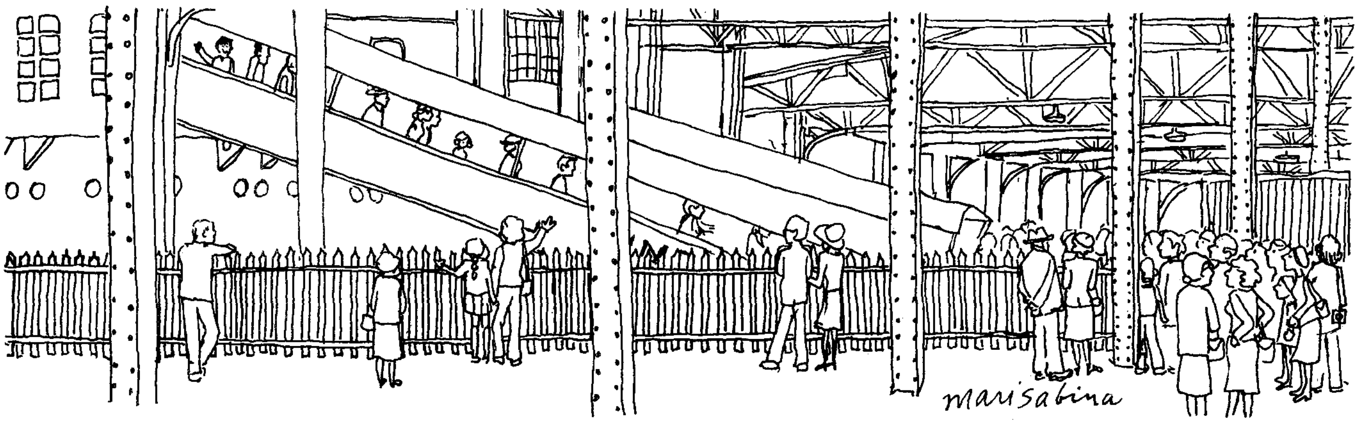
Trash (1970)—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, whose intensity amidst the general dejection is crazily—and entertainingly—incongruous. The picture is steeped in a sense of grotesque parody, though most of the time it's as enervated and limp as its hero. This Andy Warhol production was directed by Paul Morrissey, who lingers over needles going into flesh and puts a nimbus around the messiest head of hair. With Jane Forth and Michael Sklar. (Waverly; June 28-30.)

Unfaithfully Yours (1948)—One of the most sophisticated slapstick comedies ever made, this classic, written and directed by Preston Sturges, got terrible reviews and failed at the box office. The hero, a symphony conductor, is played by Rex Harrison, who is at one of his comic peaks. During a concert, the conductor, convinced that his wife (Linda Darnell) has been unfaithful to him, fantasizes how he will handle the situation in three different ways, according to the style of the music on the program—Rossini's Overture to "Semiramide," the "Pilgrim's Chorus" from Wagner's "Tannhäuser," and Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini." After the concert, he tries to carry them out, scrambling them hopelessly. There are so many great lines and situations in this movie that writers and directors have been stealing from it for years. With Edgar Kennedy, Rudy Vallée, Kurt Kreuger, Barbara Lawrence, and Lionel Stander. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 2.)

The Untouchables—With Kevin Costner, directed by Brian De Palma. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, 86th Street Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, Embassy 1, and Embassy.)

Vampyr (1932)—Most vampire movies are so silly that this film by Carl Dreyer—a great vampire film—hardly belongs to the genre. Dreyer preys upon our subconscious fears. Dread and obsession are the film's substance, and its mood is evocative, dreamy, spectral. Death hovers over everyone. The cast is headed by Julian West, with Henriette Gérard as the vampire, and Rena Mandel and Sybille Schmitz as her potential victims. The incomparable photographic effects are the work of Rudolph Maté. In German. (Thalia SoHo; June 29.)

The Witches of Eastwick—With Jack Nicholson, Cher, Susan Sarandon, and Michelle Pfeiffer; directed by George Miller. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gramercy, Beekman, Cinema 3, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

“I WOULDN’T know a Contra if I saw one,” said David Fischer, the former personal assistant to President Reagan who was recently granted immunity by the Iran-Contra special prosecutor in exchange for his coöperation in the investigation of the scandal. Mr. Fischer apparently meant this as a protestation of innocence, but Americans could be excused for taking it another way. The Nicaraguan Contras are a singularly difficult group to identify. Their leadership changes constantly. Their beginnings—in the anti-Communist dreams of the Argentine generals and of our own Central Intelligence Agency, in the remnants of Somoza’s National Guard, itself an American creation—are, understandably, blurred. And their fondness for disguise finds expression everywhere—from the battlefield, where Christopher Dickey, of the Washington *Post*, met Contras who preferred to dress up as peasants or farmers or Sandinista militiamen before committing assaults and assassinations, to the United States Congress, where a man pretending to be a Catholic priest appeared in full clerical garb before a House subcommittee and testified that it was actually the Sandinistas who “put on Contra uniforms and commit atrocities.”

The bogus priest was on the long, strange payroll of Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North: his signature appears on twenty-five hundred dollars’ worth of the same series of travellers’ checks that kept Colonel North in snow tires and groceries. Robert Owen, the angel-faced former Senate aide whose business card was found amid the wreckage of the Contra supply plane that carried Eugene Hasenfus, was also working for Colonel North (and also cashing those travellers’ checks). Mr. Owen acted as a courier between Colonel North and the Contras, and those of his memos to his boss which have surfaced provide an uninspiring view of the men whom President Reagan has described as “the moral equal of our Founding Fathers.” Mr. Owen, who clearly wanted nothing so much as that the Contra leaders should be wonderful men and prevail, nonetheless reported that “they are not first-rate people; in fact they are liars and greed- and power-motivated.” He characterized them as “enforcers” and “temple guards,” and conceded that “this whole effort has turned into a three-ring circus without a ringmaster.” Suggesting that “a strongman is the only thing the Nicaraguans understand,” Mr. Owen, with some reservations, endorsed Adolfo Calero, the former manager of the Coca-Cola bottling plant in Managua, for the role, noting that “he is the creation of the USG [United States government] and so he is the horse we chose to ride.”

Who are the Contras? President Reagan has said that he himself is one. Presumably, he does not mean that in spirit he is one of the men who, according to virtually every independent human-rights organization to study their activities, have kidnapped, tortured, raped, and murdered hundreds of Nicaraguan civilians. He *must* mean something else. Robert Owen read from a poem at the close of his congressional testimony, “We have a burning desire to strike back at those whose intent is to enslave us, to try and stem the red tide that threatens to overwhelm us.” And it must be in this guise—as a mystical army hurling itself against all that frightens us—rather than as the brutalized peasants led by powermongers who appear in the field reports, that the Contras inspire such devotion in the minds of some Americans.

Colonel North and his colleagues gave code names to the leading players in their secret enterprise. The Department of State they called “Wimp.” The C.I.A. was “Fools.” One of the private contributors to the Contras was called “Dogface.” Colonel North him-

self was "The Hammer" and "Steelhammer" and "Blood and Guts." What shall we call the Contras? Among the code names they have actually chosen for themselves, according to news reports, are "Attila," "Exterminator," "Suicida," "Mercenario," "El Muerto," and "Ronald Reagan."

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The Harlem Opera House

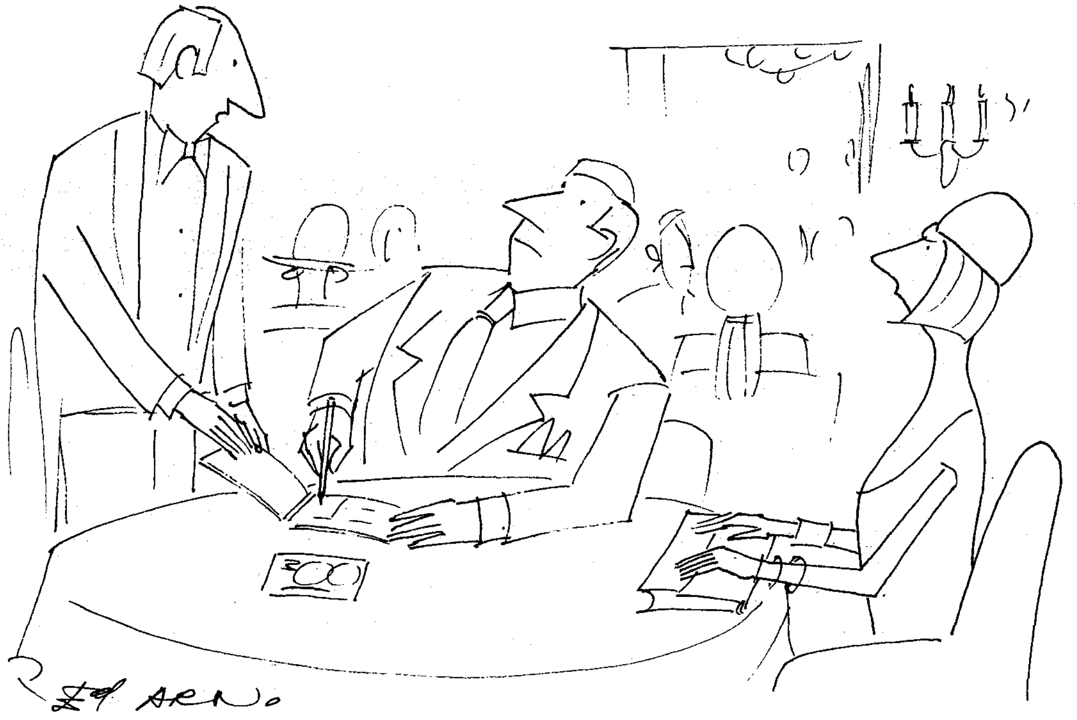
KENSHASA SHABAKA had to twist some arms to get her sons, Jaja, fifteen, and Kassa, eleven, and their friend Jaja Wali, who is ten, into her Volkswagen bus for the drive in from Brooklyn to the American Museum of Natural History on a recent Saturday afternoon. They were going to see a show called "A Salute to the Harlem Opera House," and the whole thing sounded to the boys like boring stuff. There turned out to be lots of families there, though. Also lots of old people—lots of *glamorous* old people—and the performance, in the Kaufmann Theatre, was standing room only.

The Harlem Opera House, which closed in 1936, was built—for opera—in 1889 by Oscar Hammerstein. It did not admit black people until after the First World War. Then, in the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties—the era known as the Harlem Renaissance—the opera house became, along with the Apollo Theatre, the Lafayette Theatre, and the Cotton Club, one of the premier black showplaces in New York City. Ella Fitzgerald was discovered there. Eubie Blake and Noble Sissle played there. Lord Burbage sang there—and he sang at the Kaufmann Theatre the other day, too. Buster Brown, the master of ceremonies, introduced Burbage, who wears his white hair in a flattop and appears to be in supernaturally good shape, as "a man who could hit high C with a pork chop in his mouth." Burbage confined himself to hitting every note in "Star Dust" and "Prisoner of Love" while wearing a tuxedo, and that was almost as cool.

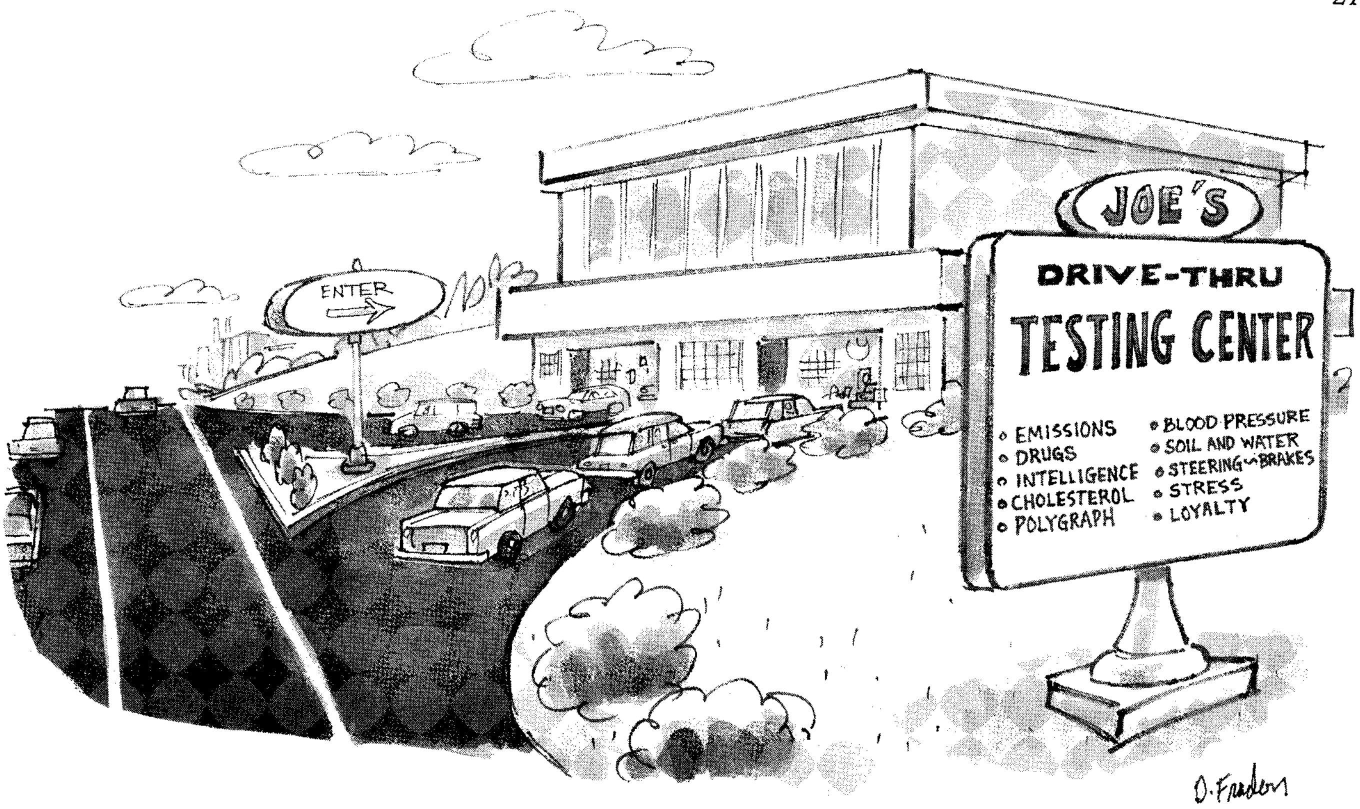
Besides introducing the acts on the program—which included a young woman, Gretchen Ferguson, wearing a whole lot of gold lamé, clutching a red boa, and singing about liquor and love in such a way that the audience was reduced to helpless rhythmic clapping and grinning; the Woodhall and Friedman Sisters, an integrated chorus line that might have cakewalked in from the Cotton Club; and Tina Pratt, a show dancer who has performed with the Count Basie band and with Hines and Hines—Buster Brown told jokes and tap-danced up a storm. Sometimes he did both at once; that is, the jokes were in his dancing. He would mime boldness or fear, or lead from one routine into another in comic fashion, or else he would build up speed toward a breathtaking finale and then suddenly quit and saunter away, saying, "That's easy." Buster Brown's tap dancing was rife with playful allusions to dance and music history which were not lost on the crowd. Our own favorite bits of culture commentary came when, pretending to be bored with tap, he would break into a silent slide not unlike the break dancer's moon walk or, pretending to be carried away, would stop tapping and start playing the air guitar with a rock-and-roll bump and grind: his modern steps were always strikingly less expressive than his tap.

Delilah Jackson, who is a theatre and dance historian, showed slides and films from her collection. There was Edna Mae Harris in "Tuxedo Junction" and "The Jersey Bounce;" Fats Waller, his famous eyebrows jumping, playing and singing "Ain't Misbehavin'," "Honeysuckle Rose," and "Your Feet's Too Big" ("Your pedal extremities really are a bit obnoxious"); and Bill Robinson and Tondeleya in "King for a Day." Delilah Jackson called out the names of performers—"The third girl from the left, that's Vivian Brown!"—and the audience called out other names, sometimes correcting Jackson, with a calm authority that surprised us until we realized that it was very often the performers themselves (half a century older than the people on the screen) or their immediate families singing out. Vivian Brown, Tondeleya, Baby Sanchez (the mother of Sammy Davis, Jr.), Harold Cromer (Stumpy, of the dance-comedy team Stump and Stumpy)—they were all on hand. And when one slide showed Joe Louis—"The girls at the Cotton Club were his favorites; he came there after every fight," Delilah Jackson said—some of the Cotton Club alumnae giggled and sighed.

Nostalgia was the afternoon's leitmotiv, but race and racism were inevitable subthemes. White women passing for black so as to earn big Harlem-chorus-line salaries were pointed out in the films to a chorus of firm "Uh-*huh*"s from the crowd. The old story that Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin stole material from Stump and Stumpy was repeated, and received with a cry of "Preach!" Leonard Reed, a light-skinned former Harlem impresario, now



"And do you want your carbons whole, torn, or shredded?"



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eighty, made a reference to having passed in white society for a time, and the audience roared with knowing laughter.

Then Reed really brought down the house by persuading at least a dozen women who had once worked in his chorus line at the Apollo to come up onstage for a reunion number. The dancers still had their moves, never mind if the youngest among them was in her sixties. They strutted and swung and shimmied, and kicked the shoes off their pedal extremities. The band, led by Ram Ramirez on piano, banged out "The Joint Is Jumpin'," and it wasn't wrong. The Kaufmann Theatre audience went wild.

After the show, nobody seemed to be in a hurry to leave. Impromptu reunions took place. A young woman named Evelyn Sollet ran around getting autographs. When we spoke to her, she had Vivian Brown, Harold Cromer, Ram Ramirez, Juanita Boisseau, and Tondeleya. We asked her if anyone in her family remembered the Harlem Renaissance, and she said, "No. My background is Cuban and Puerto Rican. I just got interested in this sort of thing through my education. Through college."

Kenshasa Shabaka, climbing into her van for the drive back to Brooklyn, declared the museum expedition a success. Of her sons she said, "I try to keep them in touch with some of their historical culture. It's an uphill battle, with television and all, but they really got into this show today. They were dancing in the aisles at the end." Kassa said that the part he liked best was meeting all the stars. "Sammy Davis's mother!" shouted Jaja Wali. "And Joe Seneca—he was on 'The Cosby Show'!" Jaja, the fifteen-year-old, conceded, in a quiet voice, that the salute had been pretty good. "But there's a party I want to go to," he said. "And it's going on *right now.*"

Bells

ON a Sunday afternoon, we went to Park Avenue South for a luncheon gathering of the metropolitan chapter of the American Bell Association, an organization of people who collect bells. The meeting's theme was Americana Bells, but there was another purpose as well: to look at bells from the collection of the Traphagen School of Fashion. Some of these were given to Ethel Traphagen, the school's founder, by Sajjan Sarna, an Indian bell expert, in the nineteen-forties. We enjoyed the meeting, because it contained the following elements:

ATMOSPHERE: The meeting took place in Traphagen's library on a steamy, overcast day, when it was nicer to be inside than out. The library is an old-fashioned, dimly lit, pleasantly dishevelled room furnished with glass-fronted bookcases, old and valuable-looking vases, Holbein's "The Man in the Broad Beret," someone's flouncy pouf dress, and a rack containing fashion magazines. When we arrived, about twenty-five mostly middle-aged members were sitting at a long dining table eating cold cuts and drinking Coke.

HISTORY: We were given a seat next to Terry Mayer, who is the president of the Metropolitan Chapter. She told us that in 1940 a woman won a poetry contest at a Chautauqua festival and, to reward herself, bought a bell in the local gift shop. It turned out that other women at the festival had bells; a correspondence developed among them, and eventually evolved into the present-day international, coeducational association of what Ms. Mayer calls bellologists. The bellologists meet in their local chapters and assemble annually in such places as Orlando, Florida; Springfield, Missouri; and Portland, Oregon. In a week or so, they'll be in Honolulu.

TRADITION: Bell and Tell is a feature of each meeting. As lunch drew to a close (brownies were passed around), guests started rummaging through purses and shopping bags. Carefully wrapped packages appeared on the table. Ms. Mayer stepped forward, turned on a tape recorder, and gracefully welcomed the group. "We are just delighted that Traphagen let us come in today," she said. Then a young man named Gary Tews began the Bell and Tell. Mr. Tews, who works for an airline and lives in Kew Gardens, wore a black suit and a pink tie, and spoke with a Midwestern accent. "I have something that's kind of cute," he said. "It's one of the small Toby bells. Mom and Dad found it for me in Chicago." He held up a small ceramic bell in the form of a town crier. "I think the town crier is an excellent example of Americana," he added.

Several people displayed glass or silver Liberty Bells. Jack Maisel, of Syosset, flourished a brass harness bell, which jingled magnificently. Ms. Mayer said, "Jack specializes in brass bells, and he polishes them, because that's his hobby." Mr. Maisel volunteered, "Some people say it's boring." Kathryn Scott, of Manhattan, a white-haired woman in a summery green-and-white dress, held up a delicate silver bell that was patterned after the mission bells of El Camino Real. "I bought it in a junk shop in Philadelphia in the early sixties for a few dollars," she said. She rang it: its sound was very bright, clear, girlish. Miss Scott also had a large green pre-Columbian bell hanging from her neck and a bracelet of African bells around one wrist. "I love them," she said, "but they practically tear my hide off." When Miss Scott finished, Ms. Mayer suggested that all present ring their Americana bells. They did.

AUTHORITY: Present, too, was Nathaniel Spear, Jr., ninety years old, a past president of the A.B.A., and the author of "A Treasury of Archaeological Bells." Mr. Spear wears black horn-rims and has a receding hairline, an expanded waistline, a strong voice, and an intense interest in bells. He questioned the provenance of some of the Liberty Bells but appreciated them anyway. He handled them gently. "These are beautiful bells," he said. "Beautiful bells. *Beautiful.*"

FORGIVENESS: Mrs. John Covas, of Clearwater, Florida, said, rather sheepishly, that she hadn't brought any bells. Ms. Mayer smiled at her. "We're delighted to have you here," she said. "You're the bell."

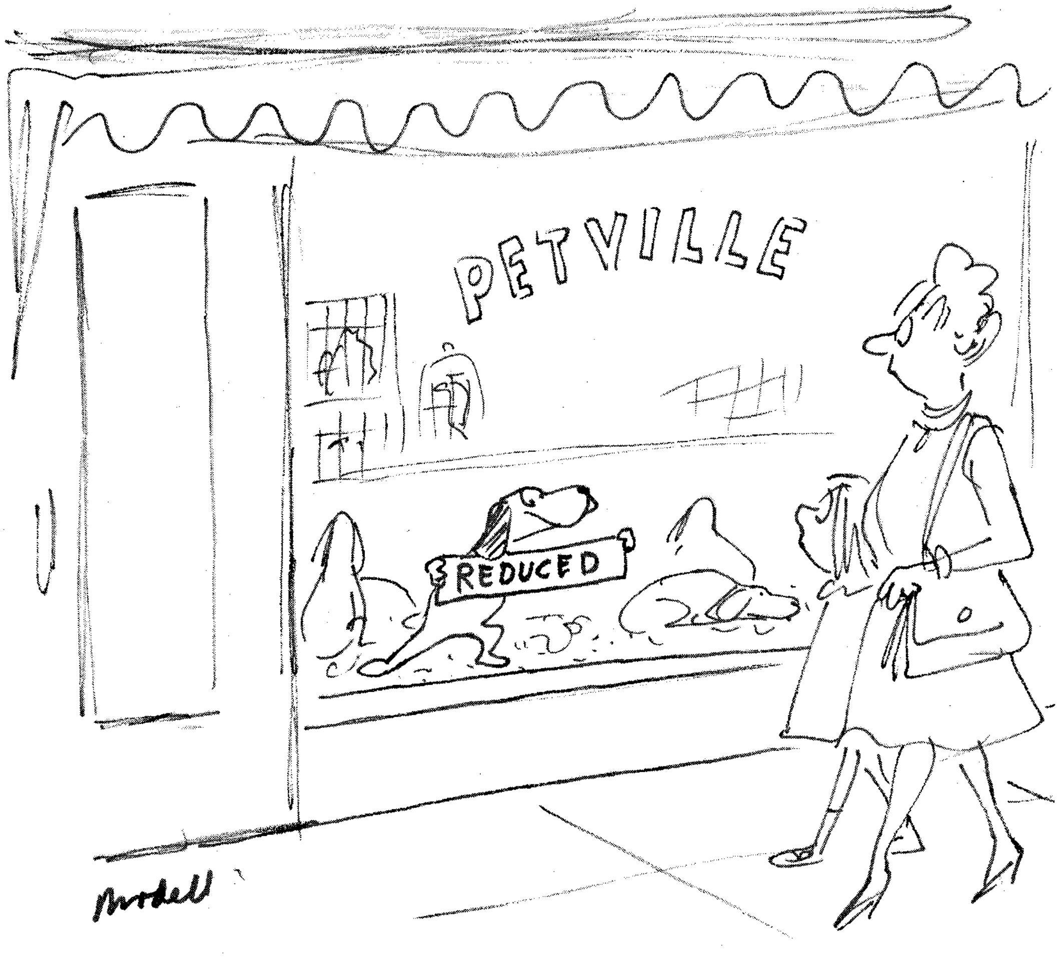
MYSTERY: What could possibly be inside an ornate carved Tibetan chest that had been strategically placed on a table in the center of the room?

THE ROMANCE OF THE PAST: Phyllis Spenser, the curator of the Traphagen collections (Ethel Traphagen collected, among other things, costumes, buttons, chests, rare books, sedan chairs, and American Indian regalia), was in charge of the Tibetan chest. She opened it and hauled out a rectangular wooden bell about a foot long. She paused, and said, "This is a cowbell from Bali." Ms. Mayer said, "I think all bells from Bali are wooden, because they don't have metal there." Mrs. Spenser retrieved more bells from the chest: a wooden water-buffalo bell from Batavia, in what is now Indonesia; Syrian camel bells composed of a series of spherical clappers that fitted one inside another and that sounded loud and mournful, like desert loneliness; Mongolian donkey bells, the size of oranges; and a set of American sleigh bells. "Before the car, every sleigh had to have bells or the owner would be fined," Ms. Mayer said. There was an iron cowbell from 1750, an old iron school bell, and a Masai cattle bell with two clappers, which had been bought in 1928. Each bell had its own haunting sound.

CONTROVERSY: At the close, Mr. Spear said to us, "This meeting was a very good meeting, but where are the rest of the bells?" He had the idea—perhaps it was wishful thinking—that even more bells remained somewhere on the premises. According to Mr. Spear, who was buoyantly indignant and seemed to be enjoying himself immensely, what we had seen was "a bunch of animal bells from the Orient."

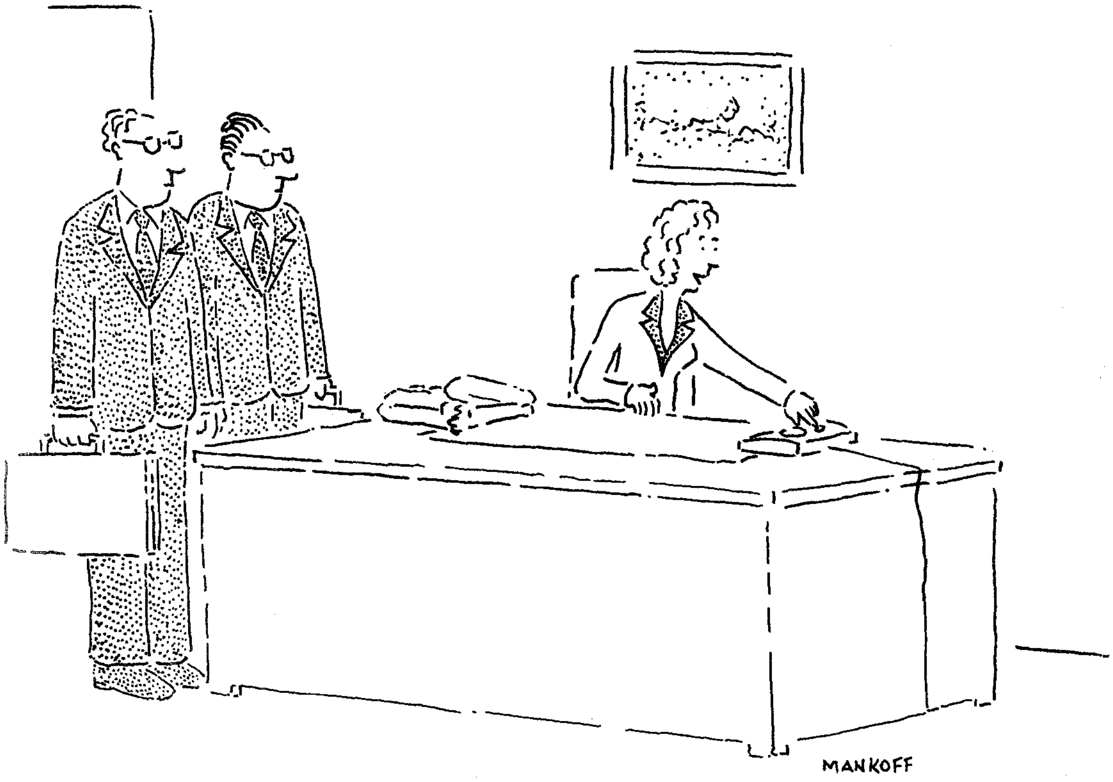
SEX: Ms. Mayer told us, "Most people are very sentimental about their bells. I know a man who was newly married and discovered that his wife wore a bell to bed. He told me, 'Oh, she loved to wear it, and I liked it, too.'"

MANNERS: At the annual A.B.A. convention and at some chapter meetings, the bellologists sing songs. We telephoned



Ms. Mayer a few days later, and she courteously read to us the lyrics that Mrs. Helen Gelman, of Boca Raton, Florida, had written to the tunes of "Music! Music! Music!," "The Object of My Affection," and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." The last, our favorite, went like this:

Whenever we find another bell—
Hurrah! Hurrah!—
We hurry to where we "show and tell."
Hurrah! Hurrah!
And our eyes they sparkle,
Our hands caress
The bell that gives us such happiness.
And we ooh and aah when we find another bell!



"It's the S.E.C. How do you plead?"

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Instant Art

THE "Guinness Book of World Records" has two artists entered under the heading "Most Prolific Painters." The first is Picasso, who in seventy-eight years produced, in addition to numerous prints, engravings, book illustrations, and sculptures, an estimated 13,500 paintings. The second is Morris Katz, who as of March of last year had sold 153,629 paintings. Mr. Katz also holds another Guinness record: at the Limelight night club in Chicago, on October 16, 1985, he painted a sixteen-by-twenty-five-inch canvas of a winter landscape (with skier) in forty-three seconds.

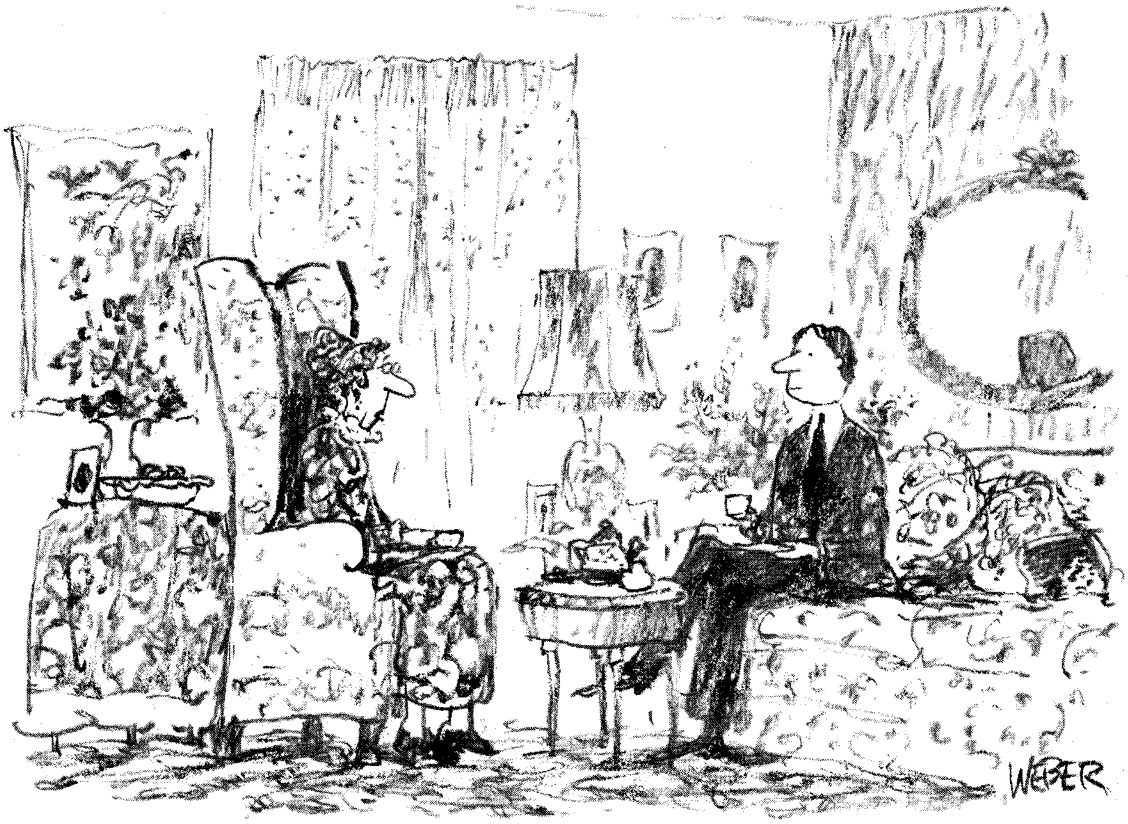
"Not everybody can be a Morris Katz," Morris Katz told us on a Wednesday evening when we stopped by the Notre Dame School, on West Seventy-ninth Street, to audit a speed-painting course he teaches, under the auspices of the Learning Annex. Mr. Katz is in his mid-fifties, a stout, outgoing man with pale-blue eyes, and he usually wears a green beret, green Army pants, and a T-shirt that lists his world speed record, his address, and his phone number—that is, when he's not in formal attire for one of many engagements in the Catskills, during which he delivers one-liners, paints a picture at lightning speed, and never allows a drop of paint to fall on his tuxedo. "In my painting for the 'Book of Records' I used all the colors," Mr. Katz said. "I painted nine point three inches per second. We live in fast times. I won't live five hundred years—maybe I'll live one hundred. But if I die tomorrow people will say that Morris Katz left society with a new form of art—instant art."

Standing at the front of the room, Mr. Katz was supervising the school custodian, who was preparing palettes for the class. "Knowledge, my students, I will give you knowledge," he said. "I have thirty-two years of experience. I have travelled all over the world. My first thirteen years I spent in a small village in Poland, where whatever you saw had a horse pulling it. I have a carpenter's diploma from Europe, and I am a locksmith. I don't boast—it's my life. I have eight years of academic background. With knowledge, we'll have a better world to live in. If not, at least we'll think so. Either way, it calms us down. Yesterday, I had my marathon: I performed in three places in the Catskills. I was up at 4 A.M. and I didn't get back until one this morning. Do I look tired? No, I'm not tired. Art is great food to the soul. Yesterday was nothing compared to the exhaustion I'll feel tonight after teaching you, my students. You're part of my family. Most teachers have to conduct themselves professionally, but not me." After checking on the custodian, Mr. Katz turned back to the class and said, "I'm giving each of you a canvas, a frame, and a palette knife, and did you all bring your toilet paper?"

A dozen hands held up rolls of blue, yellow, and white toilet paper.

"Good, good, good," Mr. Katz said. "Those of you who have taken my class before might think of me as the toilet-paper artist, but this has come after years of studying. I have knowledge to give not from theory but from experience, although I read every book on art when I was evolving myself. When I was young, I used to live in the library on Forty-second Street—in Room 313, where they have the art books. At the age of twenty, I spent forty hours painting a self-portrait. Later, I painted President Ford."

Mr. Katz picked up a palette lumped with yellow, yellow ochre, midnight blue, black, alizarin crimson, and an eight-inch glob of titanium white, and within minutes much of the paint was on the canvas. A land-



"Is rock and roll over yet?"

scape was coming into view—mountain, field, sky, and a Swiss chalet.

"Look at the way he mixes yellow and black," said an admiring young man in the back row as Mr. Katz's painting took on the hues of a Halloween scene. "That's very daring—we could never try that."

"The ground looks like chocolate pudding," another commented.

"Now a tree," Mr. Katz said, the edge of his knife shimmying along the right side of the painting and leaving a vertical trail of black and magenta. "Such control I have—control that took many years to develop. Now we take our toilet paper, make a long strip, roll it up five times, fold it in half, and make it feathery. Now dip it in white, pick up a little red, and stipple it on the painting. Am I explaining this nice?"

"Morris, I know this sounds like a silly question," a young man called out, "but is there a special way you like to hold the toilet paper?"

"Like this," Mr. Katz answered, holding his feathered roll between his thumb and two fingers. "Stipple, stipple, stipple. See how delicately I work? There, pink cherry blossoms on the tree. Can a brush do this? Impossible. And which can you afford to throw away—a brush or five sheets of toilet paper?"

"Mr. Katz, if you want to reuse the canvas, can you wash the paint off?" a middle-aged woman asked.

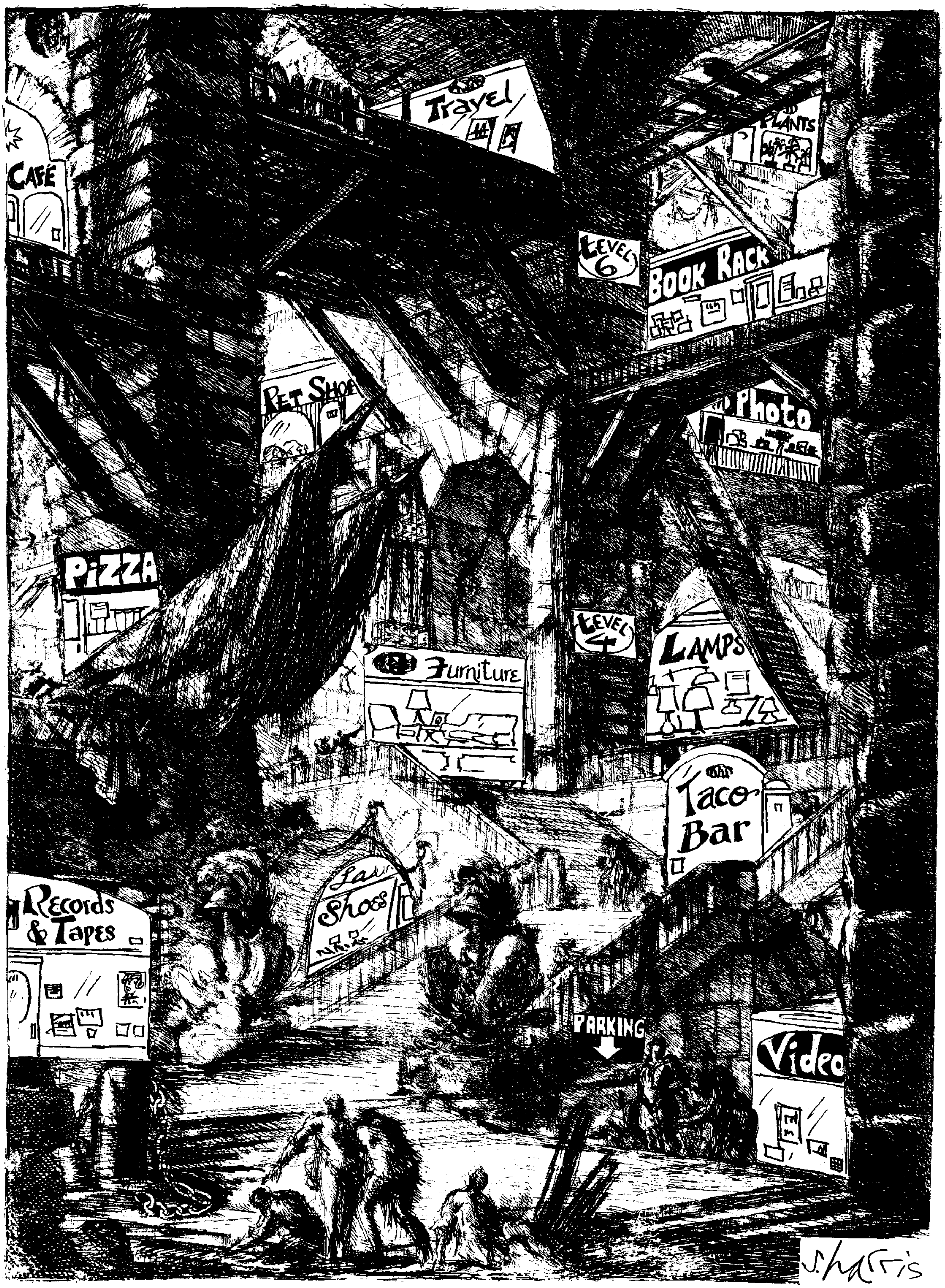
"No, no, no," Mr. Katz said, looking dejected. "You never destroy art. That would be like committing suicide. Class, class, the palettes are ready. Now we're going to paint another landscape, just like mine, except choose your own colors and don't put the house in. You're still children in art. You can't walk, you can't run, you can't jump. And be sure to wipe your knives clean after each color. Otherwise, you will have frustration—frustration and mud."

Over the next twenty-three minutes, Mr. Katz's students worked at reproducing his landscape, more or less, in various hues and varying degrees of quality. Darting between desks, Mr. Katz shouted out "Hello, hello!" to gain students' attention. One man turned his landscape into a bright-green golf course, to which Mr. Katz gleefully added a figure with a golf club. A young woman's painting had a tree coming out of a lake, like a mud-splattered Loch Ness monster, until Mr. Katz arrived to anchor it to the ground with roots and shadows. "It's like schmearing a bagel, making this shadow," Mr. Katz told her. "Just paint, paint—put a shadow by this tree. There, now you know the sun is on the other side."

Final touches of feathery stippling and the paintings were ready for mounting. Mr. Katz came around with a staple gun and held up the paintings, calling out "Here, we have another artist!" and "Look, the horizon in Jerusalem!" *Chink, chink, chink* went the staple gun, and the pictures were ready to hang. "This looks like Killarney, Ireland. This is good. I'm not horsing around," Mr. Katz said, and "Where's your horizon? Here, take some yellow ochre and draw a line. You have a lost horizon."

"This is instant gratification," said a young woman wearing a plaid flannel painting smock.

"When you paint, you have to have a good time," Mr. Katz went on. "Otherwise, don't paint. Remember, these paintings take two weeks to dry. Now you all have a nice painting, large enough to cover a fuse box on the wall. I saw a two-hundred-thousand-dollar Rembrandt the other day—I was advising somebody who wanted to buy it. It was three hundred years old. The colors are beautiful, so human. They blended together with age. I told the person the painting was good, but he wanted to use an X-ray." Mr. Katz gave an exaggerated shrug, raised his eyebrows, and asked, "What do X-rays know? I buy paint by the gallon—by the ton, almost. I mix it to a nice consistency—not like honey but like heavy sour cream. This gallon of yellow-ochre paint is a hundred and twenty dollars, the red is two hundred and eighty. So the paint companies have a good thing going. My students, don't ever waste paint. You have paint to put in the garbage? You put it in the painting instead."


Café
Travel
Plants
Level 6
Book Rack
Pet Shop
Photo
Pizza
Level 4
Lamps
Furniture
Taco Bar
Records & Tapes
Shoes
Parking
Video
J. Harris

THE PIRANESI MALL

THE PLACE TO BE

In harbor on the first morning, Exley saw the pastel villas on the mountainside, here and there among vegetation: looted, unroofed, their marzipan interiors lined with rot; some of them rebuilding under bamboo scaffolding. Looking out from shipboard, he realized that from those slopes there would be a grand view over the straits to the mainland. Obviously, the place to be.

That same noon he stood by windows up at MacGregor Road, in the officers' quarters, while a skeptical soldier searched through papers for his name. While the soldier riffled colored pages, Peter Exley looked down the green mountain to the town scribbled along the shore: noting the cathedral, the post office, the governor's villa; and the bank, which was higher than the rest. It was all as he had supposed. Beyond the narrow harbor and the shipping there were small bleached mountains, at the verge of Asia.

He was aware of some consequential element he had not identified. And with indifference realized it was beauty.

There was no place for him at MacGregor Road, no record of his request. It would have been quiet up there, and relatively cool; just below the fog line—damp, of course, with the green smell Exley at first mistook for freshness and soon identified as decay. But there had been a mistake, and every room was taken.

Redirected to the barracks, he went down unsurprised on the cable car in the afternoon heat. The July air was a blanket, summer weight. The barracks looked like Scutari. Presenting himself, he was led along a creaking veranda and up a soiled stair. Everywhere, the breath of mold.

A corporal unlocked the door. There was a second, inner door, slatted and unlatched. Pledges of another presence were distributed about the room. At the center of things, marooned on wooden floor, a tin box was stencilled with name and number. The better bed, by the window, was heaped with dirty laundry and overhung by a dingy clump of mosquito net. There was the quiescent menace of a gramophone.

"Can't I get a room to myself, at least?"

"Put you down sir, soons we got one. Bit of a wait, I'd say." There was a fair-sized garrison in the colony—Buffs, Inniskillings, Gurkhas. In any case, no one would offer preference to Exley. He had no flair for attracting favors.

The corporal told him the mess hours. Exley asked, "Is there something like a library here?"

"Any books get left, they put em on a shelf near the stairs. Mostly duds, I'd say."

It was 1947, mid-July. His pocket diary said "Saint Swithin." Exley took off his tunic and sat on the inferior bed. His shirt stuck like a khaki skin. Overhead, there was the croak of a slow, ineffectual fan. Rails of light, red as electric elements, striped the shutters. Walls were distempered dun. There were marks where heads had greasily rested, where furniture and kit had been stored; where hands had sweated around knobs and switches. There were smudges of squashed insects, with adhering particles. Damp had got at the quicksilver of a long mirror on a mahogany stand. On the wall by the other bed, pinups were pinkly askew and printed signs carried insults, facetiously obscene.

Gloom without coolness. The mirror, unreflecting, was like the draped pelt of some desiccated leopard.

There was a century here of obscure imperial dejection: a room of listless fevers. Of cafard, ennui, and other French diseases. The encrusted underside of glory.

Exley, afterward, had no clear memory of seeing Roy Rysom for the first time—though sharply recalling that first sight of Rysom's dented tin box, its stencilled legend "War Graves Commission" suggesting the decomposing contents. He remembered that he was reading when Rysom came in and set the jazz belting, dragged off his boots, flopped on his bed, and began twitching to the music. Rysom's foot in its dank sock stuck out from the military blanket, toes curling and uncurling erotically to the music; his fingers convulsively beat on his chest, like hands of the dying. Peter Exley had watched men clutch themselves and die, and be covered

"Pleasure to meet you. I've been leafing through your book."

up by regulation blankets. Men shot to bits in the desert, blown in half by land mines, festered with infected wounds: the whole scarlet mess covered by the military blanket.

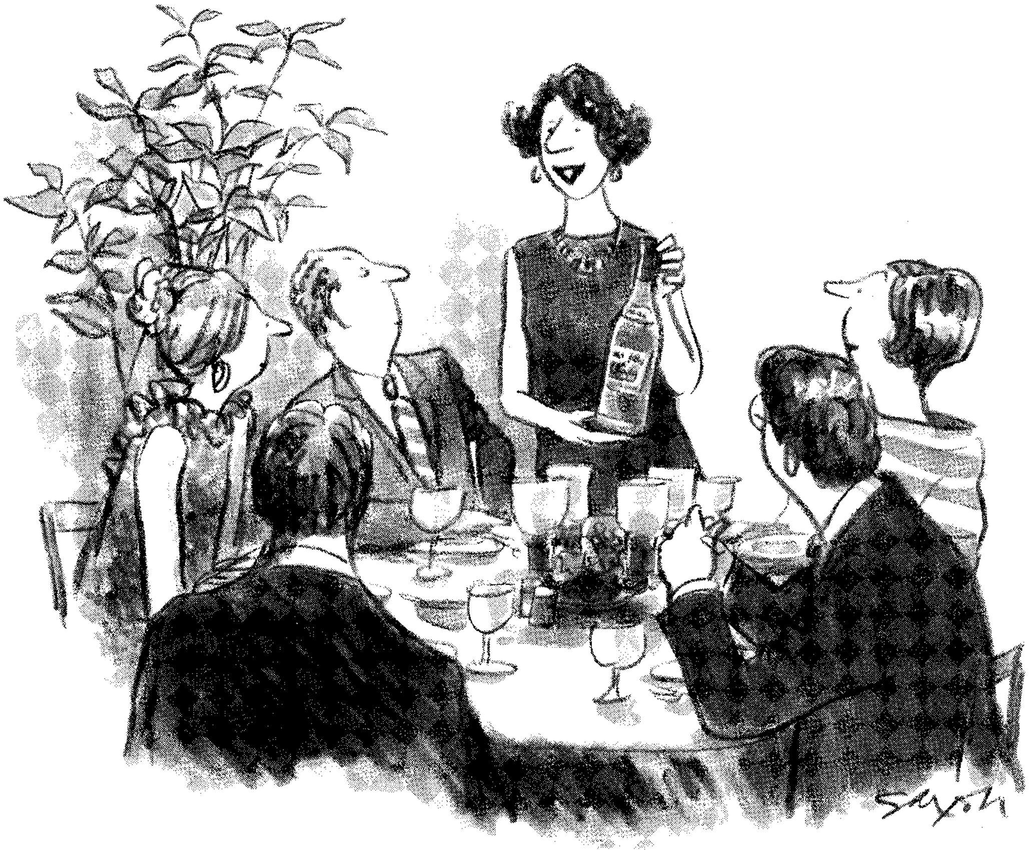
Oh, ya feets too big.
Don't want ya cos yo feets too big.
Mad at ya cos yo feets too big.
Hate ya cos yo feets too big.

Rysom's records were mostly jazz. Life with Rysom was suffused with noise: the messboy calling him to the telephone—"Mistah Rai-sam, Captain Rai-sam;" Rysom yelling for cold beer, as trams rattled in the road below and the dockyard siren hooted or the gun boomed noon. Rysom said it was funny they should both be Australians, he and Exley, and on loan to the British Army. He said, "You War Crimes lot," and hooted like the siren. Rysom could introduce disbelief into anything, unmasking was his vocation. With suspicion he turned over Exley's Chinese and Japanese textbooks, his volumes on international law: "A beaut racket." Spreading a double page of Japanese characters, he uttered a stream of mad, paralaliac sounds, his comic rendering of Japanese.

Rysom was forever doing imitations: of a language, an accent, a personality; a man.

Rysom had dreams from which he woke shouting: dreams, like Exley's own, of men dismembered and sheets of flame. Each, in the night, now fought alone the war that neither could survive.

On his cot at the barracks Exley now realized how much of his soldiering had been spent flat on his back, waiting for war. War had provided a semblance of purpose, reinforced by danger. Danger had been switched off like a stage light, leaving the drab scenery. And there they were at the barracks, he and Rysom, two years into peace and bored to death by it. Each must scratch around, now, for some kind of compromise and call it destiny.



"It's a little white wine Stuart brought back from Idaho. Are you game?"

• •

ON his first mornings in the colony, Exley set out early. The short walk to his office led past the cricket ground, the club, the blotched statue of queen and empress restored to its pedestal: a decorous few hundred yards where Europeans were walking to their work in the trading companies and government offices—the sun-dried men, sometimes accompanied by pale seemly wife or daughter in starched flowers or well-pressed pleats. At that hour, too, the tourists were coming ashore from the President Lines, headed for tablecloths, carved ivory, and cloudy jade. A sense of early purpose seemed to be leading to something more than the chronic anticlimax of nightfall.

The harbor was an old photograph, a resumption: gray ships of war, shabby freighters, and the stout passenger ships with banded funnels. And the swarming sampans and lighters, the junks with dun sails boned like fans and the dun-colored bony man working the yuloh at the stern; the greater junks, like galleons; and the coastal steamers off the praya, arriving from Amoy or Swatow, or from green Saigon.

The office was in the bank building, the best building, the white block formed like a cenotaph that had been pointed out to Exley at the time of his arrival: the highest building, and the only one air-conditioned. The bank had thrown over the historic slow rotations of the ceiling fan in favor of a new climate, man-made. In this building of thirteen stories, Exley had a cubicle on a low floor, in a set of rooms occupied by fellow officers. A group of translators in an inner room were local staff. There was an admiralty clerk who did the legal drafting, and a naval messenger had a chair near the door.

Three servicewomen worked in a room next to Exley's own: none of them pretty, none really young. One of them, Miss Brenda Mills, showed signs of ill nature. Of the other two, Exley could not be sure which was Monica and which Norah, and left it too long to ask. All three lived at the Helena May Hostel above the town. Each had been taken out in turn by the British officers on the floor, who had nothing favorable to report. One other woman in the office was Eurasian, of Portuguese descent: this was the typist, Miss Rita Xavier. There were also two Chinese amahs, who brought tea thickened with condensed milk, cleaned the rooms, and in their tiny antechamber laughed with gold teeth at the pidgin jokes of the admiralty clerk, who puffed his pipe at them in passing.

Here, through the mornings and

long afternoons, Peter Exley explored a heap of files and despaired of justice. His office had access to a terrace paved in big red tiles, undulated by the rains. The terrace, rarely used, looked toward the harbor. Seagulls wheeled there, and a cormorant twice alighted. On fair afternoons Exley would go out and lean on the wide ledge. He would look at the war memorial on its patch of lawn, and at the parked cars and parked palm trees, and the sea beyond. The heat soon drove him indoors. Even so, he got a name for mooning.

THAT summer, in the steaming evenings, Exley would leave the barracks and walk east or west until the long streets became entirely, incontrovertibly Chinese. He would stroll past the hundred thousand stalls and tiny shops of food, of clothes, of soap and pots and bamboo baskets; past the minuscule dens hung with lanterns and braying out harsh music, where the soft smell of opium exuded into fumes of the street. From what would once have enthralled him he would bring away only a flare of alien color and raucous sound, a stench of crowds and cooking; and that scent, sickly as boredom.

Having walked this way an hour or two, he would then return by some divergent route, perhaps along the docks—ignoring appeals from venders and beggars, and the offers from women whose negligible bodies seemed weighted with gold teeth and platform shoes. It was difficult to invest those meagre frames with sensuality, or to covet the lean shanks displayed by the flowered dress slit to the thigh. In these districts Roy Rysom claimed to cut his swath almost nightly. Yet at the end of his own excursions Exley would often discover Rysom having dinner tamely enough—tame hardly describing Rysom's way with chopsticks—at the King Fu in the central district, where a scattering of officers was always to be found. Sometimes Exley sat down with Rysom's group, giving himself over once more to the uproar of loud companions, the clamor of Chinese diners and of waiters yelling to the kitchen. From the gallery above there was the incessant clack and crash of the mah-jongg pieces, the spitting and shouting of the players.

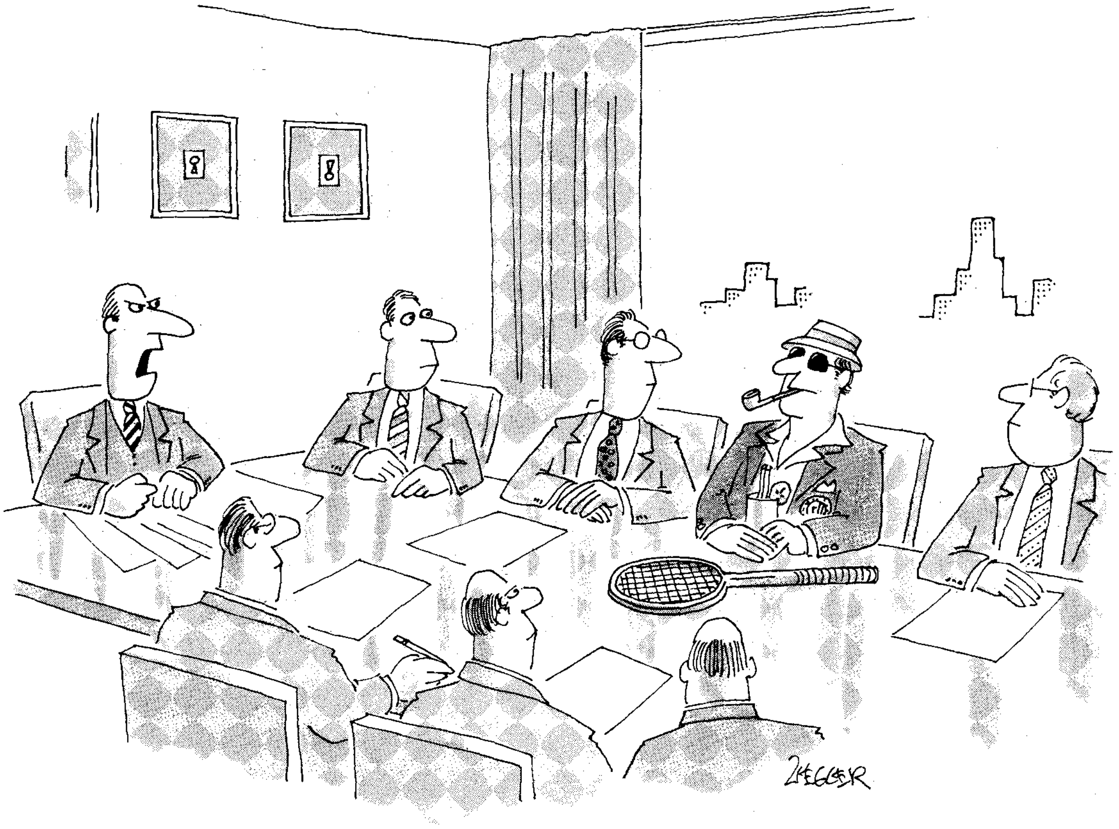
His fellow soldiers repeated the stale anecdotes of lonely men. If anyone told a joke against himself, Rysom laughed too loud—his need for advantage vigilant as fear. If they walked back together to the barracks, Rysom, turning solemn, would caution Exley against his expeditions in the Chinese town: "Filth."

Filth was in fact on Peter Exley's mind in those first weeks: the accretion filming the Orient, the shimmer of sweat or excrement. A railing or handle one's fingers would not willingly grasp; walls and objects grimed with existence; the limp, soiled money, little notes curled and withered, like shavings from some discolored central lode. Ammoniac reek, or worse, in paved alleys and under stuccoed arcades. Shaved heads of children, blotched with sores; gray polls of infants lolling from the swag that bound them to the mother's back. And the great clots and blobs of spittle shot with blood, unavoidable underfoot: what Rysom called "poached eggs." In such uncleanness, nothing could appear innocent, not even diseased chow dogs roaming the Chinese streets, or scrawny chickens pecking at street dirt.

What had not troubled Exley as a soldier in Egypt or South Italy now brought revulsion. He longed for a measure of cleanliness with which peace had somehow been associated. Returning to the barracks with Rysom, he said, "I realize now that I came out here to be well fed and housed, and to have people wait on me. I see now that was in my mind."

Rysom kicked open the door of their room. "Well, this is it, mate—the life of luxury."

The other thing was heat. In North Africa, the sun had been neutral, an impartial horror of war. Now, with cessation of hostilities, heat came out in its true colors as the enemy. The privileged of the colony clung to the mountainside. The rest took refuge in any merciful shadow or flutter of the humid air. The town never cooled: streets and street stalls broiled all night in the glare of naked electricity



"You're on the forty-ninth floor now, Mr. Dowd. Up here, the world no longer revolves around you."

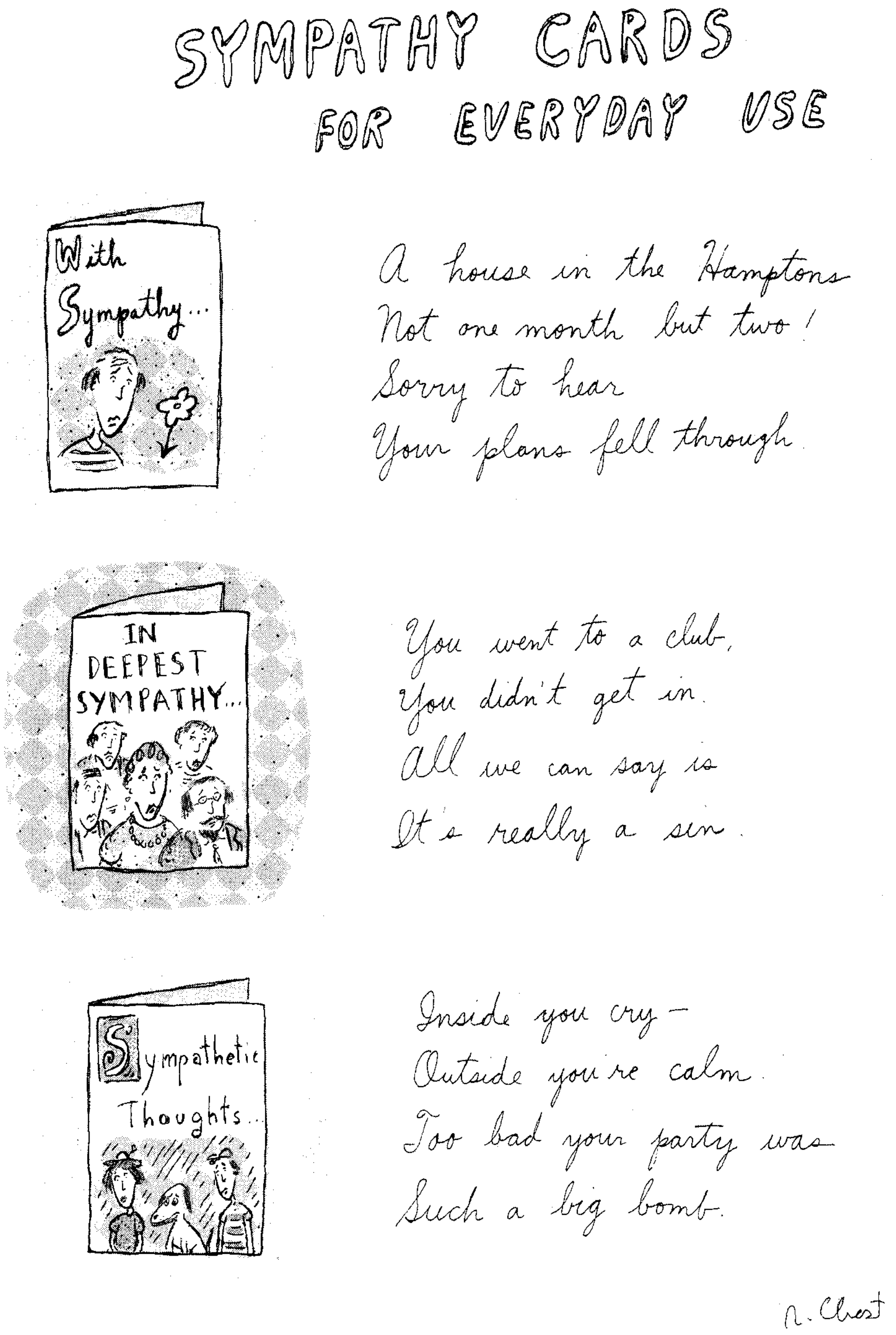
or paraffin lamps. A dry skin was the ultimate luxury, even for the privileged, even on a soft white body. Lust, if there was energy for it, must be consummated in a lather of sweat. And it was the same thing, no doubt, with love.

EXLEY's typist, the Portuguese Miss Xavier, was thin and possibly thirty. Skin like an apricot, with an apricot's minute brown flecks; straight black hair, not abundant, curved on shoulders. At her throat, in the hollow disclosed by a Western dress, a small gold crucifix quivered like a heart. Convent school days lingered about remote Miss Xavier. Someone—Brenda or Monica—told Exley that her four sisters were nuns.

"Eurasians," Brenda told him, "maintain a caste system of their own. It's no good mixing up in that."

It would have been pleasant to refute dogmatic Brenda. But in truth Miss Xavier of good family held aloof from Mr. da Silva, chief of the translators. Da Silva in turn condescended to his colleagues. All dealt brusquely with the Chinese.

Peter Exley wrote in his notebook: "There is a community of mixed races here claiming Portuguese descent through the Jesuit settlements of the East. They interpret the British to the Chinese, and vice versa. I don't refer only to language, though that is their essential service. I mean that they form a bridge by which business is done and power exercised. Disdained by both factions, ill-paid, indispensable, and far too obliging." If he wrote this to his mother, she would write back, "So interesting, pet," and put his letter with others in a cardboard box. She would tell some crony: "Peter always feels for the underdog."


SYMPATHY CARDS
FOR EVERYDAY USE
With Sympathy...
A house in the Hamptons
Not one month but two!
Sorry to hear
Your plans fell through.
IN DEEPEST SYMPATHY...
You went to a club,
You didn't get in.
All we can say is
It's really a sin.
Sympathetic Thoughts..
Inside you cry—
Outside you're calm.
Too bad your party was
Such a big bomb.
R. Chast

• •

IN August, Exley was assigned to the interrogation of a Japanese officer charged with atrocities to prisoners of war. He had already noticed the man in the exercise cages of cells behind the barracks, on a private road that led through trees to the general's house. The prisoner was listless, slight, still young; short limbs, cropped dark head. Sometimes the inexpressive eyes met Peter Exley's. It was difficult to say then who was the accused.

Among those who gave evidence was the skipper of a Dutch merchantman on the Surabaya-Kobe run. Exley's letter reached this man on his way north, at Singapore or Penang; and ten days later, landing in the colony, he came to make his deposition. He was something over fifty, Hendriks by name: dark eyes unmoist in dry face, soft knob of nose. His body itself, short and tough, announced taciturnity. He gave his evidence in brief, competent assertions, and in correct, peremptory English.

He had been taken prisoner at Tanjung-Priok, the port of Batavia, early in 1942.

In Exley's little office, Hendriks told his appalling story with detachment. When the documents had been prepared and signed, the Dutchman said, "We are in port some days. You shall lunch on board."

On a Sunday of inhuman heat, Exley found himself on the mainland docks, following the shadow of the godowns until forced out on an asphalt wasteland where coolies hauled cargo for hoisting. The Dutch ship, squat and shabby white, had a short white superstructure cramped amidships. With driblets of rust on her hull and at the outlet of the anchor cable, she recalled the smirched bathtub of some old hotel. Exley was shown to a dim saloon, well enough kept up in its dark old way, with panelling and polished brasses and heavy chairs that had defied typhoons. On a long table, a snow-white cloth was set with the dishes of the *rijsttafel*.

Hendriks came in at once, his seamed flesh emerging, at collar and cuffs, from a uniform white as the table.

Bols was brought in a crock of ice, along with the circular baked patties that, according to Roy Rysom, contained dog. As the indoor contrast passed off, the heat in the saloon became terrific.

At table they were served, in silence, by a Malay and two Chinese.

The elaborate ordeal of drink, heavy food, and blazing sauces slowly consumed the afternoon. It seemed easier to loll there than to cut the thing short, for Hendriks was clearly unprepared for an abrupt departure. Exley disliked his blunt manner with the servants, the orders rapped without a glance; and his unquestioning assumption of a right to bore. Drink settled in at eyes and temples, pulsating in purple rings. There were extended silences into which the ice collapsed with sharp sounds in crock and glasses, and both men softly mopped at eyes and jowls as if quietly weeping.

Exley realized that Hendriks was getting ready to talk.

Hot towels were brought, scented with sandalwood. Hendriks offered cigars from Havana, and maraschino in a pudgy bottle: "You shall have a glass." His hair, mouse-brown perhaps on a cool day, was dark with sweat and from some shiny unguent.

He said, "This Jap," pronouncing it "chap"—"This Jap of ours looks normal enough, would you say? Yes. He was a cadet, privileged. So he goes to war, he ties prisoners to trees for bayonet practice, he eats human flesh. Touch a nerve, the primitive is there." Hendriks chose a cigar and, with a small blade, clipped the tip. "You've been at war yourself, you've seen that."

Exley said, "I make a distinction between combat and perversion. Between soldiering and sadism. You may think that naïf."

"No, of course, I too wish to do so. There is cruelty beyond even that of battle. You look the man in the eye, then coolly kill him. Is it murder or is it war? Is war in any case murder? That is what your commission pretends to decide."

"You think it only a pretense, then."

"Excuse me, I use the word '*prétendre*,' to claim." The Dutchman sucked on his cigar, crossed his foot on his knee. "Yes. I was in a freighter, off the coast of France, when Holland was overrun. Mid-May, that was, of 1940. Our captain was a small man, smaller than I, bowlegged. Ugly. We were bound for Rotterdam, when we had the news on our radio." Long wheeze of cigar. "The next morning, a U-boat surfaced across our bows.

"The captain of the U-boat—they are young in the submarines—the

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SIGHS AND INHIBITIONS

Starting well after the beginning, one invests
The compromise quite early with nullifying
Codicils and postscripts that take the form
Of ridiculous complaints about hats and gravy
And then the way trees are organized
In the streets, complaints about the traffic,
To more general reflections:

On the way life manages itself: though its beginning
And end seem clear enough as givens, as does
The quasi-permanent siesta of noon that our long day
Is fabricated of, which stretches
In all directions to the simplifying horizon. Still,
You argue, there has to be something more solid
Than all this:

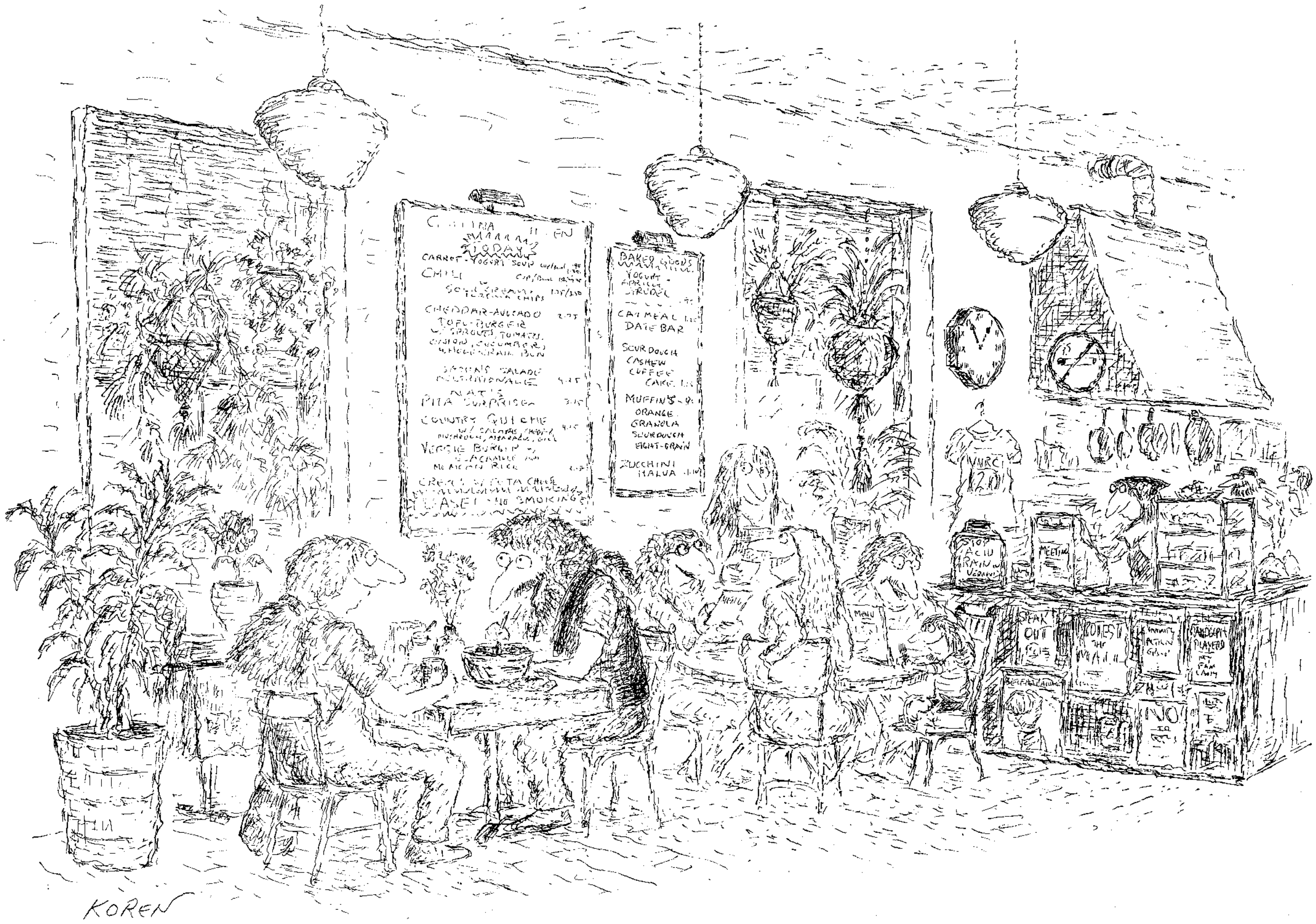
Some angle or hinge
Bulkier than stone and more resilient than the ideas
That have helped to put it across, palmed it off
On us, as it were, so it is it, not we,
That is our lives, the surface over which we move
Comfortably as across a globe that gives back
Our intuiting of it as we desired it:
Lost, out in the cold,
But summonable, sometimes, when you want it.
It still knows one's name, keeps track of birthdays,
Yet is somehow foreign, the way one's first language
Would be if one had grown up bilingual, and it is this other
Block-letter language we must carry (and it
Grows heavier), and place around to form the words
No one is going to understand, let alone believe,
And these account for our day, today.

I remember in the schoolyard throwing a small rock
At some kid I hated, and then, when the blood began
To ooze definitively, trying to hug the teacher,
The boy, the world into ignoring what I'd done,
To lie and thus escape through a simple
Cancelling, not a confession, to wipe the slate clean
So as to inhabit another world in which
I bore no responsibility for my acts: life
As a clear, living dream.

And I have not been spared this
Dreadful state of affairs, no one has, so that
When we think we think, or turn over in our sleep,
Someone else's business is boldly attached to this,
And there is no time for a reckoning.
The carpet never stretches quite far enough,
There is always a footfall on the stair.

—JOHN ASHBERY

• •



"I love this place—its food, its ambience, and its political goals."

• •

young captain stood out on deck with the megaphone. Two sailors at his side with the machine gun. We would be taken prisoner. This was the decent German, young man but old school. Unless we resisted we would not be sunk. No. He would force us to an occupied port—perhaps to Rotterdam itself—turn us over, and take our ship and cargo as a prize."

Hendriks pressed the towel to mouth, to eyes, and sighed.

"Well, we had our lives to save, we had families. Our skipper had four children. He stood on the bridge talking terms, reasonable, while the U-boat drifted closer. When she was right under our bows he suddenly gave the order: full speed ahead. And we plowed through that U-boat, we ripped her in two, the submarine and the young man and all the rest of them. They went down like skittles—you know how that is. We kept going, we didn't look back for survivors, we didn't stop until we reached Plymouth with the gash in our bow. At Plymouth we drank up, we laughed, we were proud." From his chair Hendriks turned his soft-nosed profile toward Exley. "I suppose that's all right?"

"Not all right, how could it be? But it was war, you defended yourselves."

"So we said, exactly. And our Jap—would he not also produce his justification? You say he took pleasure in the cruelty. And we, too, we rejoiced in it, I assure you. Never so happy, perhaps, before or again. That mild, pious, ugly man of ours turned murderer in a second, and was overjoyed with the result. Of course we were happy our skins were saved, and happy with our victory. But we were happy those men were dead and that we had killed them."

Hendriks knocked away a block of ash. "In any case, I took ship again, got to Portland, went on to Batavia, and ended up in prison all the same. Prisoner of war—that was a Western concept Japan wished to follow. In their emulation of the West, they allowed some of us to survive. Had they known my parentage, they might have dispatched me at the start." Peering into Peter Exley's eyes. "I'm part Javanese. You realized it?"

Exley stared.

"Yes. Grandmother East Indian. You didn't guess it? The tiny feet, the hands, the nose." Dispassionately indicating these, gesturing to the foot cocked on his knee as if it were disembodied. "In Holland they know it, or in Java. With us it was not as with the British. We Dutch—you notice I say that—we Dutch bred with the *indigènes*, we sometimes married them. And there are many such as I." Relapsed in his chair, presenting the undulant profile. "One day it will all mean nothing."

"I don't know that it means anything now."

"Ah—caste remains a useful weapon. To defy it, one still must suffer."

The revelation had made it impossible to get up and go. Some interlude was required in tribute, there could be no hastening away. Hendriks, having ceased pronouncing, fell into a silence in its own way oracular. Exley hung on half an hour, the ship melting round him. The two men took leave of one another at last, with assurances of a reunion when Hendriks next came to port. It was clear to both that this *would not* occur.

IN September there were cooler days; and, at the barracks, an issue of winter-weight blankets. At a Chinese tailor in Queen's Road, Peter Exley was measured for a suit in dark-blue worsted. The tailor's shop, upstairs, was called Old Bond's Treat. The tailor himself, dreaming with open eyes, continually deferred the fittings.

Rysom said, "The bugger takes opium."

At the bank, refrigerated vapors mingled visibly with pipe tobacco. Miss Rita Xavier now draped a linen jacket on her shoulders as she typed and filed, and wore nylon stockings on her slender legs. Her virginal aspect was on the turn for spinsterhood.

In the adjoining room, hefty Norah thumped her thighs and shouted, "God, I'm getting porkers." And shaggy dark Brenda scowled with unplucked brows—as she had scowled one evening at a shipboard dance while returning Peter Exley's tipsy kiss. Rita Xavier's face, by contrast, was very nearly impassive. If Westerners had contributed expression to the human face, Exley wondered, were they to be praised or blamed? Was responsiveness in itself something to be proud of?

In his notebook Exley wrote: "Miss Xavier dislikes speaking Chinese. I hear her at it, directing the office cleaners—a pastiche of Mandarin, Cantonese, and even Hakka, learned in childhood from her amahs. She has good French, taught by nuns. Some Portuguese, presumably. English excellent, cultivated—a better enunciation than my own. A fine vocabulary, curiously unrelated to any literary knowledge whatever: she chooses good words as they do in Latin countries, from having no alternative. Tells me she had an English governess, a young woman married to a noncommissioned officer stationed in the colony between the wars."

Exley closed his notebook on the governess. Some educated girl of good family, condemned by injudicious love to isolation in the colonial lower ranks. The colony was a backwater then, overshadowed by Shanghai. Shanghai was the place to be. The loneliness of such a life, the unfairness. The wilting pink-and-white, the ailments, the wretched economies. The damp getting to the quicksilver. The unforgiving good family: "She has made her bed and must lie in it." And the bed itself losing its magic. Some Camilla or Cassandra, fallen between two stools, between two wars.

The question of women, the absence of women, of pink-and-white women. Even the glowering Brendas were in demand, let alone the pretty Camillas, the English roses. In this respect the racial lines were quietly and implacably drawn. Hendriks the oracle, in his rusted bathtub, was perfectly right: to flout the agreement, you could not be casual; for you would be made to suffer.

"How terrible," said Monica or Norah, "when there are children of mixed race."

When Monica, Brenda, or Norah said this, Peter Exley was walking with all three of them, on a late afternoon, to the Helena May Hostel. They had gone up through the park and passed above the barracks. It was cool as they climbed. Simply to cease sweating was an inducement to thought, and Exley had forgotten his companions.

Monica gave him his cue: "Tragic, don't you think?"

They suspected Peter Exley of harboring large ideas which he would not have the gumption to assert.

Exley said, "Well, it happens."

Giggles, as if at something audacious. There are women, he thought, who can paralyze a man's best instincts.

He said, "As I see it, the mixed races seem indispensable here."

Brenda said, "Like the Virgin Rita." The three women laughed, pausing to do so with vehemence.

"That nun."

"A nun, like her sisters."

"Sister Rita."

"Santa Rita."

"Pretty prickly for a saint."

"Santa Claws."

He could not walk ahead or fall behind. An overhang of trees shadowed his face. There was the smell of green decay he had once mistaken for health.

At the hostel, in the lofty lounge, balancing his cup on the arm of a wicker settee, Exley watched these disputatious, thick-bodied women stumping off to fetch cake and a bowl of sugar with tongs; plumping down on the chintz roses of plumped down cushions, and fondling with near abandon the shamefaced, slavering Labrador belonging to the maiden directress. The airy room, the light of

Asia, and strange red lilies in a vase could do nothing for them.

Brenda sat facing him, hair shoved back from ears, jowl distorted by a bad mosquito bite; flushed from nuzzling the salivating dog. While imploring Exley's advances, plainly summed him up as a poor thing. The low estimate had nothing to do with her yearning to be chosen and thus brought into existence. Judging him a poor thing, she would yet have married him and given him a devoted form of hell. Exley knew it. They had mutely agreed on the elements, if not the outcome.

As ever, his thoughts drawn by pathos; his imagination captured, when it might have been fired.

MORNINGS were crystalline, the mountain majestic. News from Europe was dark and pinched: they feared another winter like the last, no fuel, little food. A friend at Swindon wrote to thank Exley for a food package: "The corned beef saved us, actually."

Exley told Miss Xavier, "England is living out of tins."

Late in October, there was da Silva's wedding. Arriving one morning, Exley found an envelope on his desk. He was invited, in raised silver letters, to attend the wedding of Mercedes Prata and Jeronymo da Silva at the Catholic church near Happy Valley on a Saturday afternoon. A similar envelope was propped on Miss Xavier's table. The head of the office, Colonel Glazebrook, had also been asked. Just these three.

Exley left his acceptance on da Silva's desk at the same moment as Glazebrook brought his own regrets—appearing in the doorway cap in hand, for he was off to the airfield to meet a brigadier: "My best to your good lady."

The day before the wedding, Exley said to Rita Xavier: "If you're going to da Silva's wedding—"

"I don't think so."

He feared she intended to snub da Silva. "I was going to say we might go together." When she did not reply, he added earnestly, "Miss Xavier—forgive me—I hope you'll go."

"Captain Exley," said Rita Xavier, "I have no need to condescend to Jeronymo da Silva."

"You mean that I do. That I do condescend."

"You intend to be kind. But just—so far." Small, delicate chopping gesture; hands reclasped.

She was on to him, of course. He had never sought da Silva's company; strongly suspected da Silva to be boring. But he would go to the wedding and count himself a decent chap for giving up an hour of his far from precious Saturday. And was eager to enlist others in this undemanding humanity.

He would have said, "You're right," but the realization might appear too swift.

She said, "Since you mind, then, I'll come." Ironic or resigned.

Monica told him: "As Nanny used to say, there'll be tears before bedtime."

On Saturday, Exley took Rita Xavier to Happy Valley in a downpour. Rain rocked the cab, and drenched them as they ran for the church. They were shown to a forward pew, where Rita sank at once to her knees and Exley took short breaths of church air heavy with incense and tuberoses, and with emanations from the mold that streaked the apse. In the half-dark, Oriental women under hats of Western tulle turned to see them. Da Silva, pin-striped and atremble, stood by the altar. A pin-striped brother was best man.

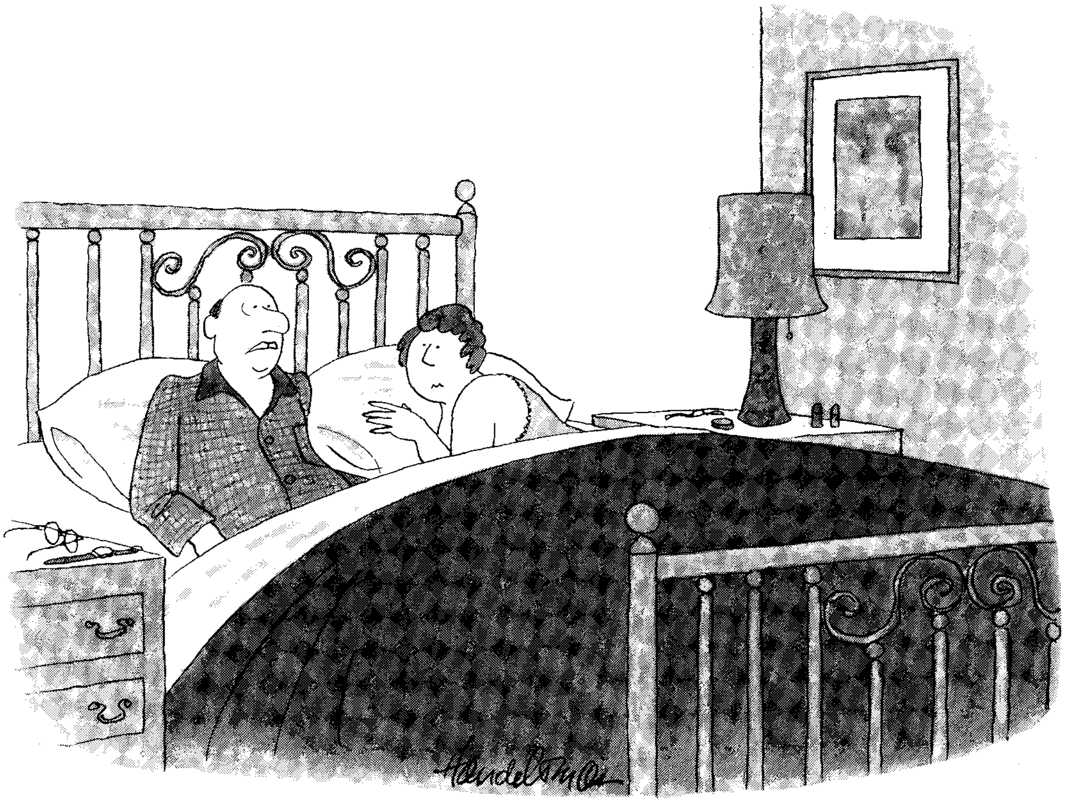
Lights went up to the music of an organ, and the congregation stood. A priest appealed to God in the tone, at once mechanical and unctuous, of a cabaret crooner. The Latin seemed bizarre, but Latin has many nationalities.

The bride was rising from her knees.

In front of Exley, a heavy woman was showing fear of thunder.

The bride's veil was being raised. Her hand, inert, was linked with da Silva's. In the curio shops of Queen's Road there were armies of just such ivory Madonnas: an impassivity not quite Christian.

The priest resumed his colonial Latin, in which the congregation



"I don't think I'll go in today. I just dreamed a whole day's work, including lunch."

• •

joined. Peter Exley, from Australia, was the only European.

After the ceremony the bride and groom stood in the portico. The bride's right hand, in tight white glove, repeatedly touched her throat. There were dark depressions below her eyes. Above her head, the veil was bunched like mosquito net. Her father was crying. Exley hardly knew how, in the circumstances, to congratulate da Silva; but did so heartily, and was introduced all round.

How often one could be both moved and bored at the same time.

When the rain let up, the guests stood in a muddy enclosure outside the church, dodging drops from the trees. Photographs were taken, during which the women laughed with nervous constraint, dabbing away raindrops and tears. There was a general shy deference to Peter Exley, as if he in some way presided; and modified homage to Rita Xavier. It was clear that Rita had gained, at least in the short run, from appearing with Exley, and that for the moment they made some kind of couple.

Da Silva thanked him too much for coming. They would all have a better time when he was gone.

Crunching on sodden gravel toward a taxi, Exley invited Rita Xavier for a drink.

THEY sat in the upstairs gallery of a small café off Wellington Street. Below them, in the pit, there was a smoky crowd. Youth and uniforms recalled the time of war, but there was none of war's suspense. In wartime one was always expecting a finality that peace, achieved, could not provide: in a place like this there would have been the hopeful songs—“When the Lights Go On Again” or “There's a great day dawning.” When dawn came, it seemed all Europe had died in the night.

Rita Xavier put back her hair, and it fell behind her shoulders. The crown of her head was beaded with rain. Her silk dress was patterned with small roses, and the gold cross hung at her throat.

She said, “This is pleasant.”

He hoped she wasn't going to be appreciative. He'd had enough of humility for the time being.

Exley had a glass of whiskey. Coffee came in a white crock. In the pit below, the officers sat in groups of three or four, without women. There was a wet-weather crowd of Chinese couples, but no families.

“What happened to you in the war?” It had never occurred to him before to ask her this off-duty question.

“We moved to my uncle's place at Macao. People left here, if they could, after the Japanese came. We thought there would be air raids, another bombardment.”

She would have been in her early twenties then. A family of pious girls, hiding from soldiers.

“Many Chinese left, too, for the countryside.” Her cup nursed in both hands, an unfamiliar gesture in this climate. “Of course, this island was never empty. But when there's fear, there's a kind of emptiness—no liveliness . . .” She looked in her cup, seeking her right to a complex notion.

“I know,” said Exley. “Silence falls.”

“So—we were at Macao. Portugal being neutral, Macao had many refugees.” She was younger, talking of her youth, her hair about her shoulders; her good silk dress and silky skin. On cheeks and brow, the tiny moles or sunspots were not displeasing. “We were crowded into my uncle's house. We missed our home. There was loneliness, but no privacy. A small thing to complain of in a war.”

The five girls—and the male presence in which they ate, washed, dressed, undressed. “You have four sisters, if I'm right?”

“Only two.” Surprised.

“And both are nuns?”

“One is a nun. The other is married and has children.”

Below the balcony where they sat, the pianist was taking his seat. Looking over the railing, Rita said, “He's Russian.” She ate a little dod of cake, Chinese translation of the scone. “His parents live in Shanghai. When the Communists take over, what will they do? They fled once, where can they go now, having no passport?” She said, “Stateless people cannot even become refugees.”

The pianist was playing Chopin. Rita said, “He himself has a French wife.” After a hesitation, went on, “She's old, an invalid. Some say mad.”

“So he married a nationality.”

Slight, sad smile; suggestion of a shrug. “Some people marry a fortune, some marry social standing. And some a passport.”

Such people must pick up any nationality going. They could not expect to enjoy national pride, or other dangerous convictions of birthright.

Now, from the piano, it was Cole Porter. Exley ate a Chinese scone. The piano was quietude itself, after the blare of Rysom's gramophone. He

LOST LOVE

You're in the city, somewhere. I suppose if I stood
On Times Square a year or two I'd find you,
Face pleasant and older, coming out of the subway crowd,
Or studying poinsettias in a florist's window.
A flicker—that would be all. Both of us
Looked so much like others, which of us could be sure
We were not others? Once, we met in a glance.
So, too, in a glance, should both of us disappear.

But I'm lying. Often, on West Coast or East,
I'll be at a movie before the lights go down
And Beauty flees through the meadows from the Beast
Or the boy steps out of a throng to claim his crown
When far down the aisles and rows I'll see you there,
Your body still young, your eyes, your taffeta hair!

—DICK ALLEN

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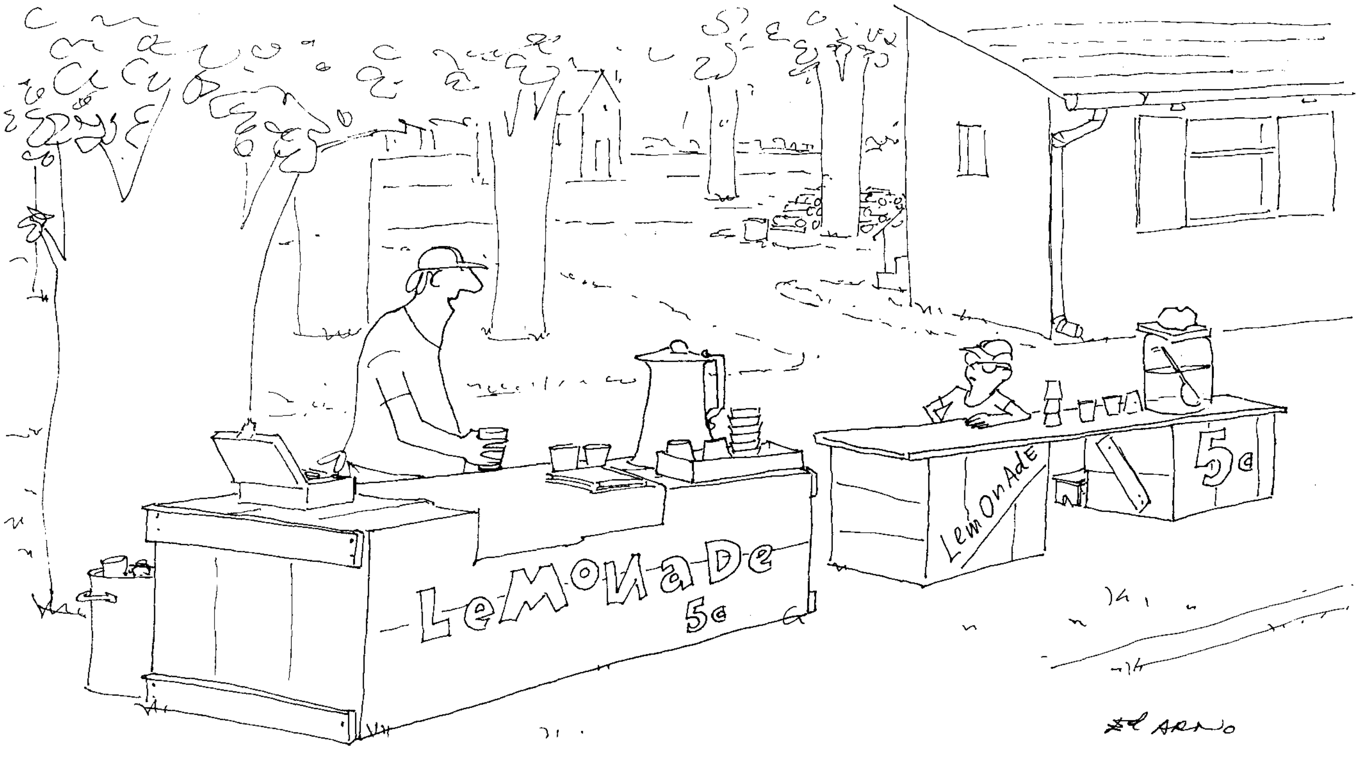


"I started young, I liked it, and I just stayed with it."

• •

said this to Rita, adding a few words about his life at the barracks: the incautious relief of telling about oneself, not indulged for a long time.

There had been loneliness, but no privacy.

She asked, "But can't you get away from that?"

"Yes, I must push harder for a different room." She was right, of course, but disappointing. Women's sympathy should be complete, untainted by the reproach of common sense.

The pianist had come round again to his first number.

She asked, "What's that song?"

"It's an étude by Chopin."

"I thought there was a song."

"You're right, someone put words to it. 'Deep in the Night,' something like that."

" 'So Deep Is the Night.' " In a low, tuneful voice she sang some phrases: " 'No moon tonight, no friendly star to guide me with its light . . .' " The occasion had gone to her head, tinging her cheekbones a tipsy pink. " 'Be still my heart . . .' "

Her very hands looked unpracticed in the actions of love.

The pianist was on to Rachmaninoff: "The Floods of Spring."

"I should leave soon." She perhaps felt she had shown excitement, and lapsed into apathy or reticence. He saw that the afternoon's mild pleasure had occurred to her as a source of possible trouble.

The return to guardedness offended him—this countering of a possibility so slight. The afternoon, leading nowhere, had yet possessed its particle of valid life; and she herself had said, "With fear, there is no liveliness." Well, Rita, he thought, are you alive or dead?

Soon, however, fairness rolled over him again, like fog, and he applied the question to himself. Evasion, after all, took many forms: in her, repressiveness; and, in himself, the general amnesty for humankind.

He said, "I suppose da Silva's reception is in full spate." The wedding was by now a memory, dankly streaked with green.

"Oh yes. There are two or three places where those things are held. The families expect it. It would be impossible to do anything different, of one's own."

He supposed her sister had toed the line.

It occurred to him how few choices she had—intermarriage in the small community; or the convent. Or the marginal position in the arid, ill-paid office. And he thought of all the girls, fastidious and intelligent, who had shed their bloom and developed their defenses, like Rita.

As they went out he was greeted here and there from the crowd. In a dim mirror saw himself—stooping, tall, with faded khaki strokes of uniform and hair; and Rita beside him, subdued in the noisy scene.

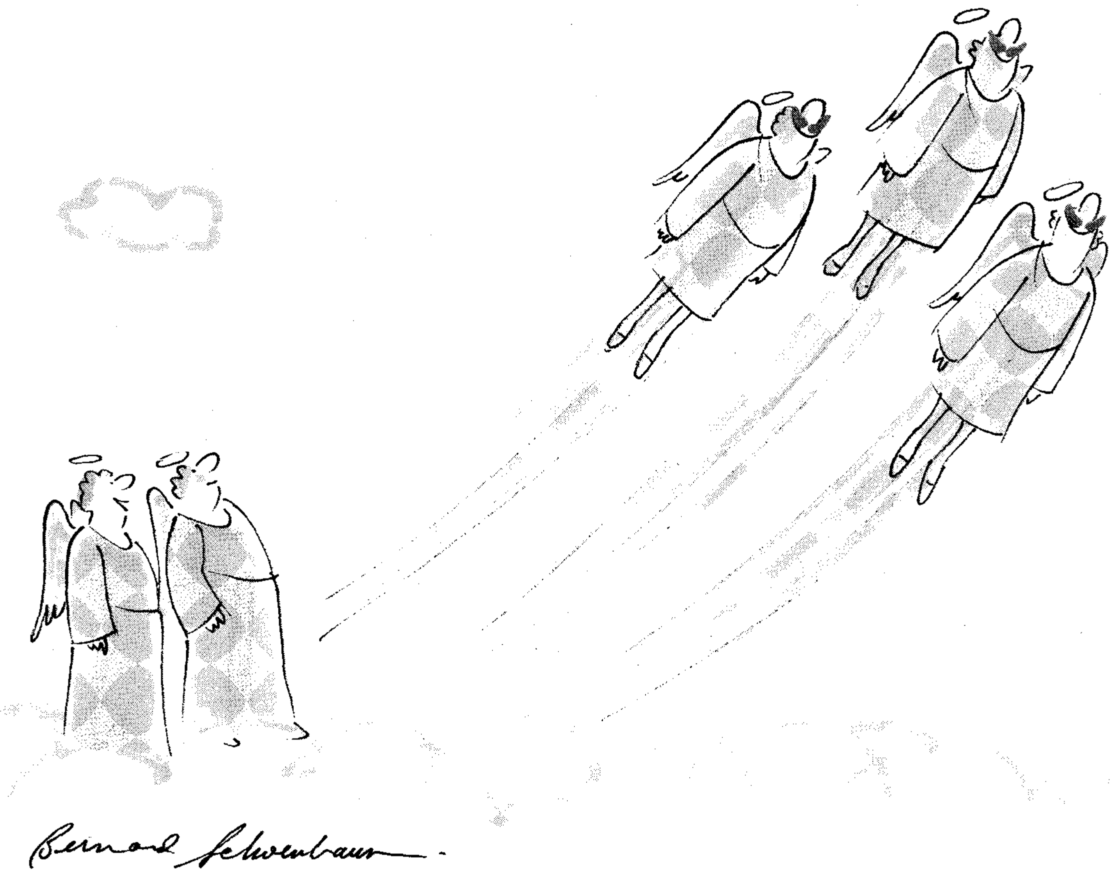
Rita lived with her parents on the mainland. She and Exley strolled down Ice House Street, heading for the ferry. The footpath was too narrow for them both, and Peter Exley walked in the puddled road. Rita said, "Thank you for urging me to come."

Her indifference to da Silva's wedding might now be seen in a new light. Exley said, "It's taken me all this time to like the place."

"And now you do?"

"Well enough." He felt he should enlarge this revelation, but let it stand.

THE next wedding invitation was from the Glazebrooks, who were giving, in raised gold letters, cocktails at the club on the occasion of the royal marriage. Colonel Glazebrook's good lady, ethereally fair and interestingly



"They're the famous Flying Santuto Brothers."

• •

young, was said to have been an actress or model. Exley had sometimes seen the Glazebrooks in the street, arm in arm. A previous good lady had been bettered.

Before the party, Exley had to go to the parade ground, where guns were fired for the far-off princess—whose photograph in that morning's paper had shown her buxom, bridal, smiling: bedecked for lineal procreation.

It was November, but summer flared that day for the last time. On beaten sand the men marched in the heat, saffron kilts swirling, blue bonnets undulant. Complex formations intersected, to a barbaric skirl of pipes. "Flowers of the Forest" was played, and "Hearts of Oak." The climactic anthem brought collective rigidity, followed by slow dispersal.

There was one incident only. During the parade, a huge soldier fainted, left in the sun on the ground until taken up with other debris when all was over. The misadventure enlivened the hot watching—the show of precision having created, in onlookers, a desire for some conspicuous error. The image of this collapsed soldier—pleats rucked up on raised belly, pale knees awry—lingered with Peter Exley as he walked down to the club. A discarded man, like the bole of an uprooted tree. By disowning and dishonoring the failure, authority had transformed it to an assertion.

The Glazebrooks' party was held in an upstairs room at the annex. There were flowers, long windows, and a floor of polished teak. Mrs. G., in fragile dress, stood near the door. As Exley arrived she drew him aside: "Do something about that potted palm and I'm your slave." Exley slid a ficus in its brass cachepot over glossy boards, and looked back for her approval. She blew him a kiss, lifting a lacy sleeve. She was called Hermione: fair curls, a red laughing mouth, and the loose, pale dress with lavender ribbons.

When people were spontaneous, Peter Exley was ready to love them.

Monica and Brenda stationed themselves each side of Exley, a brace of female warders. Planning escape, he got a boy to bring Gimlets. He knew the women would refer to his afternoon with Rita; and, when they did so, said, "Don't be daft."

The Colonel came up. "Who are you daft over now, girls?"

"Peter's potty about Miss Xavier."

Glazebrook said, "Miss Xavier. Ah. Miss Xavier is serious. There would be no trifling with Miss Xavier."

The women howled, as if this were witty. As their sputtering subsided, Glazebrook went on, "And now I must tear myself from you charmers." As he and Exley drew away, he made a low, sighing sound. "Poor clots. Can't stand em, frankly."

The room filled up with older officers and their wives, and with the young unwed. There were also the merchants and bankers, the bishop, the harbormaster. The Colonial Secretary might look in, on his way to something grander. All the blotched statues, restored to their pedestals. The French consul, known to be the Sûreté man, arrived with pretty daughter. The actors doubled their parts—villain in one scene, bystander in another. The same few players represented a crowd, the same sparse voices called for Caesar.

Exley took his leave of blond Hermione: "That's a pretty dress."

"Thank God you like it. My husband says it looks like underwear."

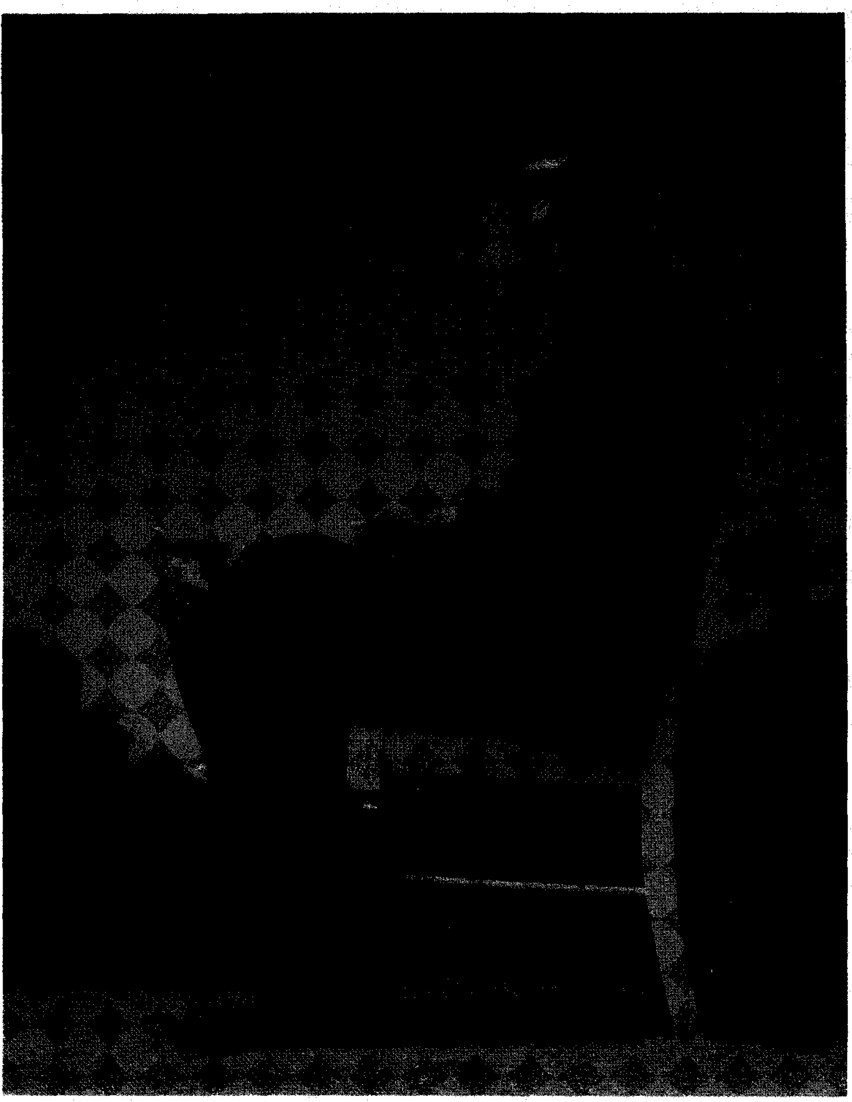
"Then you must have lovely underwear."

"Famous for it." Laughing into his eyes.

Exley, at her side, basked in the little flirtation. As he admired her dress, however, it struck him that she might be pregnant; and the idea, with its utter exclusion, drained his good spirits. He had already turned from her when Glazebrook himself came to ask his wife if she would like something fetched for her, food or drink. At her refusal, the husband murmured, in the amused undertone of love, "You're supposed to have cravings. Don't you crave anything?"

And her laughing soft reply: "Only your indulgence."

When he left the party, Exley walked along in the night, thinking of



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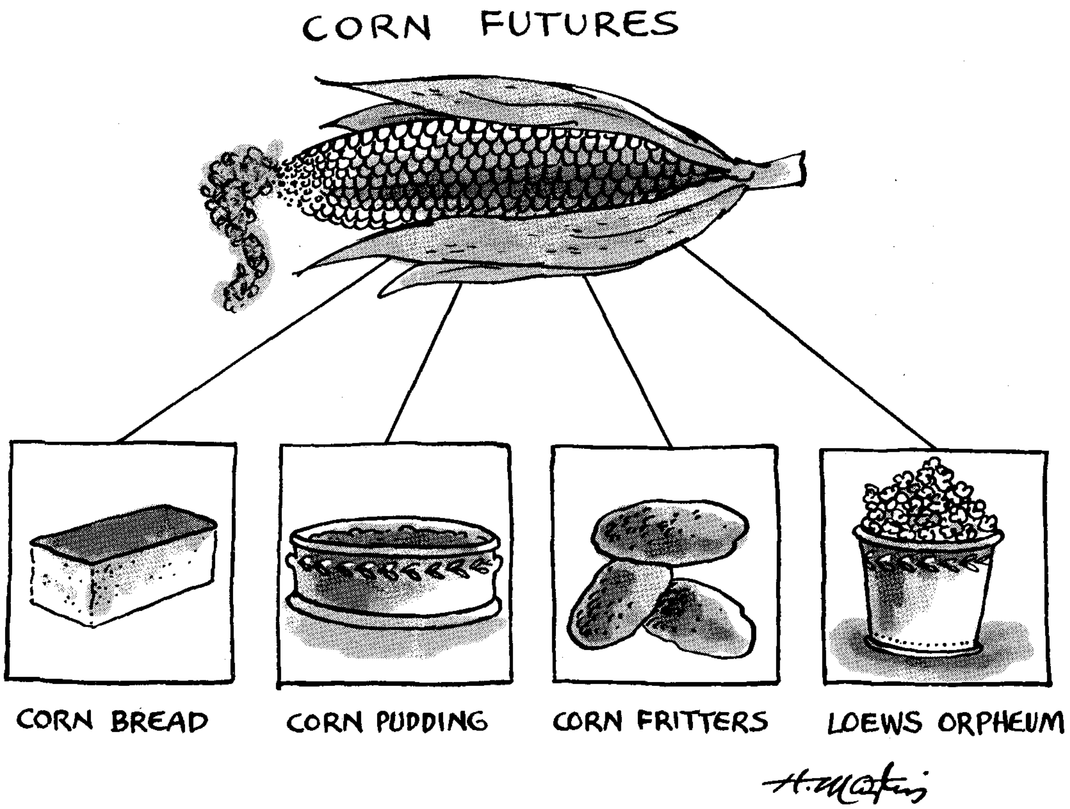


Hermione—imagining some Hermione, animated, charming, and quite without pathos, who might be his own. And why, he wondered, should she be merely without pathos? Since she was in any case a figment, let her be downright lucky. He laughed unhappily, sounding drunker than he was. It was long since he had given affection or received it. He seemed to have dribbled away a lot of feeling in a kind of running sensibility, like a bad cold.

He sometimes had dreams of tenderness in love, as others might dream of its eroticism.

He passed through the green marble arcade that led to the best hotels. There was a dance floor up red-carpeted stairs. And here he found a table, ordered a Tom Collins, and sat watching the dancers and tapping his foot abstractedly. It seemed an age since the military scene at the parade ground. He could scarcely recall now the huge soldier collapsed among his marching comrades.

In the emotional befuddlement of a third drink, he suddenly spotted Rysom among the dancers. Rysom in civilian clothes—orange jacket, clean white shirt, and a tie forked with emerald lightning—was trundling a heavy woman round the floor, while the band played "La Vie en Rose" and the lights turned pink. It was Rysom all right, even if his expression—earnest to the point of urgency—was unfamiliar. Nothing in Rysom's account of himself had suggested he might at last be found in this established and expensive place, intently circulating in the dance.

The emergence of Roy Rysom at the center of the very vortex that he himself derided was disquieting. In taking Rysom more literally, or more sincerely, than Rysom took himself, Peter Exley might have been left behind yet again in the general stampede to safety. Exley had imagined he knew at least who Rysom was. Now it appeared that Rysom had stolen a march on him by unabashedly having things both ways. He and Rysom had agreed on one another's debility. Now Rysom had broken faith.

WHEN the cold weather came, after Christmas, it surprised less by severity than by its effect of clearing the air. Looking across the strait, you now saw, as if from a great height, the interior life of the mainland: grouped habitations, laborious paddies, serpentine paths, and the smoke of small necessary fires. There was the detailed foreground; far off, the forms and colors of other, unsuspected hills; and to the north, like a signal, the mountain called Tai Mo Shan.

Such a place must hold revelations, if one only had the nerve to elicit them.

The island itself was less fictitious now, newly populated by quilted crowds, newly smelling at dusk of charcoal and wood smoke. You were no longer out from Europe or out from anywhere, but drawn inward to a continent. You approached, so Peter Exley thought, the immense reality, or your own acceptance of it. One January night, passing under the arcades—where, beside shops selling chocolate truffles and crystallized fruits, small families had set braziers on the flagstones—Exley realized there was nowhere he would prefer to be. In those moments he was not dissatisfied, and that fact itself was happiness; for he was aware that his desires, if examined, might be considered exorbitant.

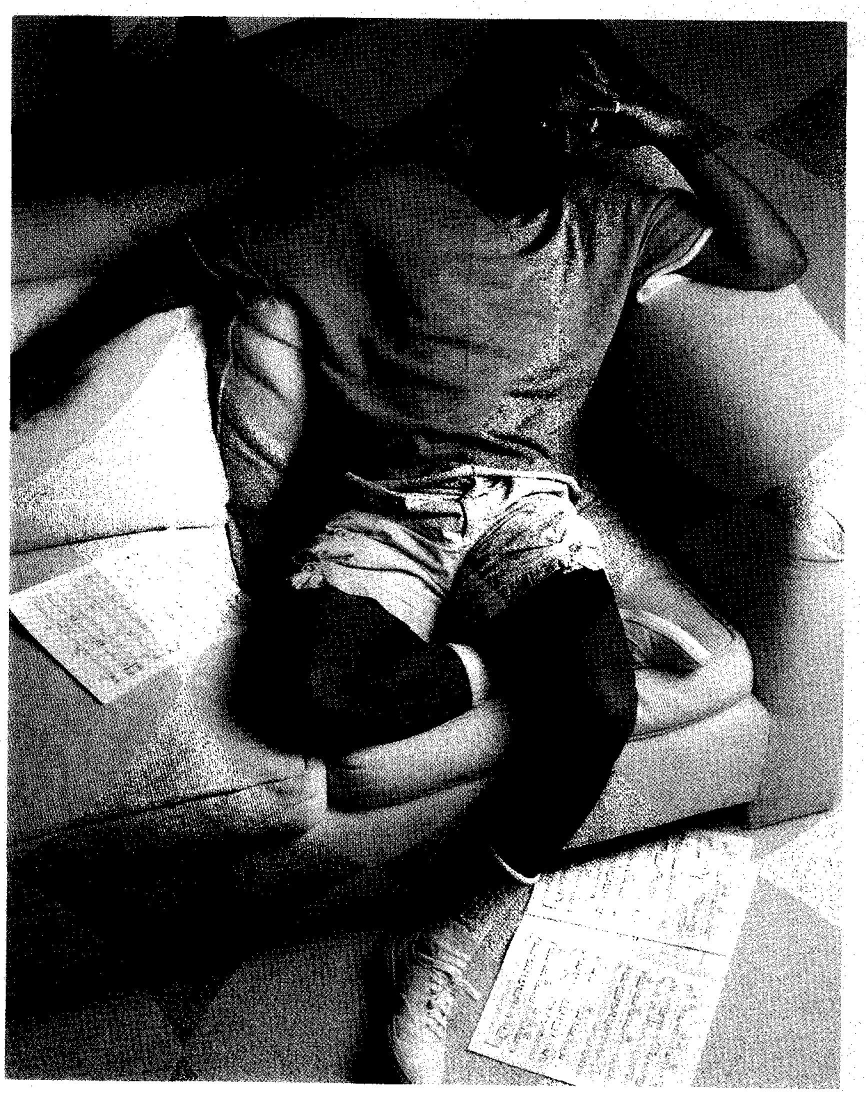
The intense cold lasted little more than a month. With the Chinese New Year, which fell that year on Shrove Tuesday, the days became less revelatory. Visibility departed like hallucination, in light that, however beautiful, was charged with returning heat. And you drew away again, from cold China, cold Russia; from that interlude of climatic seriousness in which normality had seemed a spiritual condition.

Exley said to Rita Xavier: "Perhaps cold places really are more self-respecting, as one is taught to believe."

"One is taught to believe that," she said, "only in cold places."

"Not in my own case. We looked to the cold north for instruction. North was the place to be." The indelible equatorial ring on the huge tub of the world. He said, "There's something in it, after all. Heat, if immoderate, debilitates. If enjoyable, it encourages silliness." Her look was politely neutral. Since he was talking to himself anyway, he supplied her side of the dialogue: "Hard to strike a balance."

He wished to declare his identity, for, by maintaining her defenses, Rita appeared to class him with the Brenda girls and all the rest. What would become of Rita Xavier without defenses he did not pretend to foresee. The coffee outing, repeated once or twice, had come to nothing. At-



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tempts to deliver something of his soul miscarried, but Exley returned to them—because he could not help believing in the sensibility of wounded persons. Or because he could not leave well enough alone.

ONE Saturday in spring, Peter Exley was walking toward Queen's Road. In the course of afternoon errands he had been to the post office and was now headed for the tailor. At the corner he ran into Rita, about to cross. She was going to the King's Theatre. After weeks of Margaret Lockwood, there was a new film—hours long, Chinese.

They stood in the shade under a scaffolding. Everything was in repair now, hung with straw flaps, framed by bamboo rods. Gray stucco was blotched with white. The air was granulated dust, with plaster smells of some great prosperity astir.

"Would you mind if I joined you?"

She said, "It doesn't begin till four."

They stood aside from the crowd, and from all that noisy life they might have liked to join—if they could do so just occasionally and set their terms.

Rita said, "I was going to have something to eat. I've had no lunch." There was a restaurant in the theatre, one flight up.

"I'm on my way to the tailor." He pointed out the sign: "Old Bond's Treat." She did not smile, but agreed to meet him in the restaurant ten minutes later.

Beside a shop that sold materials, shabby stairs led to the tailor's door. This door, usually open, was today closed and locked. Exley rapped on the frosted glass. A Chinese in American clothes, coming from the floor above, smiled in passing and made a gesture to his head.

Exley asked, "What's wrong?"

The youth, surprised, replied in Cantonese: "Liu isn't working today."

"Is he there?"

The tailor lived in the shop with his wife and child. Exley had never seen the woman, although the little girl sometimes ran out from behind a plywood partition, and could often be heard prattling or crying there. He had been told the wife was kept in seclusion. Rysom had said, "He's got the old trouble-and-strife in purdah."

The man on the stairs said, "Yes. But not working." Another smile, another gesture of seersucker sleeve.

"I only have to collect a package."

The man passed on down the stairs.

Exley thought how puzzling they were, even such small encounters with the unfamiliar. Recalling his arrangement with Rita Xavier, he was about to leave, when there was the sound of a bolt slowly drawn, and a shadow blurred the glass. When he tried the door again, it opened.

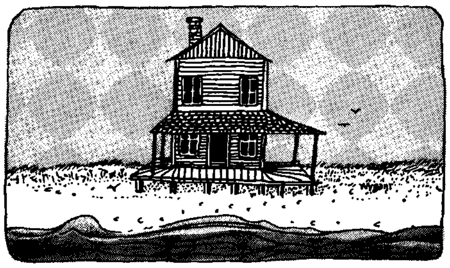
The tailor's wife was standing just inside. She wore the black clothes of an amah, jacket and pantaloons. On the crown of her head the braids were coiled and lacquered in a formal structure contrasting with her primitive commotion of expression. Exley had never seen a more afflicted face. He crossed the threshold. The windows were covered by rattan blinds, and the room smelt vilely of opium and uncleanness. Liu, lying sideways on a bench where customers usually sat, gave Exley an anesthetized smile.

Exley said to the woman, "Is he ill?" He could not understand her grief: it was as if she wept without sound or tears. He said, "Tell me."

She motioned him to the partition. Behind it, in household clutter, a child was lying on an arrangement of clothes and rags. He knew this must be Liu's daughter, but could not recognize the sunken face—or the tiny, diminished body, perfectly still, head turned at an angle, showing a small gold hoop through the ear. Mouth slackly open, eyes closed. Exley thought, The child is dead.

Seeing his thought, the woman spoke for the first time. At the same moment, Exley saw the girl draw breath. He said, "What about a doctor, what about the hospital?" and, squatting down, lifted the child a little. The limbs resettled like wayward sticks. There was an aroused stench of untended illness. He asked, "How many days?"

The woman now began to weep aloud, kneeling by the child but not touching it, rocking her own head in her hands. Exley saw that she herself was merely adolescent—a daughter, possibly, of the sampan people, traded off at puberty: so small in her black garments, and yet with a child of her own. The human frame was often, to him, incommensurate with all it must evince and bear.



He said, "I'll get help."

He went out, ran down the stairs. From the shop there was a loud wrangle of negotiation, and the thump of bolts of cloth. Exley crossed to the King's Theatre. The bright, coherent world resumed—all color, animation, and indifference. In the busy restaurant upstairs Rita Xavier was eating, with chopsticks, small gobbets from a bowl.

He came up to her: "Rita."

She said at once, "What's wrong?" And he saw that his tunic was marked with the child's sickness.

"Would you help me?" He sat on the edge of a chair and explained: a curious moment, in which he knew all that the next few minutes would contain. And, as he was speaking, noted her relaxation of alarm and recovery of detachment. He thought, She feels I should not mix up in it. He said, "I can't let the child die"—to compel her, or justify himself; and in either case, as he felt, unworthily.

"It may die, whatever you do."

He asked, "Will the public-health people come?"

"One must take the child to them, to the hospital." Then she said, "Even for you, they would not come"—defining, with that imperial You, the distance between them.

It would have to be the troublesome act of humanity, or nothing. He started to ask, "Will you help me persuade the mother?" But said instead, "Will you excuse me, then?" And got up.

She also stood, resigned and nearly ironic as when they had discussed da Silva's wedding; making clear she considered Peter Exley self-deluding—he who did the one excited thing, rather than the thousand daily others. On this occasion he met her knowingness unconvinced. And began then and there to forget her.

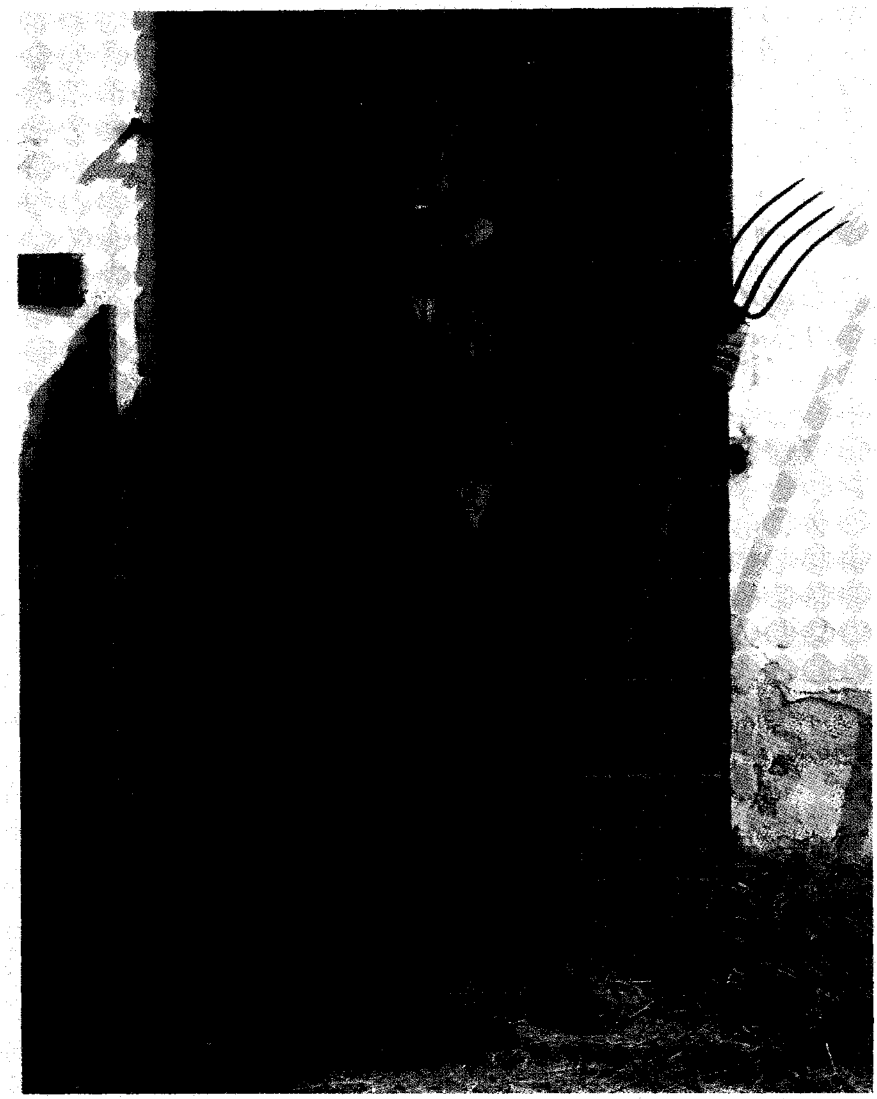
He took her bill and paid the cashier. Going out, they were trapped in the exodus from the previous showing of the film. Just below them on the crowded stairs was Brenda Mills.

Exley said, "Brenda." Throwing Rita over.

Brenda made a champing motion with her jaws. "Don't speak to me."

He stared.

She said, "They stole my handbag. When I got up for the anthem." Flushed to a color like claret, quivering near tears. "One of these swine," she said. "During 'God Save the



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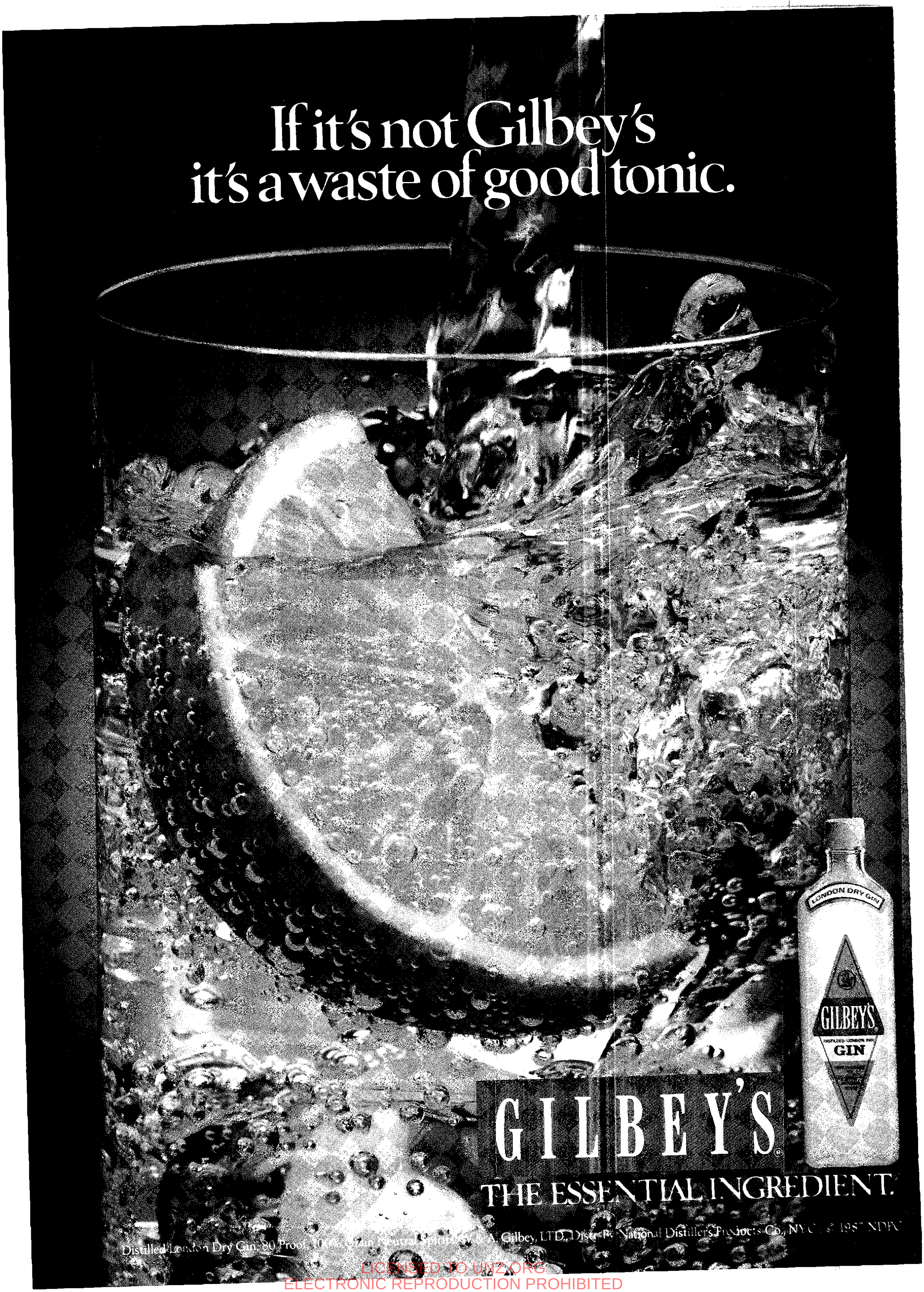
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King.' The vileness. Don't speak to me."

Exley left them together. Pushed his way from the King's Theatre, and crossed the street without waiting for a change of light. While Brenda was saying, "Nothing of value, it's not that," and Rita was silently praying not for pardon but excuse, Exley was already on the dirty stairs that led to Liu's door. He returned to the foul-smelling room, to its certainties, with relief. In addition, there was the sense of familiarity: hardship is never quite alien.

He sat again on the floor and supported the child on his knees. The head lolled as before, showing the irrelevant earring. The bed, improvised from remnants of material, was all plaids and florals, and striped shirtings. He saw that the child's mother, even in her despair, was disturbed—like the rest—by his improbable behavior. Mistrustful of a sudden change for the better. He understood this perfectly. He was also aware his intervention might go wrong, and was pretty sure of being blamed somewhere along the line. All of this seemed a small price to pay for health.

It was his own health he had in mind, his long convalescence over.

While Brenda was complaining to the management and Rita stood irresolute at the curb, and Roy Rysom somewhere was exposing civilization for a fraud, Peter Exley was only acknowledging the simple truth. This is generally called a revelation.

He told the woman what he meant to do. She cried out to him in a dialect he could hardly understand, and he let her speak while he considered what came next. He thought about the taxi ride, and wondered if Liu's wife had ever ridden in a car. These moments passed, and the child lay against him, still animate, valuable, and part of prodigious being.

He thought with relief of the hospital. He had forgotten there would be people to help him.

"All right, then," he said in English. "Time to go."

—SHIRLEY HAZZARD

•

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[*From an editorial in the Washington Times*]

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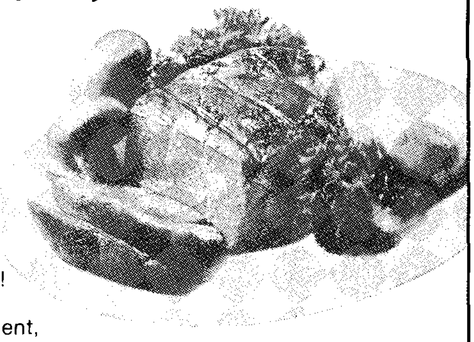

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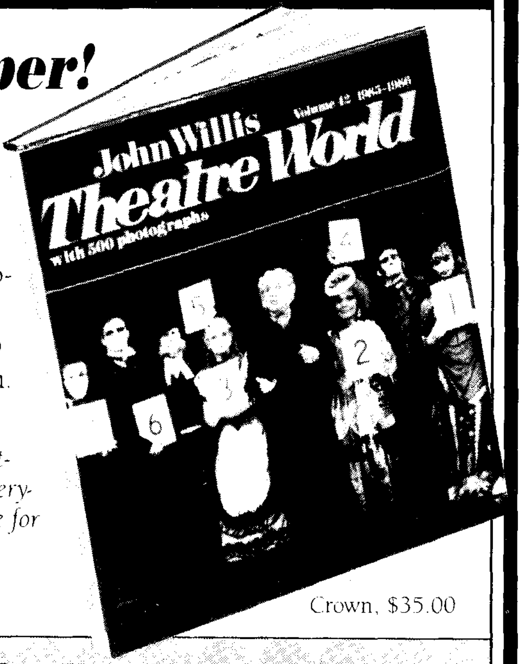

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AMERICAN CHRONICLES

FRENCHY AND THE PERSIANS

Daniel Kohl was the proprietor of Old King Kohl's Antique Shop, on Third Avenue near Eighty-ninth Street, but his principal commercial enterprise was stealing rugs. A short, thin man with a bushy mustache, Kohl operated as what amounted to a general contractor in the rug-stealing field. He found the jobs. He decided on the best way to get the goods. He hired people with the appropriate specialties, taking on a stickup man or a couple of burglars the way the leader of a band that plays weddings and bar mitzvahs might decide, depending on the job, to hire more strings or find a drummer who can do a Latin sound on the timbals. Kohl provided whatever equipment was needed—a van, or burglars' tools, or, on occasion, a gun. He did not use the equipment himself. Daniel Kohl was a cautious man. Sometimes he acted as a lookout, but that was as close as he got to the scene of the crime. He liked to say, "My M.O. is I don't go."

Kohl's people didn't ordinarily steal rugs from private residences—they were, in a sense, to the trade only—but they stole them from just about anyplace else. They stole from warehouses. They stole from cleaning establishments. At times, they drove to the Oriental-rug district—the neighborhood around Thirtieth and Madison, which is filled with galleries that have names like Cherkezian and Barsamian and Ghermezian—and pulled off a gunpoint robbery during business hours. At first blush, rugs don't seem a likely target for an armed robbery—it's difficult to imagine anyone dashing off with a couple of them tucked under his arm—but the way Kohl's gang went about stealing rugs at gunpoint seemed to make good economic sense. A valuable Oriental rug—a silk Isfahan, say, or an antique Tabriz—might be worth as much as thirty thousand dollars. After the owner of a gallery was tied up, a few men could move half a million dollars' worth of rugs into a rented van in a matter of minutes. For gunpoint robberies, Kohl's gang was organized to mimic the racial realities of the rug trade—white men in suits buying and selling, black men in work clothes carrying rugs.

The black men were four or five rough types from the South Bronx. One of the white men was almost always Daniel Garreau—a chatty, respectable-looking habitual offender who came to New York from Paris at the age of twelve and was a heroin addict at fifteen and for the next twenty-five years led a life he described succinctly in one of his many court appearances as "using drugs and stealing." Garreau had the brass to play the role of a customer who turned out to be armed, and in the course of his work he had acquired an eye for which rugs were worth carting away. When a nighttime break-in was the method chosen, he had the strength to be a dependable hand with a sledgehammer. Garreau spent a lot of time at Old King Kohl's—a small shop, with an inventory leaning toward twenties knickknacks, in Yorkville, the old German neighborhood that is gradually disappearing under the steadily expanding forest of upper East Side high rises. He and Kohl palled around together a lot. They were known as Big Danny and Little Danny.

Both of them took a professional interest in rare objects of any kind. When the Tutankhamun exhibit came to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Big Danny and Little Danny were among the interested browsers. Big Danny—Daniel Garreau—once broke into the Graham Gallery, at Seventy-eighth and Madison, and left with a bronze statue by Frederic Remington called "Bronco Buster." At one time or another, the gang got away with paintings and rare jewelry and antique glass. Still, Oriental rugs had evolved into its major subspecialty. The two Dannys worked together on perhaps dozens of thefts until, in the spring of 1985, a couple of jobs that had seemed completely successful combined in a way that brought about Danny Garreau's arrest.

Garreau had led an all-night effort to enter the Morgan Manhattan warehouse, at Eightieth and Third, through the fifth floor of an adjoining building—a break-in that began with sledgehammers and, as the evening wore on with no significant progress, turned to a pneumatic jackhammer. The gang got away with the Oriental rugs and silver flatware it had come for, but one member was later caught selling some of the silver, and decided to ease his own lot a bit by giving the police the name of Daniel Garreau. The police showed Garreau's picture

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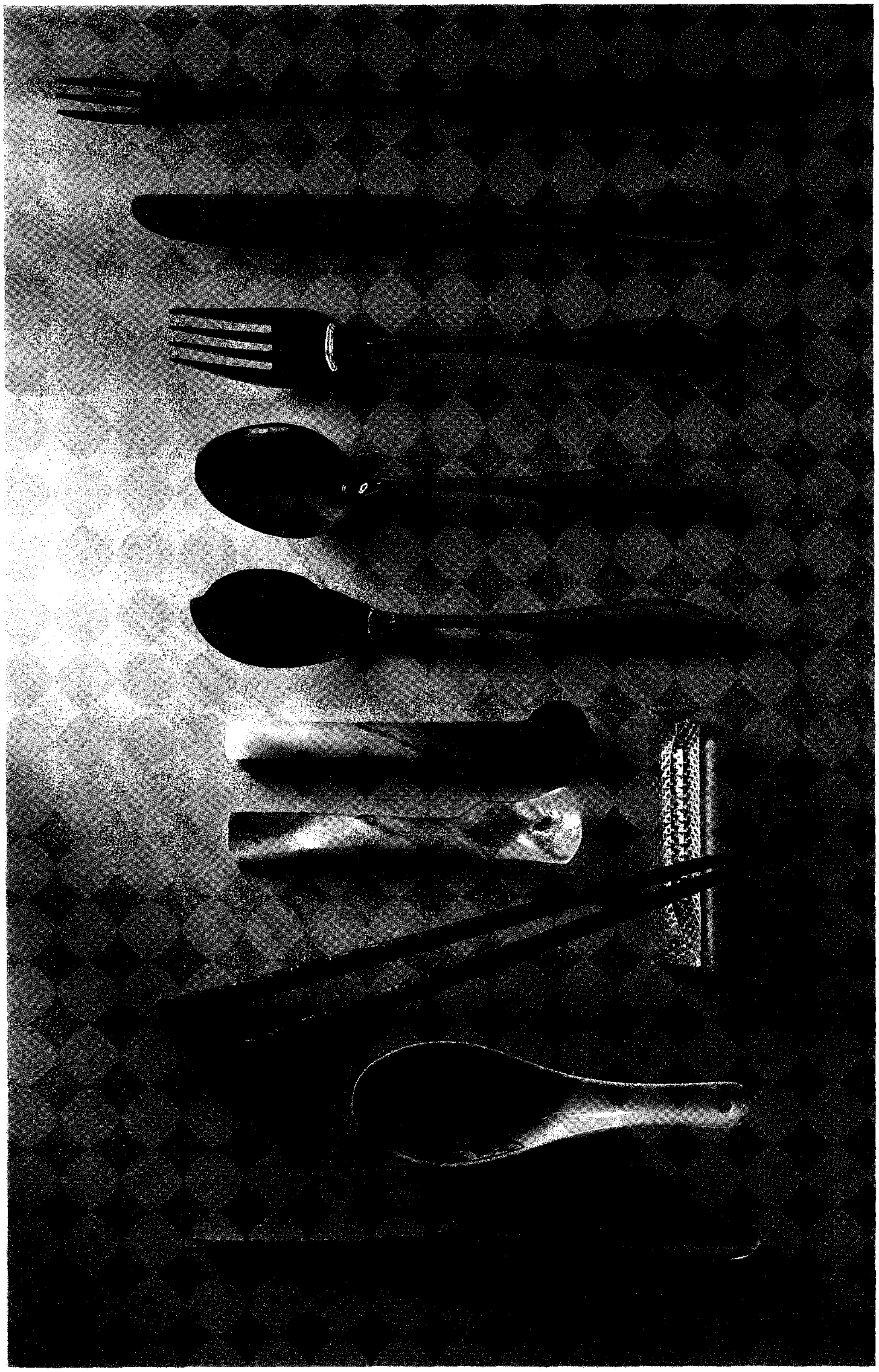

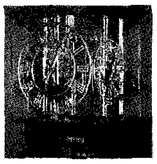

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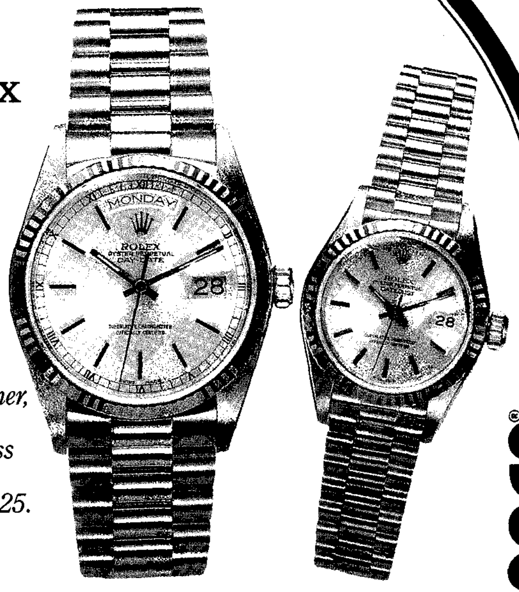
to the proprietor of a rug gallery in lower Manhattan, who said Big Danny was indeed the man who had confronted him with a gun and then tied him up while fifty Oriental rugs were carried away. Garreau found himself on Riker's Island, unable to make bail. Five months later, though, he was back with the crowd that hung around Old King Kohl's—reporting with some satisfaction that the judge, convinced by the District Attorney's stalling that the prosecution's case was weak, had turned him loose on his own recognizance. Garreau went back to being what amounted to Kohl's lieutenant. In that role, he went with Kohl one morning in early December of 1985 to Ely's Antiques, at Twenty-seventh and Fifth. They were accompanied by Tommy May, who divided his efforts between stealing things for Kohl and managing a place on Sixth Avenue in the Twenties called Billy's Topless Bar. They were at Ely's Antiques to talk to the proprietor about an insurance job.

Kohl had been touted onto the job by a fence who can be called Ben Kevarian. As it happened, Kevarian was a rug dealer himself. In his circle, roles were not defined as rigidly as they were in Danny Kohl's gang. This week's victim might be next week's fence. Some rug dealers stole from one another and, when the insurance was right, from themselves. A dealer who had noticed some particularly nice rugs while doing business at a colleague's gallery might contract with Kohl to go in the next week and steal them. Kevarian, who had his own storage room at Morgan Manhattan, had once organized a robbery there for Kohl that was much easier than the one that required whacking away at a wall all night. Late one afternoon, he had a large crate and a number of boxes moved to the warehouse and set just outside his storage room. The boxes were filled with old rags and newspapers, to give them some weight. In the large crate was Danny Garreau, carrying a crowbar and his supper. After the Morgan staff had left for the evening, Garreau emerged from the crate, stored the rags and papers in Kevarian's room for gradual removal later, broke into the storage room of another dealer, removed some rugs, put the rugs in the boxes, and, before the Morgan staff showed up for work, climbed back into the crate. Everything was moved out of the warehouse that morning. The rugs were later sold back to the dealer they had



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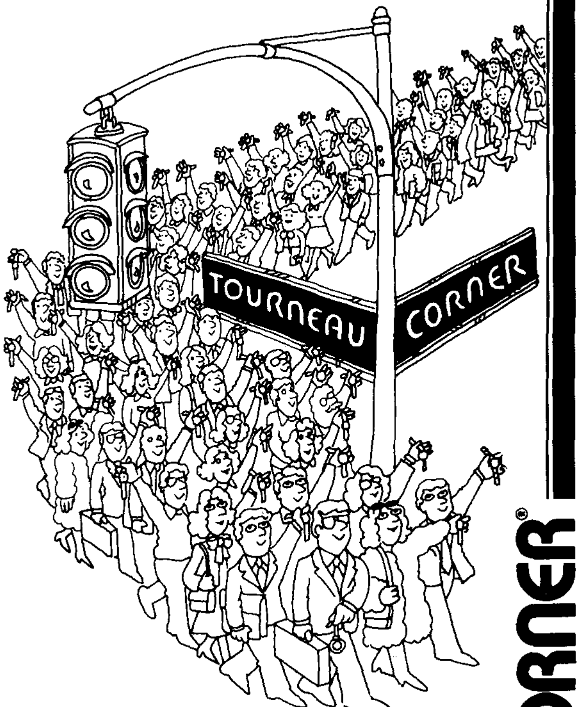

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been stolen from. Nobody saw any reason to inform the police.

Ely's Antiques described itself as an "Importer of Fine Decorative Arts and Rugs," but Garreau, casting a practiced eye on the stained glass and icons and vases as he and Kohl and May waited for the proprietor to get off the phone, said, "It's amazing the shit they reproduce." The proprietor turned out to be a man named Nedjatollah Sakhai—a short, poker-faced Iranian immigrant who, along with his brothers, owned both Ely's and another antique gallery, farther downtown. What Sakhai had in mind was the theft of about a dozen boxes that a trucker was scheduled to pick up at Ely's Antiques that week. The boxes would be taken from the trucker and hidden not far away; Sakhai would collect the insurance. Nobody liked the deal. It sounded too risky for the money Sakhai was offering—five thousand dollars. Kohl and Garreau and May were about to leave when Sakhai told them that the offer of the insurance job had merely been to test them: he had a much bigger job. It would entail stealing some crates that were about to be sent from Switzerland to the Morgan Manhattan warehouse.

Kohl said that he and his associates had already managed to rob the Morgan successfully.

"Three times," Garreau said, exaggerating only slightly.

They talked about various ways the job might be done at Morgan—Garreau liked the idea of being moved there inside a crate again—and the possibility of hijacking the goods off the truck that carried them from the airport.

"The day you do the job, you get a hundred thousand dollars," Sakhai said. It would be cash on delivery.

"Now we're talking!" May said.

"THE name of the warehouse is Regency Worldwide Packing," Sakhai said. Kohl and Garreau were back at Ely's Antiques. It was December 19th, ten days after their original visit, and Sakhai was filling them in on some new developments. The shipment would be taken from Kennedy Airport to the Regency warehouse, in Queens, where it would clear customs, and then, three days later, be taken to Morgan Manhattan. Sakhai said he was getting information from inside. "That was him right now," he said after interrupting the conversation to talk briefly on the phone in Farsi. "He's going to find out where they're going to be at the Regency."

"What floor, and everything?" Garreau said. "When's he going to know that—today or tomorrow?"

"Today. He was going right now."

"Oh, yeah?" Garreau said. "Good. All right."

"And I told him I'm going to get him a red magic marker," Sakhai said.

"Mark them. Yeah," Garreau said.

"Mark his initials on the boxes," Sakhai said. "There'll be only three boxes."

"All right," Kohl said.

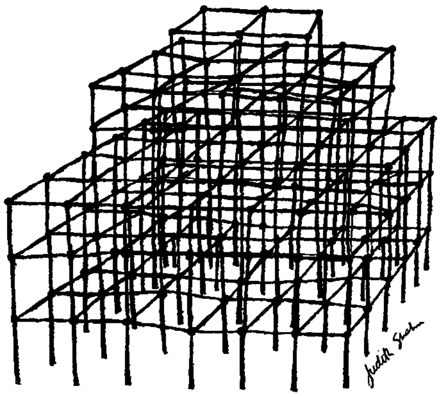
"All right, all right!" Garreau said.

"WITH a red magic marker is written 'HM,'" Sakhai told Kohl and Garreau a week later.

"HM, HM," Garreau said. "I'll remember that."

Various details were being worked out. But the central question of the robbery—where it would take place—seemed difficult to decide. Sakhai had rented a storage room of his own at Morgan, and he said he'd have the key to the room where the goods in question were going to be stored. Still, he sometimes talked of taking a crack at Regency. Kohl and Garreau spoke highly of Morgan, where, as Kohl put it, "we been in and out."

Sakhai, like any client talking to a general contractor, had some special requests. He said it was vital that the crates be destroyed after the robbery, and that none of the stolen pieces get out on the market. Kohl and Garreau emphasized that their payment, which had slipped to fifty thousand dollars once serious negotiations got started, would have to be made on the spot if Sakhai expected to get the merchandise. "It's C.O.D.," Garreau said. To underline the point, Kohl reminded Sakhai that Ely's Antiques could easily be made to disappear with five gallons of gasoline and a match—although neither Danny acted as if the contents of the store were worth burning. In their conversations with Sakhai—they called him Ned, but not in a particularly friendly way—Garreau had expressed amazement that even decorators would buy such merchandise. Kohl had summed up their feelings about Sakhai's inventory in one sentence: "I don't like this reproduction stuff." He said that after some years in the rug-stealing business he had more or less the same feeling about Iranians—or Persians, as he called them. "There ain't a fuckin' Persian I met alive yet that I got any real money off him," he told Sakhai one day. "Every one of them fucked me."



"That's true," Garreau said.

ON the morning of January 3, 1986, Danny Garreau and Danny Kohl walked into the office of Regency Worldwide Packing. A secretary looked up from her desk.

"Hi," Garreau said. "You have any jobs? Openings? You know."

"No, we don't," she said. "We're not hiring. Come back in six months."

They actually planned to return much sooner than that. It had been decided that Regency was where the robbery would take place. Kohl and Garreau had gone into the office to see if they could get a look at the warehouse layout and find out whether Regency had a sonic alarm. They had already decided how they would break in. If they could get to the delivery entrance through an alley that ran along one side of the building, they figured, it would be easy enough to get inside by knocking a panel out of one of the doors at the delivery bay. Garreau said he thought that the absence of a sonic alarm in the office might mean that there wasn't one in the warehouse section; even if there was an alarm, he said, he was confident of being able to get in and out of the building with the goods before anybody showed up. They hadn't been able to see into the warehouse section from the office, but Sakhai had shown them a diagram that seemed adequate. According to the diagram, the warehouse section of Regency was basically one huge space, with a partition separating the workshop from the storage area. In the center of the storage area was one small enclosed room. Where the room was indicated on the diagram, an "X" had been drawn. The room would presumably be locked, but the door was not expected to be a problem for a strong man who had a lot of experience with a crowbar.

All in all, the trip to the office

hadn't gained Kohl and Garreau much information, but they were ready to go anyway. When they got back to the car, Garreau said, "I want to do it Saturday night."

IT was raining that Saturday night—a cold, hard winter rain. Kohl, who was supposed to act as a lookout on Greenpoint Avenue, had left his post temporarily to throw back a couple of bolstering drinks at the Cork Lounge, down the street. Danny Garreau and Tommy May had disappeared down the alley that ran along the side of the warehouse, carrying bolt cutters, a small sledgehammer, a crowbar, a chisel, flashlights, and a couple of electronic beepers. Garreau had cut some locks off a chain-link gate to get into the alley. From there, he managed to bend back some corrugated iron and enter a narrow, cluttered passageway stretching across the back of the building. He knocked down a small retaining wall made of cinder blocks and he was at the bay doors. Garreau knocked out a panel in one of the doors and entered the warehouse. Tommy May waited outside. The room in the middle of the storage area was not difficult to find, and the door was not difficult to break open. But there were no crates marked "HM" inside. Standing in the doorway of the room, Garreau played his flashlight around the rest of the warehouse. Almost directly in front of him he saw two crates. On four sides they were marked in huge red letters "HM." Garreau started pulling them toward the bay doors.

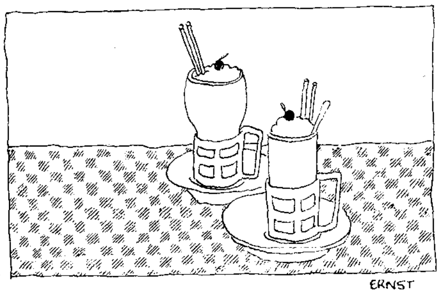
May, waiting just outside, helped Garreau get the crates out. They were larger than Garreau and Kohl had been led to expect—certainly too large to fit into a car. Garreau and May dragged the crates into the alley, pried them open, and began taking out the boxes that were inside—large jewelry boxes of various shapes. They had unloaded the boxes in one crate and were just starting on the second one when Kohl got back to his car from the Cork Lounge. Suddenly, Kohl found himself surrounded by four policemen. Within a few seconds, he was handcuffed, put in the back of a car, and driven from the scene. A few moments later, light from a powerful flashlight was shining on Garreau and May. "Police!" someone shouted. "Don't move!" Two detectives stepped into the alley. A detective named John Tobin, from the Manhattan Robbery Squad, spread-eagled Garreau against the wall and handcuffed him. May started to run—in the direction of a twelve-foot fence. Tobin's partner, Jim O'Brien, caught May from behind and put the cuffs on him.

THE Manhattan Robbery Squad works out of the second floor of a building on East Twelfth Street, near University Place, that it shares with the Police Athletic League and the Runaway Squad. At five o'clock that Sunday morning, Tommy May was handcuffed to a chair in the Robbery Squad's computer room. Daniel Kohl was handcuffed to a bench in the Runaway Squad, down the hall. Danny Garreau walked downstairs and out onto Twelfth Street. He walked over to an open public phone that is attached to the building, and dialled a number in Westbury, Long Island. Nedjatollah Sakhai answered the phone.

"Danny again," Garreau said. "Hey, listen. Yeah, we got this shit." Garreau said that the goods were in the house of a woman they knew, but he was at a pay phone. "We don't trust the broad fully, you know," he explained.

Sakhai asked where they should meet, and Garreau suggested the Neptune Diner, on the Queens side of the Triborough Bridge. Sakhai said he had to catch a flight from LaGuardia in a few hours, so he'd prefer to meet somewhere near the airport. He said he would go to a phone booth at LaGuardia and call Kohl's machine—a device that permitted a caller who knew the code to punch in a phone number—and then one of the Dannys could call the phone booth to find out the meeting spot.

Garreau agreed, and hung up. Detective John Tobin, who had been standing next to Garreau holding a tape recorder, came forward and removed the recording device that had been attached to the receiver. Then he removed what was to be the final tape in Daniel Garreau's three-month career as what the New York City Police Department calls a confidential informant—three months he had spent working under the code name of C. I. Frenchy.

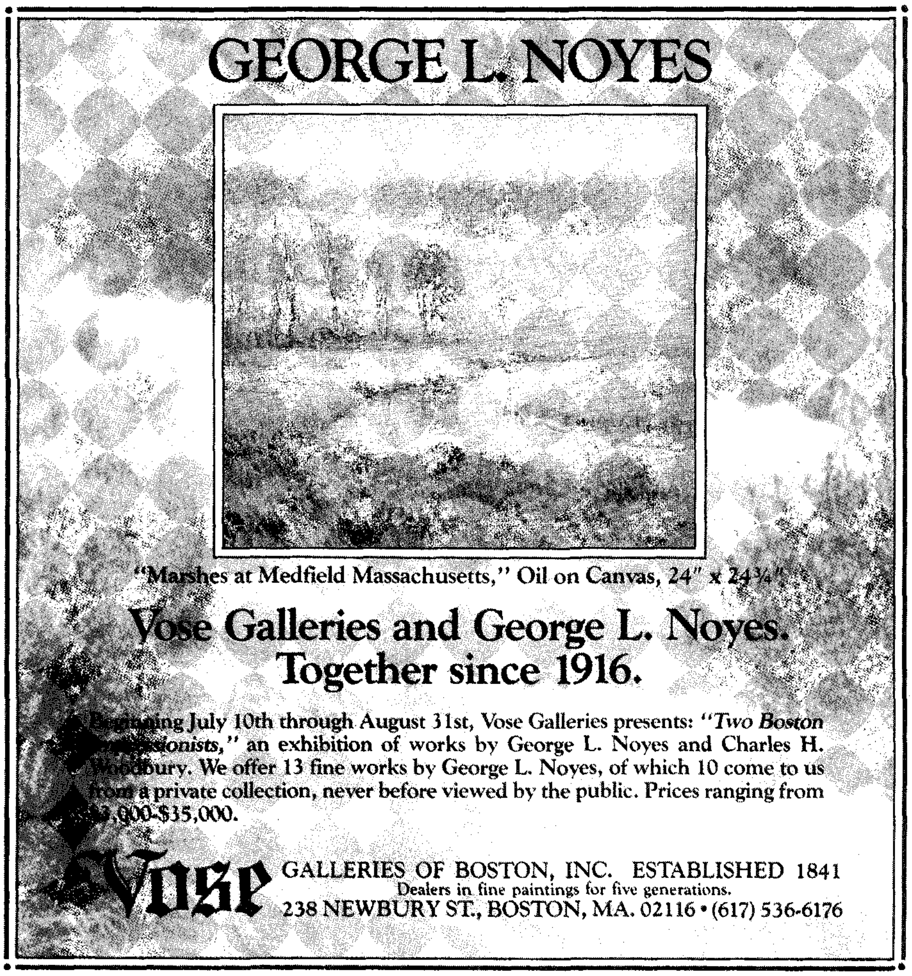


LIKE a lot of longtime New York cops, John Tobin and Jim O'Brien have the air of people who have seen just about everything at least once but can still find entertainment value in some of the new twists. They are the sort of detectives who might sum up a long case by saying, "We got a lot of laughs out of that one," or might, in a tone of mock horror, describe a place they've had under surveillance as having "ne'er-do-wells hanging about." The Manhattan Robbery Squad gets a report on every robbery—every act of taking property by force or threat of force—that occurs in the Borough of Manhattan. Its detectives spend a lot of their time looking for patterns. They are often trying to find a robber who does more or less the same thing in a number of precincts—a robber who preys on taxi-drivers, say, or a robber who specializes in sticking up Plymouth dress shops, or a robber who prefers David's Cookies outlets. The presence of Tobin and O'Brien at Regency Worldwide Packing that night was an outgrowth of an interest they had cultivated in what seemed to be a pattern of rug robberies.

Their interest had been touched off some months before by a man bragging in a bar in Far Rockaway, Queens. He was talking about how easy it was for a respectably dressed white man to pass as a customer long enough to rob an antique shop without much risk. As it happened, one of the people at the bar that night was a police informant. By sitting the informant down in front of a mug book, a detective in Queens was able to come up with the braggart's name—he had a minor arrest record in Queens—and it was passed on to the Manhattan Robbery Squad. It was a name that might have eventually dissolved into the mass of names flowing into Manhattan Robbery. A lot of people brag about a lot of things in bars in Far Rockaway, after all, and most of those things never happened. This braggart had no robberies on his record, and a quick look on the computer hadn't produced anything that seemed to fit his tales. But then the same man was arrested for a crime so brazen that it became the talk of the squad room: he stole a tapestry off the wall of a church in broad daylight. He simply carried the tapestry out the front door, right past some congregants who were arriving to worship. O'Brien and Tobin found it particularly entertaining that the thief had apparently passed the arriving congregants with a cheery "Afternoon services will be starting in just a few minutes, folks"—and that he was caught because he got stuck in traffic.

For Tobin and O'Brien, the tapestry theft tended to give the boasts credibility. By moving from "tapestries" to "rugs" and then to "Oriental rugs" on the computer, they seemed to come closer to the sort of robberies the braggart had been talking about. They were interested enough to go to Records and pull his entire package—a file that can include entries like the notes that detectives make during an investigation—and information in it seemed to point to a crowd in Yorkville. Still, Tobin and O'Brien didn't have enough to justify doing anything beyond puttering around with the material in their spare time. Then Danny Garreau was fingered. Although the man who found it prudent to mention Big Danny's name after being caught with stolen silver was not the most articulate suspect O'Brien and Tobin had ever interviewed—Tobin has compared his intelligence to that of "a very smart cockroach"—it gradually became clear that he knew not only Garreau but also the braggart from the Far Rockaway bar and a Yorkville antique dealer named Daniel Kohl. A check with detectives in the Nineteenth Precinct, on the upper East Side, turned up longtime suspicions about the true business of Old King Kohl's. To O'Brien and Tobin, the outlines of Daniel Kohl's operation were gradually becoming clear.

O'Brien and another detective picked up Garreau—he had just left Kohl's house, in Queens—and he was charged with two armed robberies: the Banilivy Nabavian Rug Company, on lower Fifth Avenue, and Safavieh Carpets, on East Fifty-ninth. As someone who had previously been convicted of a violent crime, Garreau could count on serving a lot of time if he was found guilty, and the District Attorney's office, far from having to stall because of a lack of evidence, had a solid case. The people who had identified him—first from an array of photographs and then from a lineup—were certain that he was the robber, and were willing to say so in court. Bail for Garreau was set at three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and when he couldn't make it he was sent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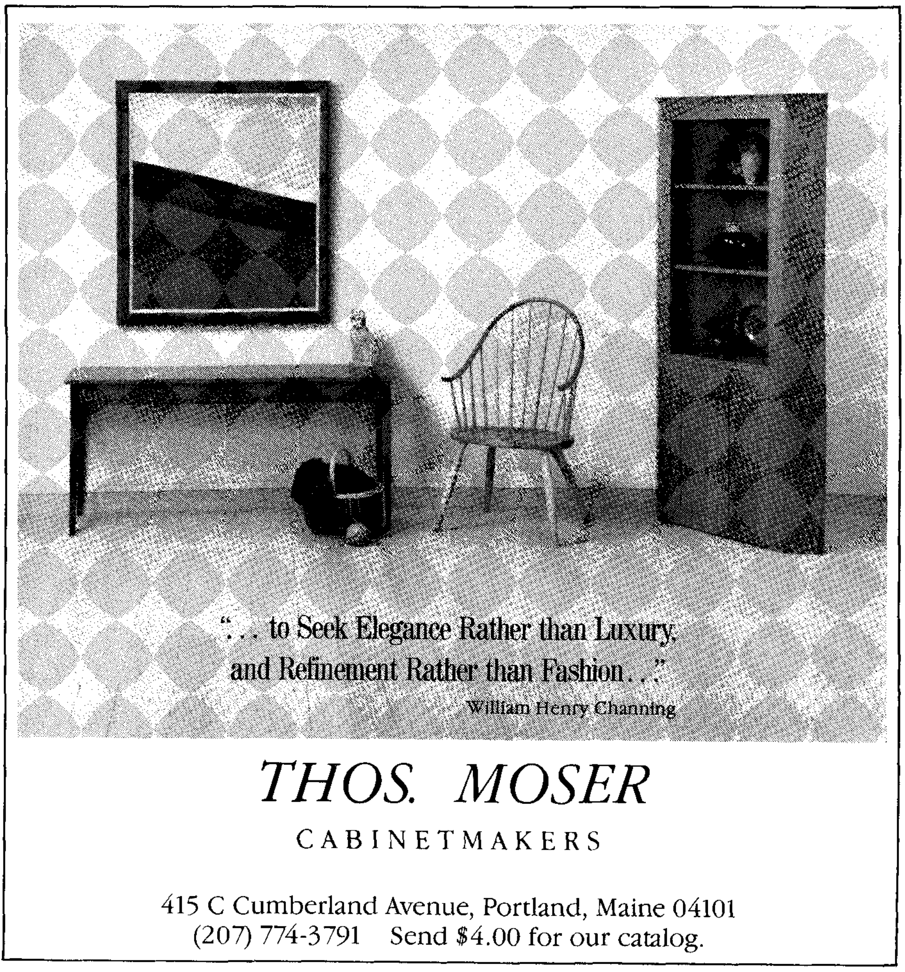
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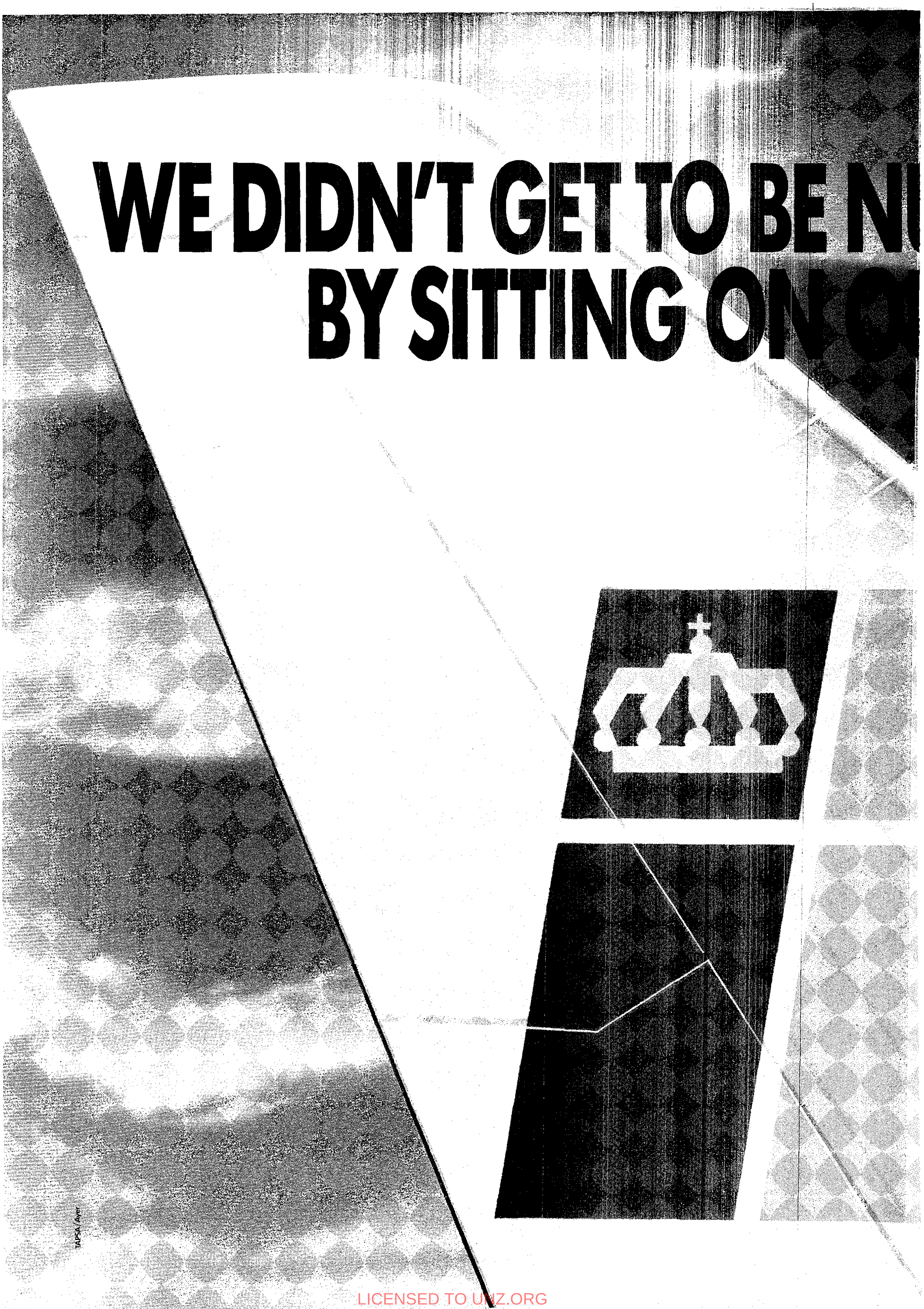
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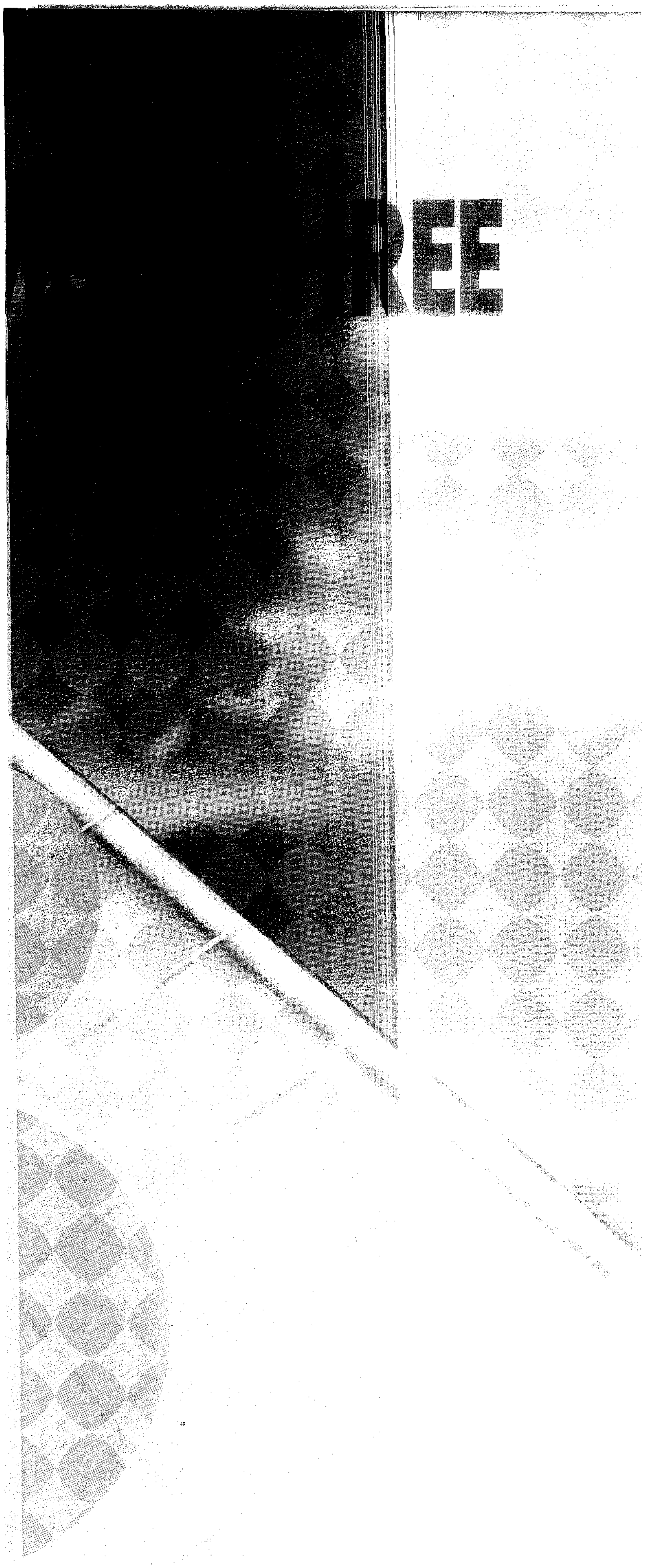

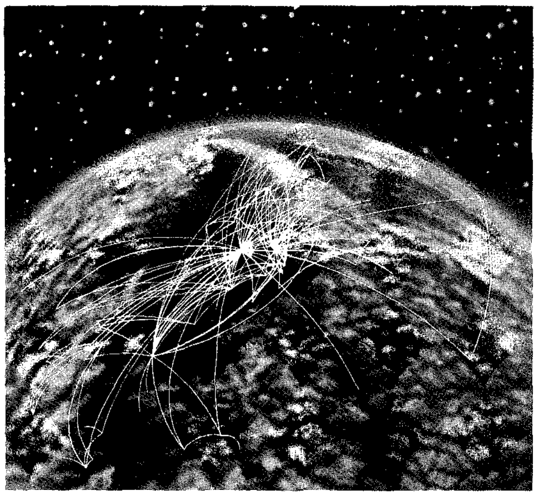

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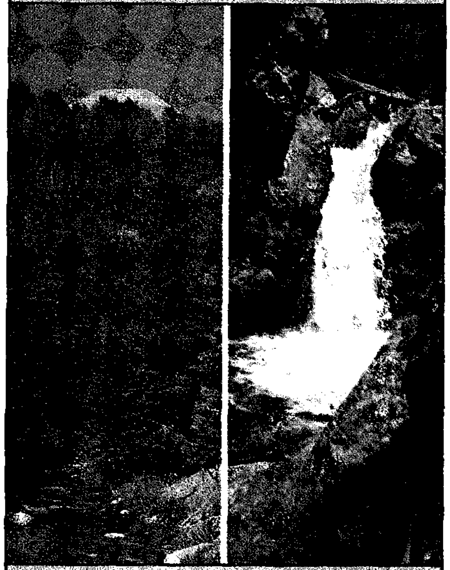

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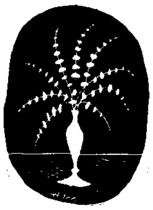
to Riker's Island to await trial. Big Danny found himself in circumstances that might ordinarily inspire a man to ask what the names of his colleagues might be worth, but he told the police he wasn't interested in such dealings. "I told him, 'You're looking at twelve and you might be looking at fifteen,' " Harry Sakin, the sergeant O'Brien and Tobin reported to, has said. "But he said his pride was all he had left and he wasn't going to rat." Garreau didn't strike the Manhattan Robbery detectives as the sort of man whose mind might be changed by a lot of talk. What they did instead was what detectives often do in such situations: they gave him their business cards, just in case.

A couple of months later, Garreau phoned. He said that he was dissatisfied with the lawyer Kohl had provided, and irritated that Kohl hadn't come up with the bail money, and suspicious about whether Kohl had been skimming from the take for years. All in all, Garreau said, he was beginning to wonder whether it made sense for him to do a lot of extra time in order to protect Danny Kohl. Garreau said he was willing not simply to tell what he knew about the rug robberies but also to return to Kohl's gang as a confidential informant. To the detectives at the Manhattan Robbery Squad, Garreau's offer represented a splendid shot at nailing Kohl, and maybe even the people who customarily hired him, but it was not an offer that everyone in the District Attorney's office was eager to accept. Garreau did not have a record that inspired confidence. Arranging for his release involved the possibility that he would embarrass everyone involved by simply disappearing. Finally, it was decided that the risk was worth taking. In the fall of 1985, Danny Garreau signed an official coöperation agreement with the assistant district attorney who had been assigned to work on the cases with Manhattan Robbery—a young man named Cyrus Vance, Jr. Garreau was permitted to plead guilty to two counts of attempted robbery, and given a sentence of four to eight years. But he was not required to surrender right away. Instead, he went back to Old King Kohl's. For purposes of the Police Department's records, Big Danny became C. I. Frenchy.

With that, gathering evidence on the rug-stealing gang became the principal occupation of John Tobin and Jim O'Brien; two detectives from the Career Criminal Apprehension Unit, Chris Reisman and Gene Wasielewski, were assigned to help them. Tobin fitted Garreau out with something called a Nagra tape recorder—a cassette recorder that fits in a belt worn under the shirt and is activated by pressing a hidden button—and Garreau reported to the Manhattan Robbery Squad detectives virtually every evening. Old King Kohl's was often under surveillance—no easy matter, considering the caution of Daniel Kohl. Police watching from behind one-way glass in vans parked nearby—watching what was indeed a steady stream of ne'er-do-wells pass in and out—sometimes got the feeling that Kohl was looking right into the van. Tobin once described Kohl's caution this way: "When he walked out of the store, he would look across the street, he would look to the right, he would look to the left, and he would even look skyward."

The effort to catch Kohl in some serious felony often involved more than just the four detectives assigned to the case. There were a number of scrambles for false alarms. Twice, robberies that Kohl had planned had to be stopped—the department's rule being that a potentially violent crime involving innocent parties cannot be permitted to take place even if it's important to an undercover operation. On Halloween afternoon, in what turned out to have been the final casing of the place rather than the actual robbery, some of the black gang members, in two cars, pulled up in front of Pasargad Carpets, on Twenty-eighth Street, and were jumped by a horde of policemen. Two weeks later, there was an arrest of four black men sitting in a car at Seventy-third and First; they were indeed about to rob the Edelmann Galleries. (Edelmann, as it happened, later pleaded guilty to fencing one of the rugs that Garreau had stolen from Safavieh.) The arresting officers provided cover stories—the police who jumped the people in front of Pasargad gave the impression that the South Bronx crowd had attracted attention with some drug activity in their neighborhood—but people who worked for Kohl were becoming convinced that someone in their midst was a police informant.



Garreau was in increasing danger, but his undercover work had resulted in nothing on Kohl beyond some con-

spiracies and some attempted robberies—both in the relatively minor legal category of Class E felonies. There was a strong feeling in the department that the man-hours and money and energy involved in trying to catch Kohl were not paying off. Police units, like the divisions of corporations, are judged partly by the simple statistics of what they produce, and the Garreau operation was not helping the record of the Manhattan Robbery Squad. "Our job is to lock up stickup guys," says Sergeant Sakin, who had to deal with some of the impatience from above, "and we weren't getting any collars out of this." December began with those involved thinking that sometime during the month the effort to get Kohl would probably be folded up.

The conversation with Ned Sakhai on December 9th didn't do much to change that thinking. Kohl had been taped discussing a robbery, but then he was always discussing robberies. Sakhai was not known to the police. Although what was said about paying a hundred thousand dollars to have some crates stolen indicated that the crates almost certainly contained something of considerable value—once, in fact, Sakhai had mentioned the figure of five million dollars—Garreau didn't know precisely what it was. It was conceivable that the hours of taped conversation he had gathered contained hints, but the police were not in a position to transcribe and analyze all the tapes as Garreau handed them in. The information that O'Brien and Tobin and their superiors had about the job at Regency was basically whatever information Garreau supplied each evening as the cassettes and the batteries in his Nagra were being changed. Garreau had a good memory under questioning, but what he was able to provide about the conversations with Sakhai was, in the words of one of the investigators, "interesting, but that's all."

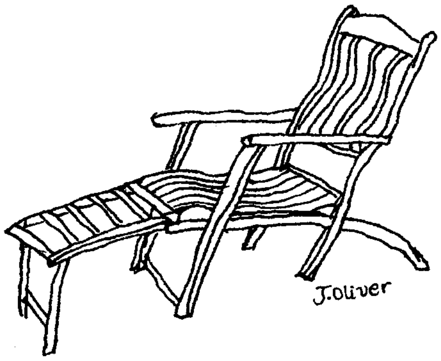
That evaluation changed when the goods arrived in this country, around Christmastime. The Manhattan Robbery detectives made a call to the United States Customs Service. To their surprise, the Customs Service agent they reached, Special Agent Carl Cheek, recognized Sakhai's name. By coincidence, Cheek had been the agent on duty at J.F.K. a year or so before when a customs inspector, during a routine look through Sakhai's baggage, had come up with what appeared to be an arms shopping list—a list that included such items as two hundred thousand sixty-millimetre high-explosive mortar cartridges and six thousand submachine guns and three corvette ships. Sakhai had not been arrested—there is nothing illegal about mere possession of such a list—but Cheek had remembered the name, partly because he recalled Sakhai's manner toward those questioning him as having been particularly unpleasant. A couple of days after the phone call to Cheek, the Manhattan Robbery Squad had a copy of the customs manifest. It showed that the crates, sent from a warehouse in Zurich, held about forty boxes of what the customs people call original antiques—objects certified to be more than a hundred years old and therefore customs-free. The manifest described a collection of ancient Persian objects in gold or silver, mainly dating from the Achaemenid Period (from 559 to 330 B.C.) and the Sassanian Period (from 224 to 651 A.D.). Some were the sort of things that pass through J.F.K. on their way from one dealer to another fairly routinely. One box, for instance, was said to hold "gold and agate necklace, ring, earring and bracelet, 1st Millennium B.C.," and to have an insured value of twenty thousand dollars. Another held a pair of gold lion heads, dating from the ninth or tenth century B.C. and valued at seventeen thousand dollars. But there was also a silver plate of the Achaemenid Period that was valued at a million dollars; an inscribed gold plaque valued at a million eight hundred thousand; a Sassanian silver rhyton, or drinking horn, valued at a million; two rhytons that were valued at two million apiece; and an unusually large flat-bottomed gold bowl that had five bulls circling its side in relief and was valued at three million dollars. All in all, the material in the two crates that Sakhai had arranged to have stolen was insured at Lloyd's of London for eighteen million five hundred and fifty-one thousand dollars.

IT was partly the value of the collection that led those in charge on the night of the break-in to resist the temptation to let Garreau hand it over to Sakhai and see where it went from there. By the time Tobin and O'Brien were ready to take Frenchy outside to make his phone call to Sakhai—they thought the rain and the street noises might lend a realistic touch—the squad room held the two crates and what Tobin has estimated as "forty-two thousand wet cops giving each other high fives." A good portion of the Manhattan Robbery Squad, plus officers from the Career Criminal Apprehension Unit, had been staked out at Regency. There were police on the top floor of an abandoned school building next to the warehouse and police in the living rooms of a couple of row houses in back of Regency and police shivering in a cemetery right across the street from the front entrance. Once the arrests were made at the warehouse, police with a search warrant had gone to Kohl's house and picked up a gun and a pair of handcuffs. Police had gone to the Bronx to arrest a couple of the Kohl associates who had been involved in the robberies headed off during Garreau's time under cover. It had all gone pretty much without a hitch. Still, the Manhattan Robbery Squad didn't have the resources to guarantee that eighteen and a half million dollars' worth of antiquities handed over to Sakhai would not be lost. At LaGuardia, Sakhai himself might be lost. It was decided to pick him up as soon as he left his house.

That was at about five-thirty in the morning. As Sakhai pulled out of his driveway, one car pulled in front of him and one behind him. A detective went up to his car and asked him where he was going. Sakhai said he was on his way to Florida to buy a condominium. The detective told him that he would have to go to the Manhattan Robbery Squad, on Twelfth Street, instead. In the trunk of Sakhai's car the police found two empty suitcases. Sakhai was carrying two diagrams of the Regency warehouse. At the Manhattan Robbery Squad, Sakhai, handcuffed to a chair in Sergeant Sakin's office, was reintroduced to Special Agent Carl Cheek, who had been along throughout the operation as a liaison from the Customs Service. Tobin admired the way Cheek handled the meeting. He didn't gloat or make any sarcastic remarks, Tobin said later. He simply walked into the office and said something like "Carl Cheek, U.S. Customs Service. Hi." Then he smiled politely at Nedjatollah Sakhai, and went home.

THE next day, Sergeant Harry Sakin had his picture on the front page of the *Times*. He was shown at a press conference holding the large gold bowl—a spectacular piece, the shape and nearly the size of a small hatbox, with the head of each encircling bull turned to jut out from the side. In the tradition of police officers whose estimates of the street value of confiscated drugs tend to expand as the press conference wears on, a deputy inspector from the Manhattan Robbery Squad told the reporters on hand that the bowl would probably be worth three and a half million wholesale. Sakin was quoted in the *Post* as saying, "If you retailed all of it, it would probably be worth more than $36 million." A day later, Sergeant Sakin announced that the owner of the collection was an Iranian art dealer living in London—a man named Houshang Mahboubian.

The *Times* took the trouble to call Mahboubian in England, and reported his response to the events at Regency: " 'It shocked me,' he said. 'I couldn't believe it.' " Concerning the Police Department's contention that the attempted theft had been planned by another Iranian antique dealer, the *Times* reported, "Mr. Mahboubian said he did not know Mr. Sakhai, a common Iranian surname, and was not doing business with him." The collection, Mahboubian told the *Times*, had been sent to New York to be shown to potential buyers. He described himself as a specialist in Middle Eastern antiquities—a dealer and a collector and a consultant to museums. He was certainly known to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. On trips to London, Prudence Harper, the Met's curator of Ancient Near Eastern Art, had often dropped in at the Mahboubian Gallery of Ancient Art, just off Grosvenor Square—an elegant, understated showroom with marble floors and built-in glass display cases and serious prices. Just a year or so before, Mahboubian had sold the Met a Byzantine vase for four hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. In fact, at the time of the Regency break-in the Metropolitan curators were looking over some other antiquities that Mahboubian hoped to sell them—a stunning collection of gold and silver jewelry he called the Ardebil Treasure. After examining photographs, the Met had expressed interest in several items, and Mahboubian had sent the entire collection. It had arrived only the week before the break-in—in a single crate, sent from a warehouse in Zurich and insured with Lloyd's of London for four and a half million dollars.



ALMOST immediately, lawyers for Mahboubian began pressing Vance to return the goods that had been dragged out of the Regency warehouse. Vance said that Mahboubian's collection was needed as evidence. On balance, those investigating the robbery tended to consider Mahboubian the innocent victim of an attempted robbery, but they were by no means certain. The Manhattan Robbery Squad detectives began their investigation under the impression that Sakhai's information might have come from an employee of one of the shipping companies or warehouses involved. But the tapes, laboriously transcribed with Danny Garreau's help, seemed to indicate that the person Sakhai had claimed to be working with was either the owner of the collection or someone very close to the owner. On December 9th, for instance, Sakhai had said, "I can ask him to put them in wooden crates," and he had answered a question about how the robbers would learn the arrival date by saying, "When the guy ships it himself, he's going to tell me." When the movement of the goods from the warehouse in Zurich to the warehouse in Queens was traced, there seemed to be some consistency between what Sakhai knew and what the person who shipped the collection must have known. All in all, the District Attorney's office was eager to have a chat with Houshang Mahboubian. After considerable negotiation, Mahboubian flew to New York, where, accompanied by three lawyers, he was interviewed by an assistant district attorney named James Fogel. The meeting started with one of Mahboubian's lawyers stating once again that "so far as Mr. Mahboubian is concerned, he is the victim of an attempted burglary," and that he had every right to expect the return of the property that was nearly stolen from him. Fogel put the D.A.'s policy simply: The burglars had an accomplice, and the D.A. was not going to release the goods until he was convinced that the accomplice was not Houshang Mahboubian.

The meeting rambled on for four and a half hours. Mahboubian, a short, suave man who speaks heavily accented English, sometimes seemed to have difficulty understanding the questions he was being asked, and Fogel sometimes seemed to have difficulty understanding the answers. Mahboubian's lawyers emphasized that their client was an internationally known art dealer, whose collection was "very large and very valuable and very well known." They had even brought along a videotape of a BBC documentary that included an interview with Mahboubian in his London gallery. Fogel didn't have time to look at the documentary right at the moment, but Mahboubian's appearance in it was indeed impressive. He was shown describing his collection of Persian antiquities as the largest in the world; the large gold bowl that Sergeant Sakin had held up for photographers was shown revolving slowly while Middle Eastern music played in the background. Mahboubian tended to answer Fogel's questions the way he had answered the documentary's interviewer—talking about the fame of his father as an excavator of ancient objects, and about the distinguished museums he had dealt with over the years, and about how he loved art so much that "I remember my wife sometimes so jealous." Fogel seemed less interested in that sort of thing than in details about shipments and crate markings and insurance papers. Mahboubian said that he had in fact been conducting some business with the Sakhai in question—a couple of pieces that the New York collector Ben Heller had left at the Mahboubian Gallery on consignment had been given to Sakhai to try to sell in New York—but that he hadn't told Sakhai in detail about the shipments from Switzerland. In answer to Fogel's question, he seemed to say that he hadn't been present when the crates were marked in Zurich. He had visited Regency during a brief trip to New York the week before the shipment arrived, he told Fogel, but he hadn't been shown precisely where the goods would be stored.

O'Brien and Tobin sat in on the interview, and they were not impressed by Mahboubian's answers—not to speak of his manner, which they considered too imperious even to be entertaining. Mahboubian's story that he

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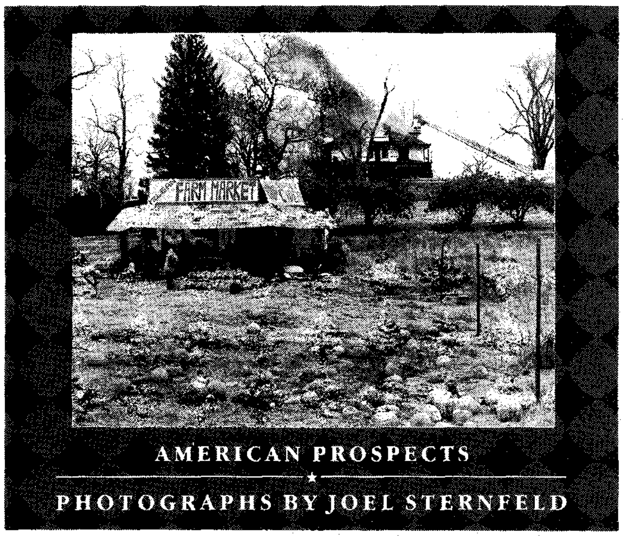

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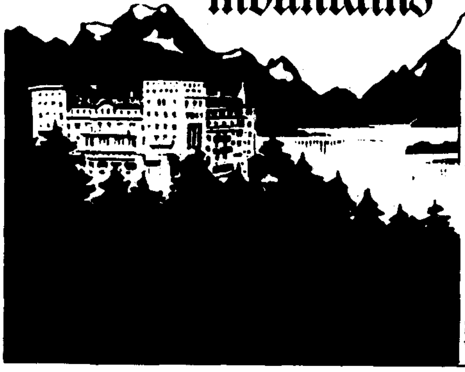

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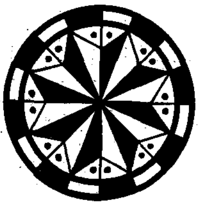
had not been shown precisely where the shipment would be stored at Regency, for instance, did not square with what they had been told at the warehouse. Fogel and Vance agreed with the detectives that some of Mahboubian's answers seemed inconsistent with what was known from other sources—and consistent with his showing guilty knowledge by what he sought to hide. The case against Mahboubian was strictly circumstantial, but a few days after he returned to London the District Attorney's office announced that he had been indicted—accused of conspiring with Nedjatollah Sakhai to bilk Lloyd's of London out of eighteen and a half million dollars by staging an ersatz robbery. Aside from the details of how the shipment had been sent and where Mahboubian had been and what Sakhai knew, there was another element in the investigators' decision to seek the indictment: the District Attorney's office had come to believe that a large part of Houshang Mahboubian's collection of Persian antiquities was phony.



CALLS had started coming almost as soon as Harry Sakin was shown in the paper holding the gold bowl. Anonymously, in Middle Eastern accents, the callers told the detectives to take a hard look at Mahboubian's collection. It was the sort of thought that was likely to occur to a policeman even without anonymous calls: staging a burglary for the insurance money simply made more sense if the collection was largely fake. Just a few weeks after Sakhai and the others were arrested, Vance prevailed on an authority in Near Eastern antiquities to examine the collection, and was convinced by the authority's response that it contained a number of modern forgeries. Proving that in court was another matter. Vance quickly discovered that there are not many experts on, say, silver objects of the Sassanian Period or gold objects of the Achaemenid Period—and even fewer who are willing to testify in open court about what is authentic and what is fake. The curators of the Metropolitan Museum of Art who had arranged to take a look at the Ardebil Treasure had no choice but to testify about the bare facts of those arrangements—they could have been subpoenaed for that—but the museum informed Vance that none of its curators would have anything to say concerning the authenticity of the goods that Danny Garreau had dragged out of the Regency warehouse.

Vance did not figure to fare much better at other museums. Although trade with dealers is not an aspect of acquisition efforts that museums are likely to describe at length in publicity releases, a museum like the Metropolitan had dealt routinely in the past with Houshang Mahboubian—or with his brother, Mehdi Mahboubian, who has his own antiquities business, in New York—and could presumably find itself wanting to deal with him in the future, no matter what a jury of twelve citizens might conclude about the authenticity of the objects involved in one case. When Prudence Harper did take the stand briefly to talk about the arrangements the Metropolitan had made to see the Ardebil Treasure, she testified that she had indeed said that Mahboubian's collection of jewelry was quite wonderful, that she would indeed say that some of the objects in Mahboubian's gallery were fakes, and that such a mixture of inventory was common among the dealers she was familiar with.

In the view of some of the detectives who were trying to find out what was behind the Regency burglary, museums are simply reluctant to let the public catch a glimpse of how little the people empowered to spend thousands of dollars of the benefactors' money for acquisitions—people who may owe their positions more to the splendor of their last names than to the distinction of their scholarship—actually know about all this. That may sound like a street cop's view of the swells, but the scholar who has been most active in calling attention to the prevalence of forgeries among Near Eastern antiquities—Oscar White Muscarella, an archeologist, who is now at the Metropolitan—has written, "Few museum personnel have the art historical and archaeological background that is necessary to acquire objects and to be able to distinguish the genuine from the spurious."

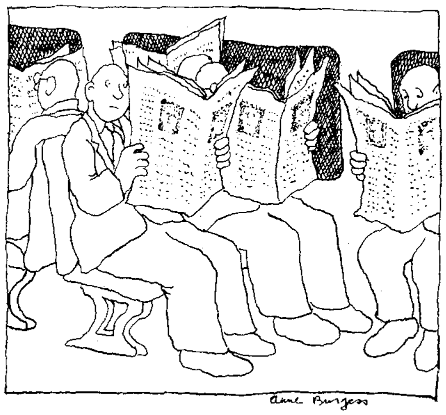
Even art historians who are not subject to institutional pressure tend to avoid the sort of testimony that Vance was after. The study of Near Eastern antiquities is a small, close-knit field, and just about any public discussion of forgeries holds the potential of undermining the scholarship of one colleague or another. Also, art historians are aware that when it comes to testimony based on aesthetic opinion rather than on objective data a lawyer skilled in cross-examination can make just about anyone appear vague, or even silly. Conceivably, the owner of valuable objects could sue someone whose testimony decreased the value of the objects and undermined the owner's reputation. Even someone whose credentials are in science rather than in art history could not testify about the authenticity of, say, a gold object of the Achaemenid Period with the certain knowledge that he was right. Although a lot of work on the characteristics of ancient metals has been done in recent years, there is no test that can positively date a gold object, in the way that thermoluminescence can date a piece of clay pottery. In the field that Vance was dealing with, authenticity is often difficult to pin down, and, partly for that reason, forgery is rife. Throughout this century, and particularly in the fifties, a market demand for ancient objects of the Near East inspired skilled forgers; candid museum directors across the country will acknowledge that they are likely to have fakes in their own collections. Testifying about the authenticity of Sassanian silver plates or gold bowls of the Achaemenid Period would be, in the words of one museum director, "like walking into quicksand."

Mahboubian, of course, maintained that there was no question whatsoever about the authenticity of his collection. His lawyers said that the collection was precisely what it was declared to be in a notarized report included among the customs documents. "I cannot imagine that there is at the present moment a finer collection of ancient Iranian art, judged from craftsmanship and artistic perfection, in private hands," the author of the report, Professor Wilfred Lambert, of the University of Birmingham, had written. "While it is hard to pick out particular items, some of the Scythian, Achaemenid, and Sassanian artifacts of this collection are as fine as any known to me in the world." Even after Mahboubian was indicted, his lawyers maintained their effort to have the collection returned to him—arguing, basically, that he was being deprived of his property without due process of law. When the trial judge assigned to the case, Rena K. Uviller, refused to order the release of the collection, her decision was carried to the Appellate Division, but to no avail. The collection remained in the custody of the police property clerk. After Mahboubian's indictment, Vance's resistance to releasing the collection went beyond his contention that it was needed as evidence. If Mahboubian should be found guilty of insurance fraud, Vance argued, the collection he had arranged to steal in order to collect the insurance money would fall within the definition of an "instrumentality of the crime"—the means by which the crime had been committed. According to a law passed by the New York State Legislature in 1984, the instrumentality of a crime—ordinarily, something like a boat that is used to smuggle in drugs—is subject to forfeiture. In other words, if Mahboubian was found guilty his collection, whether completely authentic or largely fake, might belong to the State of New York.

THE undercover work of C.I. Frenchy pretty much took care of Daniel Kohl's rug-stealing gang. Kohl pleaded guilty to the burglary of Regency Worldwide Packing and the robbery of Banilivy and conspiracy to rob the Pasargad and Edelmann rug galleries. Tommy May pleaded guilty to the Regency burglary and one robbery. A fence named Jim Benjamin pleaded guilty to conspiracy to rob Edelmann and Pasargad. A number of the black rug haulers from the South Bronx pleaded guilty to one conspiracy charge or another. By the fall of 1986, eight or nine months after the break-in at Regency, an indictment that had begun with the names of a dozen defendants on it had been reduced to a case called The People of the State of New York against Houshang Mahboubian and Nedjatollah Sakhai.

Neither of the defendants seemed grateful for the company. As the trial approached, a year or so after the break-in, lawyers for both Mahboubian and Sakhai were still arguing that their cases should be severed. By then, the basic story that each defendant would offer had become clear. Mahboubian's defense would be that he was simply the victim—a respectable, even distinguished, businessman who had no idea that Nedjatollah Sakhai was wheedling information out of him in order to steal millions of dollars' worth of his art. The defense for Sakhai was bound to be more complicated, given the presence of Danny Garreau's tapes. During the various motions and arguments before the trial, it appeared that Sakhai's story would be that he had organized the theft at the behest of Mahboubian, but not for the insurance money. Sakhai's lawyers seemed prepared to argue that Mahboubian and Sakhai had organized a phony theft as a publicity stunt to enhance the value of the collection, and that such stunts were, in the Iranian view of commerce, perfectly harmless as long as the goods were returned to the owner. Outside of court, Mahboubian's lawyer, Patrick M. Wall, said this about Sakhai's defense: "It has this virtue. It's the only defense I can think of for him—and I've thought a lot about this—that explains all the known facts in this case without acknowledging any criminal intent."

In arguing that Mahboubian and Sakhai should be tried separately, the defense lawyers maintained that they could further their own client's defense only at the expense of the other defendant. "You can't accept the core of one defense and still acquit the other," Wall said. Either Sakhai organized a scheme to rob Mahboubian, as Mahboubian insisted, or Mahboubian retained Sakhai to stage an ersatz heist, as Sakhai claimed. If the two defendants were tried together, Wall argued, he should have the right to bring up whatever information he could find that was detrimental to Sakhai. At a pretrial hearing, he hinted that Sakhai might have been involved in "a gross fraud on the Japanese art world"—presumably a reference to an exhibition of mostly fake antiquities in Japan a few years ago, which resulted in considerable embarrassment for a Tokyo department store but no charges or lawsuits. Wall mentioned the possibility that Sakhai was suspected of being an arms runner. He argued that he ought to be allowed to show that Sakhai was more likely to be lying than Mahboubian was. "Bad men are more likely to do bad things than good men," Wall said. "Public policy prevents the prosecution from arguing that common sense to the jury, because the feeling is that we shouldn't keep nailing a man for his past, because he then has no incentive to reform. But the policy doesn't prevent me from doing so."



Vance argued that in this case it was palpably logical to have one trial for two people who were accused of acting together to commit a single crime. Trial lawyers tend to believe in the importance of pictures planted in the minds of the jury, and the two defendants sitting at the same table was the picture that Vance wanted to present. Vance's picture was preserved—Judge Uviller ruled against the severance motions—but the defense lawyers took pains to point out that they didn't consider it a true rendition of what had happened. When jury selection began, in late February of this year, for what was still called The People of the State of New York against Houshang Mahboubian and Nedjatollah Sakhai, Wall said to the prospective jurors, "The defendants are sitting at the same table. But if they could sit a hundred feet from each other in this courtroom that's what they'd prefer to do."

THE jury that sat in judgment on Houshang Mahboubian and Nedjatollah Sakhai in a lower-Manhattan courtroom included a couple of Transit Authority workers and a corrections officer and a retired cabdriver and a postal worker and a retired marketing man, and only one person who acknowledged having a special interest in art. At the request of the defense attorneys, Judge Uviller had informed the prospective jurors that the defendants no longer lived in Iran—Sakhai, who came to this country as a student in the late fifties, had been an American citizen since 1971, and Mahboubian had left Teheran at the fall of the Shah—and that both of them were Jewish. The defense lawyers didn't want to add to their clients' burdens any bias that might exist among New York jurors against the Ayatollah and his horde of Muslim fundamentalists.

In his opening remarks Cyrus Vance, Jr., said that the evidence—the testimony of disinterested witnesses, phone records, documents, and, most of all, the tapes recorded by Danny Garreau—would lock into place to demonstrate that Nedjatollah Sakhai's inside information about the crates at the Regency warehouse had come from Houshang Mahboubian. Vance said that Mahboubian had been unable to sell his collection—he had tried unsuccessfully to sell it to the Getty Museum in 1983—and offered one reason why: “The collection is comprised mostly of fakes.” Vance ended his opening statement with an observation that sounded harsh when applied to the two diminutive, well-dressed men who sat at either end of the defense table. “You know them as art dealers,” Vance said. “When all is said and done, you will know them for what they are—thieves.”

Patrick Wall followed Vance. Wall is a beefy, articulate man in his fifties who has a reputation as an effective criminal-defense lawyer. He said that Houshang Mahboubian had simply not made the sort of decisions about shipping and storage and insurance that would have been made by a man trying to set up his own collection for a bogus theft. As Wall told the story, Sakhai “began a course of conduct to obtain the confidence and the ear of Mr. Mahboubian” but had never come up with the kind of precise information he would have had if he and Mahboubian had been working together—not even the right number of crates. “No one who was in cahoots with the owner could have been so wrong about so many of the attributes of this shipment,” Wall said.

“Let’s get down to brass tacks. . . . Mr. Wall and I, as you may have heard, take diametrically opposed positions about this case,” Mark Summers, Sakhai’s lawyer, said, arguing that it would have been madness for Sakhai to steal unique and easily recognizable antiquities from someone he was doing business with. As the trial progressed, though, it turned out that the opposition of Wall and Summers was not quite diametrical. For one reason or another, Summers sometimes found himself allied with Wall, even though the basic thrust of Summers’ defense—that Sakhai was working for Mahboubian—presumably helped Vance. Wall did not attempt to introduce damaging evidence concerning Sakhai’s reputation. The trial, in fact, was remarkable for its courtesy. The lawyers hardly ever lodged an objection, and never lost their tempers. But Wall did take the unusual step of rising to object to the first sentence of Summers’ opening statement as a remark that cast undeserved and prejudicial aspersions on Houshang Mahboubian. Summers had begun his remarks to the jury by saying, “You have just entered the world of intrigue and deceit that exists in international art.”

“IS it safe to say, Mr. Garreau, you had committed a great, great number of crimes?” Vance asked Danny Garreau.

That was definitely safe to say. Garreau (whose name has been changed here) told a tale of heroin addiction and car theft and reform school and assorted burglaries and an undesirable discharge from the Marines and a hitch in state prison and some insurance frauds and any number of gunpoint rug robberies and, of course, his profitable ride in and out of the Morgan Manhattan warehouse inside a crate. Danny Garreau was a terrific witness. He turned out to be a nice-looking man in his early forties, dressed conservatively in a dark suit and a tie—presumably the same sort of outfit he wore when posing as a customer in a rug gallery. His accent had a trace of the French he spoke as a child in Paris, and much more than a trace of the English he spoke as a juvenile delinquent on the streets of New York. He was quick to acknowledge his faults, and quick to acknowledge that he had a lot of them—although when Mark Summers asked him if he had committed hundreds and hundreds of crimes he said, almost modestly, “I wouldn’t get carried away about hundreds and hundreds.” His memory was excellent. On the tapes that were introduced in evidence during his testimony, he was both businesslike in labelling the evidence (“Today is December 26, 1985. This is C. I. Frenchy. I’m on my way up to Daniel Kohl’s store”) and entertaining in the crude chatter he carried on with Kohl and the rest of the Old King Kohl’s crowd. It may be that Daniel Garreau, who has consistently failed to find a place for himself in the world, was born to be a police informant.

As each tape was introduced in evidence, the jurors put on earphones and followed transcripts provided by Vance. What they heard, in addition to some boasting about sexual triumphs and some sneering at Ned Sakhai’s inventory and the occasional sound of Danny Garreau digging into a bag of sunflower seeds, was Sakhai and the two Dannys planning the theft of Mahboubian’s collection. But the tapes did not prove beyond any question that “the guy” Sakhai kept referring to—the guy who was shipping the goods, the guy who had marked the crates for identification, the guy who had just been on the telephone, the guy who would be damaged if any of the stolen objects appeared on the market—was Houshang Mahboubian.

Vance, methodical and unfailingly polite, surrounded Garreau’s star turn with a number of witnesses who provided testimony and documents to support the prosecution’s version of what the break-in at Regency that night must have been about. He showed a pattern of calls from Ely’s Antiques or Sakhai’s home to London—to the home of Houshang Mahboubian or to the Mahboubian Gallery of Ancient Art or, as the night of the robbery drew near, to a phone box a couple of hundred yards down Grosvenor Street. He brought in the crates that had been sent to Regency, so the jury could see that they were adorned with huge “HM”s in red, and he brought in the crate that had been sent to the Metropolitan, so the jury could see that it had reached its destination with no initials on it at all. A clerk from Morgan Manhattan testified that he had seen Mahboubian and Sakhai at the warehouse together—although cross-examination by both Wall and Summers cast considerable doubt on the reliability of his memory—and a young woman who had been the administrative director of Regency in December of 1985 testified that during the tour she gave Mahboubian of the warehouse’s facilities on December 19th she had indeed promised him that his goods would be kept in the small enclosed room. She acknowledged that in making the promise she had engaged in “a little puffing,” because the additional security provided by a conventional door lock was minimal. She had, in fact, gone on vacation a day later without telling anyone of her promise—which was why Danny Garreau got a surprise when he broke into the room.

Garreau’s tapes loomed as a large obstacle for both defense lawyers, shrinking the room they would ordinarily have for maneuvering. Summers, of course, was in the unenviable position of defending a man whom the jurors could clearly hear planning a burglary. Wall had to deal with the fact that Nedjatollah Sakhai, a man who obviously didn't know that his remarks were being recorded, spoke of being in league with someone who sounded a lot like the owner of the collection. As Wall saw it, he had to introduce the possibility that Sakhai might have had reason to claim an insider relationship that didn't exist—that, for instance, he might have wanted to give the two Dannys the impression that the job would be less risky because of the owner's involvement. Wall also had to demonstrate that it made some sense for Sakhai to steal objects that would be extraordinarily difficult to sell. Along those lines, Wall suggested that there might have been a plan to hold the collection for ransom. Not long ago, Lloyd's had offered a reward for a stolen Irish racehorse, he reminded the jury, so why not for a collection of Persian antiquities?

He portrayed Houshang Mahboubian as a man who, far from trying to maneuver his collection toward a place that might be vulnerable to a band of burglars, instantly accepted any suggestions from Lloyd's on how the goods should be shipped and where they should be stored. Wall demonstrated that Mahboubian had wired Lloyd's to say that the goods had been delayed at Regency longer than was called for by the shipping instructions in the policy but that he had not received a written clearance from Lloyd's for that change of plans—raising the possibility that if the burglary had been successful Mahboubian might not have been able to collect the eighteen and a half million dollars anyway.

Wall did not deny that Mahboubian had marked his initials on the crates—what Mahboubian had meant in the rambling and garbled interview with Fogel, Wall said, was that he had not been at the Zurich warehouse when the other crate was sent to the Metropolitan—but a witness from the Zurich warehouse swore that it was common practice in Europe for an owner to mark his initials on shipping crates. Another witness from Zurich did some damage to the prosecution's emphasis on the fact that the initials were in red, as Sakhai had been heard promising they would be. Mahboubian had shown up in the shipping room without any marking pencil at all, a man who worked at the warehouse testified, and had asked to borrow one. The one he was handed had happened to be red, but the testimony left the distinct impression that the beam of Danny Garreau's flashlight could have just as easily come to rest on initials done in green or brown.

HOUSHANG MAHBOUBIAN was not on trial for selling fake antiquities. Vance said he didn't have to prove that the collection was fake in order to convict Mahboubian of the crimes he was accused of—burglary and conspiracy and attempted grand larceny—and Wall said *he* didn't have to prove that the collection was genuine in order to defend Mahboubian against the prosecution's charges. Then Vance and Wall spent days arguing the question of whether the collection was fake or genuine. It was true, as Vance claimed, that even if the collection was perfectly genuine Mahboubian could have wanted to steal it himself in order to collect the insurance money; in fact, the prosecution is not required to prove any motive at all. It was true, as Wall reminded the jury, that in judging motive the question was not whether the artifacts were fakes but whether Houshang Mahboubian had reason to believe that they were fakes. Still, both Wall and Vance seemed to take it for granted that the question of authenticity was at the center of the case. Day after day, John Tobin and Chris Reisman arrived with the initialled crates and wheeled them into the courtroom on a dolly. Day after day, one expert or another held up a silver plate or a gold rhyton and explained to the jurors what there was about the object that convinced him that it was genuine or that it was a modern forgery.

If the collection itself was on trial, the burden of proving it fake was on the prosecution, and it was a formidable burden. Even the prosecution's witnesses acknowledged that any number of items in the collection were probably genuine, and that the ones that weren't were not the sort of obvious phonies found in the souvenir stand just down the road from the pyramid. "They are not blatant fakes," Harmer Johnson, a private appraiser who was formerly head of the department of ancient and tribal art for the New York branch of Sotheby's, testified while discussing some of Mahboubian's Sassanian plates. "They are not the sort of plates that one would pick up and in five seconds say, 'Oh my God, it's an outrageous forgery.' " In other words, their authenticity was debatable, and opinions based on what amounts to connoisseurship—opinions of an ob-

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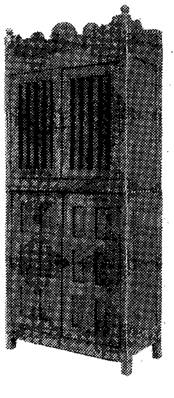

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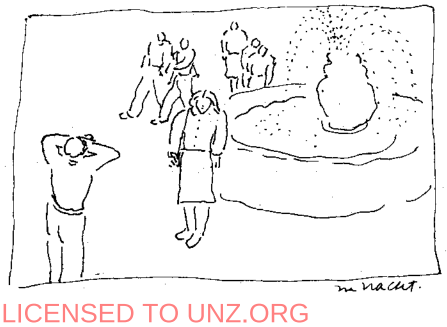
ject's style or an object's artistic quality or the over-all impression created by the object—are not the kind of opinions that close off debate. There's always another side, and when it came time for cross-examination Patrick Wall was always there to present it. If a witness said he had never seen an Achaemenid bowl that looked quite like the one he was holding, Wall would say something like "If you had, couldn't you say this one was a slavish copy?" If the witness said that the tail of a boar in the hunting scene on a Sassanian plate was too much like the tail of a boar in a scene supposedly three or four hundred years older, Wall would ask just how many ways there are to depict the tail of a boar.

Wall tried to demonstrate the constantly changing nature of authenticity. An ancient object accepted for years as authentic may be revealed to be a forgery, the expert witnesses acknowledged, and then, years later, it may turn out to have been genuine after all. Wasn't it true, Wall asked, that experts on Egyptian art, all of whom had believed almost as an article of faith that all statues found in Egyptian tombs looked straight ahead, had finally been faced with the carefully monitored and absolutely genuine excavation of one that was looking off to the left? What did that say about all those that had previously been dismissed as forgeries because they didn't look straight ahead? Didn't every museum have on display important works that some experts somewhere considered fakes?

Arthur Houghton, who had seen Mahboubian's collection while he was working as the acting director of the Getty Museum's department of antiquities, took the stand to testify, in a strong boarding-school accent, that his decision not to recommend its purchase was based partly on his belief that the Sassanian plates in it were fakes. Houghton, who is now working on his doctoral dissertation, had switched to museum work in mid-career, after a dozen years as a Foreign Service officer with a strong interest in collecting ancient coins. In 1984, he had been sufficiently impressed by pictures that the Getty had been sent of Mahboubian's collection to fly to Switzerland for a closer look. After spending six hours in a small room with the collection, he had lost some of his enthusiasm—although he acknowledged that he had never communicated his suspicions to Mahboubian. On the stand, Houghton seemed exceedingly certain of his opinions—a witness who, with a slightly condescending smile, corrected Wall for using a phrase that art historians don't actually find useful in delineating a certain period of Greek art, and then had to listen to Wall, reading from the previous day's testimony, ask, almost apologetically, what he had meant when he used the phrase himself. Among the reasons for his conclusion that the Sassanian plates were probably modern forgeries, Houghton said, was that they appeared to have been done by casting, which is a relatively modern method, rather than by hammering—an observation that inspired Wall to ask Houghton to read aloud caption after caption from museum catalogues and bulletins describing Sassanian objects as having been cast.

Harmer Johnson, an Englishman with a beard and a manner less didactic than Houghton's, said that his interest in ancient artifacts could be traced to his having attended a school that happened to be on the site of the oldest Roman fort in England. He was the kind of boy who spent free periods looking for shards rather than playing cricket, and it had seemed natural to him to begin at Sotheby's as a porter as soon as he left school. What he knew about ancient objects, he said, was obviously not from the academy but from "years and years and years of touching and seeing and handling material . . . a gradual, almost unconscious building up of knowledge rather than my saying to you, 'Yes, I became an authority on March 4, 1985,' or anything like that." Johnson spent a lot of time on the stand talking about fineness of line and smoothness of edge, but he acknowledged that a sort of gut reaction—often, in fact, a first impression—was likely to dominate the judgment of someone who had spent his life handling ancient objects: "Well, it looks right or it looks wrong." What Johnson said about a number of the major items in Mahboubian's collection was, in essence, that they simply weren't good enough to be authentic. He talked about poor workmanship and crude design and modelling that wasn't crisp enough. He said that the lions' heads that formed the terminals of one bracelet looked too much like the heads of pussycats. Holding a gold plaque decorated with a recumbent stag that he found to have "a sort of Walt Disney expression," Johnson said, "A genuine piece might look funny or might look whimsical or grim or sad, but it never looks stupid."



Wall wanted to know why not. Wasn't it possible, he asked, that some ordinary Achaemenid ordering a bracelet for his wife from a goldsmith might have known that his wife, unlike Johnson, actually preferred lions that looked like pussycats? Isn't an artifact that is not the best example of Sassanian craftsmanship still a genuine Sassanian artifact? Isn't it possible that two thousand years from now people who study our era will have some paintings from the Metropolitan Museum of Art and some from Forty-second Street? Won't the Forty-second Street paintings be genuine paintings of the late twentieth century? "Doesn't schlock art survive?" Wall asked.

"We're talking about essentially a royal art," Johnson maintained. "This is not material that the average man in the street two and a half thousand years ago was eating cereal off of."

Wall was not convinced. "Are you able to say with a reasonable degree of certainty that those pieces were not done by *someone* in that period?" he asked at one point.

That approach was of no use in challenging Vance's third art authority—Pieter Meyers, the head of the conservation center at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, whose problem with the recumbent-stag plaque was not that the stag looked stupid but that the plaque showed traces of cadmium, which was unknown to ancient goldsmiths. Meyers, a Dutchman who went to Los Angeles from the Metropolitan and went to the Metropolitan from the Brookhaven Laboratory, has his doctorate in nuclear chemistry and nuclear physics. He said that the work done in ancient metals in recent years had in fact made it possible for scientific analysis to yield considerable information about the age of silver and gold objects. At the simplest level, he testified, Achaemenid gold, which was panned rather than mined, tended to contain relatively strong alloys of heavy elements like tin and platinum, which sank to the bottom during the panning process. A core sample can at times provide information about ancient metal that is virtually irrefutable: a piece of Achaemenid jewelry that's made of gold with a significant percentage of zinc in it, for instance, cannot be a genuine piece of Achaemenid jewelry, because zinc was not produced as an alloy until two centuries after the Achaemenid Period.

Meyers has studied nearly all the Sassanian silver objects in the world that are generally accepted as authentic, and has found them all to be made of silver that has a considerable gold content—a gold content significantly higher than the silver plates in Mahboubian's collection appeared to contain. Meyers had also X-rayed some of the plates, and had found that they had indeed been done by casting. He testified that of all the authentic Sassanian silver objects he had examined not one had been done by casting. "This technique of manufacture was not in use by the Sassanian silversmith," he said, "although at one point it was published as being a technique, and obviously this has not only confused for a while the serious scholar but also the faker, who assumed that he was using the right Sassanian silversmith's technique." From such factors as whether the gold contained the right alloys or the silver showed signs of artificial patination, Meyers, like Houghton and Johnson, had reached the conclusion that a lot of the pieces in the collection—particularly the more elaborate pieces—were modern forgeries.

If there was any question about how the views of Wilfred Lambert, the University of Birmingham professor who had authenticated the collection, would be affected by the challenges to its genuineness, the question was answered almost the moment he took the stand as a witness for the defense. He had read the testimony of Houghton and Johnson and Meyers, Lambert told Patrick Wall, and it hadn't affected his opinion of the collection one bit. Lambert turned out to be an almost overwhelmingly professorial Englishman, well along in years. Outlining his credentials for Wall, he said that he was often consulted by London galleries and by Christie's and Sotheby's. Once a week, on a volunteer basis, he sits at the British Museum and offers his opinion about any ancient object that anyone cares to bring in for his inspection. On the stand, Lambert answered questions with an air of authority and a slight smile. The authoritative air was understandable, since he is a genuine authority—although, Vance said while the jury was out of the room, not, as it happens, on the subject at hand. By training and considerable reputation, Lambert is an expert on the languages of ancient Mesopotamia. He has handled countless artifacts of the ancient world. He is a longtime collector of cylinder seals—objects that were used in ancient times as the equivalent of signatures. But in the field of ancient Persian art he is, like Harmer Johnson, without formal academic credentials.

In answer to a question by Summers, Lambert said that he had been retained to write his report by Houshang Mahboubian, who told him that it was needed to satisfy some customs requirements and to "introduce the collection to potential buyers." The potential buyers would not have been discouraged. The paragraphs on individual items lean toward the "splendid example" and "fine specimen" school of descriptive writing; the general conclusion is that the col-

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lection displays "the quality and magnificence of the products of ancient Iranian metalsmiths." Lambert's report had been the basis for the insurance policy that Lloyd's of London wrote two years later, at a time when the collection still included the Ardebil jewelry that was later split off for shipment to the Metropolitan. The procedure was remarkably simple—another lesson, perhaps, in how much easier it is to buy insurance than to collect on it. Mahboubian gave Lloyd's of London Lambert's report plus a report from a Paris appraiser, who, on the basis of Lambert's authentication, had assigned a monetary value to each object. Lloyd's verified the reports independently only to the extent of having the collection inventoried to confirm that the artifacts actually existed and were in the condition they were purported to be in. Then Lloyd's wrote Mahboubian twenty-three million dollars' worth of insurance.

Lambert was plainly unimpressed by the testimony of the prosecution's art authorities. "I have the impression that he has been very much influenced by standard books," he said when Wall mentioned Harmer Johnson's testimony that some of the artifacts were not sufficiently similar in style and iconography to known authentic pieces. "His knowledge is not as comprehensive as it should be." When Lambert was reminded that Vance's experts had found the signs of wear on some of the objects inconsistent with their being twenty-five hundred years old, he said that they had apparently failed to take into account where the pieces had been for those twenty-five hundred years—that it was well known that ancient objects found in tombs could look virtually brand-new. He had equal disdain—expressed, nonetheless, in a pleasant and instructive manner—for the view that poor workmanship was an indication of forgery. Of some of the objects Wall asked him about, he said, "One might regard this as not being of the highest quality of workmanship, but that in itself is no proof that the object is not ancient." He mentioned some ancient bronzes that were once thought to have been made only for royal use but then began turning up, through some discoveries in a different area, looking "as though schoolchildren might have made them."

On many of the objects, Lambert found the workmanship quite remarkable. Asked his opinion of a rhyton that Vance's experts had agreed was probably a forgery, he said, "When I saw it for the first time, I was almost ecstatic." The plaque with the recumbent stag that in Johnson's view owed something to Walt Disney had been described in Lambert's report this way: "This unusual piece, formed from gold sheets, is appealing because of the frontal face of the animal with its large eyes. The artist, while fully based in the Scythian tradition, has an independence in detail of considerable distinction." The simple fact was, Lambert said, that it made more sense to assume that the remarkable objects in Mahboubian's collection were authentic than to assume that they were forgeries. When he finished going through the steps that would be required to make a convincing fake of an ancient object such as the large gold bowl with bulls encircling it—beginning with the difficulty of trying to amass that much ancient gold—it sounded more complicated than a major excavation.

Toward the end of Lambert's direct testimony, the audience in the courtroom, which for much of the trial had consisted almost entirely of Houshang Mahboubian's son, grew a bit larger. A couple of people from the D.A.'s office drifted in. A reporter from the Washington bureau of the London *Sunday Times* was there; the *Sunday Times* had got interested in Lambert after he slammed the door on a reporter who went to speak to him just after the break-in. Vance's cross-examination was awaited with some anticipation. It was thought that he might attack Lambert's credentials. It was thought that he might compare Lambert's testimony acknowledging some poor workmanship with the descriptions in his report that, in the words of a Manhattan Robbery Squad detective, read like "one of those ads for vegetable slicers on TV." But Vance had decided not to engage in repartee with Wilfred Lambert, who appeared to have struck the jurors as a particularly charming example of the typical English don. Vance planned to portray Lambert as someone who had been duped himself—a professor who wrote a description of a collection of antiquities without any notion that the document would be the basis for acquiring millions of dollars' worth of insurance. The cross-examination was relatively mild. At the end of it, Lambert remained the charming and erudite professor, absolutely certain of his scholarly conclusions. It was difficult to escape the impression that if proving the inauthenticity of Mahboubian's collection was vital to the prosecution's case, Mahboubian had reason to be optimistic.

NEITHER Mahboubian nor Sakhai took the stand. Their defense was argued mainly through the cross-examination of prosecution witnesses. Wall did call some witnesses of his own other than Lambert, including a couple of people to refute the testimony of a man named Nasser Shaghaghi, the only prosecution witness to have testified that Houshang Mahboubian knew that some of the artifacts in his collection were forgeries. Shaghaghi, the former husband of Mahboubian's stepdaughter, had run the London gallery before Mahboubian himself left Iran for good. He had some truly terrible things to say about Houshang Mahboubian. Shaghaghi testified that after returning from a selling trip to Japan he personally told Mahboubian that some of the potential customers for a Sassanian plate had rejected it as a fake, only to have Mahboubian instruct him to keep the plate in his cupboard for a while. Shaghaghi testified that in the sixties in Teheran he had personally gone to a workshop with Mahboubian, where he saw the large gold bowl, with the horns of one bull not yet attached to the bull's head.

Wall had some truly terrible things to say about Nasser Shaghaghi—skimming from the Mahboubian Gallery, abusive treatment of Mahboubian's stepdaughter, cheating a London gambling club out of the payment for his gambling losses. Shaghaghi's appearance initiated a chain of testimony—with Wall attempting to show that Shaghaghi was simply trying to get revenge against a family that had banished him for dreadful behavior, and Vance attempting to show that after the supposed banishment Mehdi Mahboubian was helping Shaghaghi establish a gallery in London, and Wall attempting to show that Mahboubian's father had tried to sell the gold bowl to the Iranian Museum years before Shaghaghi claimed to have seen it being manufactured. After a while, the story of the Shaghaghi and Mahboubian families began to take the form of a soap opera within a trial—a sort of Persian "Falcon Crest." At one point, one lawyer's courteous correction of another amounted to pointing out that what Mr. Shaghaghi had thrown at Mrs. Shaghaghi was not an iron but an electric heater.

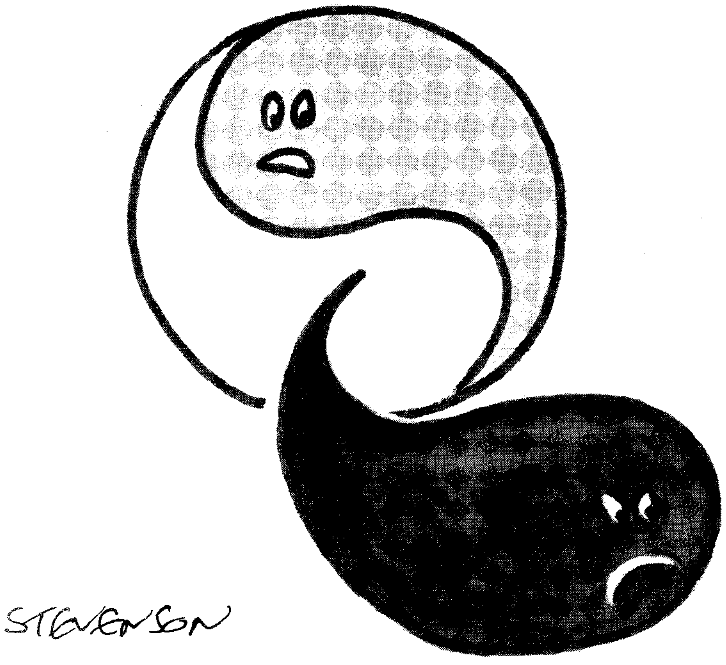
"I suggest to you that Mr. Shaghaghi found this courtroom a place to settle old scores, and you can't believe a word the man said," Pat Wall told the jury in his summation. That was important, Wall said, because "the issue really isn't are these pieces authentic. It's whether or not Mr. Mahboubian reasonably entertained the belief that they were." Wall told the jurors that the information Sakhai had from Mahboubian about shipping the collection was the kind that he might have picked up without arousing suspicion as they discussed their legitimate business dealings, not the kind a conspirator would receive from a fellow-conspirator, "unless they're engaged in one of the most preposterously foolish plots known in the annals of crime." If the red marker was so important, Wall asked, why did Mahboubian show up in the Zurich warehouse with no marker at all? If the break-in was part of a plot to collect insurance money, why would Mahboubian allow it to happen before he had clearance from Lloyd's for eaving the collection at Regency beyond the agreed-upon period? Why didn't Sakhai have any money with him when the police picked him up? Could it have been that the money was with an accomplice—possibly someone from the warehouse or the shipping company? "That person is out there oday," Wall said, "counting his lucky stars that Sakhai was arrested before he met this fellow rather han after."

That was not the way Mark Summers saw it at all. In his summation he said, "The only thing hat makes sense is that it was some kind of crazy publicity stunt"—perhaps dumb, perhaps "slightly dishonest," perhaps ricky, but not criminal. Summers reminded the urors that Mahboubian had failed to sell the col-ection to the Getty, that t was virtually unknown n the West, and that here had been testimony on how much more valuable fame could make a collection. "Publicity, wide notoriety, things like being on the front page of the New York *Times* and on the BBC would generate a tremendous amount of interest," Summers said, "and transform this thing, a bunch of items of Persian art, to the Mahboubian Collection." Summers raised one more possibility. Maybe Sakhai thought he was participating in a publicity stunt, but "behind his back, unbeknownst to him, Mr. Mahboubian, who is the only person that was in a position to know for sure whether the collection was fake or not, behind his back Mr. Mahboubian is the one who's planning to rip off Lloyd's. Mr. Mahboubian is the one who's plotting against Lloyd's! What a setup it was, ladies and gentlemen! How good could it get!" Summers reminded the jury that Sakhai was the one who actually dealt with the burglars, while Mahboubian remained safe in London. "And if something goes wrong—and something did go wrong—who was caught holding the bag?" Summers asked. "Not Houshang Mahboubian. Ned Sakhai. Ned Sakhai is the dupe. Ned Sakhai is the patsy. Ned Sakhai is the guy that was suckered in."

Vance used a good deal of his summation to go through the case chronologically—matching up the tapes and phone records and documents and testimony so that the jury could see, for instance, that on the day Sakhai told the two Dannys that "the guy" was touring Regency, Houshang Mahboubian was touring Regency. Wall had ultimately dismissed the authenticity question as a "non-issue," but Vance treated it as very much an issue. Using charts, he demonstrated to the jury that Houghton and Johnson, the experts discounted by the defense as people who were just guessing, tended to agree with Pieter Meyers, the scientist, and their agreement showed a striking pattern: although they all considered some of the minor pieces authentic, in every case in which Johnson or Houghton or Meyers offered a definite opinion on an object that Mahboubian had insured for a million dollars or more the opinion was that the object was a fake. Vance went through the list: "Number thirty-five. The Achaemenid plate. Million dollars' insurance value. All three gentlemen came to the conclusion that it was a modern forgery. Number thirty-seven. Another big-ticket item. One million dollars. Pieter Meyers: modern. Harmer Johnson: modern. Arthur Houghton: modern . . ."

"THAT'S Pat's note," Vance mumbled, in a dejected tone. A note had come from the jury room saying that the jurors wanted to rehear testimony that included, among many other things, some support for Wall's contention that Sakhai might have been getting information about the shipment on his own. Trial lawyers try to restrain themselves from reading too much into notes sent out from the jury room, but a couple of other requests from the jury had also tended to cheer up Wall and make Vance look gloomy. The jury's request to see certain objects of the collection, including the large gold bowl and the Sassanian plates, was not interpreted as something that favored either party: it was assumed by the lawyers that after five weeks of listening to testimony some jurors simply wanted to be able to hold a three-million-dollar bowl (or an inspired fake) in their own hands. The jury had deliberated for an afternoon, and then, shortly after dinner, was sequestered for the night. Deliberations went on through the following morning. Finally, around lunchtime, the foreman sent out a note saying that the jury had reached a verdict.

All four of the Manhattan Robbery Squad



"Oh, come on back, Yin. I was only kidding."

detectives assigned to the case were in the courtroom as the jury filed in. They had remained enthusiastically active right through the trial. When Pieter Meyers had said he thought it would be appropriate on the stand to handle the objects with white gloves, Tobin produced what cops call their promotion gloves—the white gloves worn in dress ceremonies. When there was a need to make some X-rays of the Sassanian plates quickly, the cops had scrounged an X-ray machine from the Bomb Squad. When Vance needed to get the three-million-dollar gold bowl to the F.B.I. lab, in Washington, in a hurry, Chris Reisman had put the bowl, which the cops tended to refer to among themselves as "the big piss-pot," in a plastic garbage bag and jumped on the shuttle. The jury foreman was asked to read the verdict. Mahboubian and Sakhai, who had remained expressionless throughout the entire trial, remained expressionless. The foreman, a Transit Authority employee, said that in the case of Nedjatollah Sakhai the jury had reached a verdict of guilty on all three counts. Concerning the three counts against Houshang Mahboubian, he reported, the jury had reached the same verdict: guilty on all three counts. The cops smiled and reached over to shake hands all around.

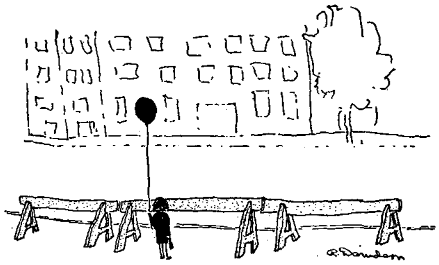
AS it turned out, all the jurors had been willing to find Nedjatollah Sakhai guilty almost without discussion, and a strong majority had felt the same way about Houshang Mahboubian. Those in the minority—four jurors at first, and then, rather quickly, just two—did not have a strong belief that Mahboubian was innocent. They had some unanswered questions—particularly the question of why Mahboubian hadn't taken a red marker with him to Zurich—but the questions were seen by fellow-jurors as ways of expressing a general need to satisfy themselves that they had explored every alternative explanation before finding someone guilty on circumstantial evidence. Vance's correlation between big-ticket items and items considered phony by the experts had made a serious impact on the jurors, and so had the testimony of Pieter Meyers. They hadn't spent hours talking about whether the collection was basically authentic or mostly fake—they concentrated instead on the details of the shipping and the storage and the burglary—but the assumption that it was mostly fake seemed to be the premise of a lot of their discussion. The request from the jury room to see certain items of the collection had come from the one juror who had some background in art; she wanted to have a look for herself. After the close inspection—the jurors, back in the jury box, examined each item carefully before handing it down the row—she returned to the jury room and announced that in her view the gold bowl and the Sassanian plates were phonies.

Bail had to be discussed. Sakhai was already on a million-dollar bond, secured by cash and three houses—his house and the houses of his two brothers—that had been appraised for a total of about three million dollars. Bail for Mahboubian, who had been free on his own recognizance, was set at a million dollars. Vance had described Mahboubian as "a man of extraordinary wealth," but bail money was not immediately forthcoming. At one point, it was suggested that the bond be secured by the Ardebil Treasure, whose authenticity had never been questioned. The Ardebil Treasure turned out to have three liens against it. That problem was sorted out, though, and eventually a small bag containing the Ardebil jewelry was placed in a bank vault. Wall asked the judge if some people at the Metropolitan Museum could be permitted to take a look at it while it was there: Mahboubian was still trying to sell them a couple of pieces.

IT was not certain that Sakhai and Mahboubian would have to go to jail. Although a successful break-in at Regency might have resulted in what Vance described as "one of the largest thefts of insurance money ever," the crimes that Sakhai and Mahboubian had been convicted of were less serious felonies—and both defendants were first offenders. In a pre-sentence memorandum, Vance said that the case "begs the Court, in the interests of justice," to send the defendants to prison. The attempt to do Lloyd's out of eighteen and a half million dollars, he argued, was not a spur-of-the-moment act by a desperate man but a "well-planned and organized criminal venture" carried out by wealthy men purely to line their own pockets.

When Sakhai came before Judge Uviller for sentencing, early this month, his lawyers argued that he was a decent, productive, charitable family man who happened to have made one awful mistake. In an emotional speech, Sakhai talked of the suffering his family had endured because of the case, and the terror he had felt when, for six days just after the break-in, he had been held on Riker's Island without bail. On the theory that the Court would benefit from a broader view of the defendant than is available during a criminal trial, Sakhai's lawyers offered a videotape—a smoothly put-together twelve-minute production that might have been called "A Few Days in the Life of Nedjatollah Sakhai." Judge Uviller agreed to watch the tape, but after it was over she said that it cut two ways: it did show what seemed to be a warm and loving family, but the luxurious life i displayed underlined the fact tha Sakhai had no reason to steal excep greed. She speculated on what a similar film would show about the miserable lives led by some of the poorer people who come before her. Then she sentenced Sakhai to two to six years in state prison. A motion asking that he remain free on bail during the year or so that would be required for appeal was denied by the Appellate Division.

According to Patrick Wall's pre-sentence memorandum, Houshang Mahboubian had already endured considerable punishment—enormous damage to his reputation, the crippling o his business ("The Mahboubian Gallery has *not* sold *a single* piece in the past year"), perhaps the loss of the entire collection he had spent years acquiring. No purpose would be served, Wall said, by the imprisonment of a sixty-year-old man who was in poor health and carried "deep emotional scars from the Iranian revolution." Wall suggested as an alternative sentence a fine and some community service that would consist mainly of a series of lectures on the ancient ar of Iran. When Mahboubian appeared for sentencing last week, Judge Uviller said that she had taken into account some mitigating circumstances including the fact that the evidence against Mahboubian had not left her with a concrete sense that he had engaged in such activity before. But she



had concluded that the gravity of the offense called for a prison term. Mahboubian was given one to three years. An Appellate Division judge granted his motion to remain free pending appeal. Mahboubian had nothing to say to the Court. But afterward he said that his collection was authentic, that attacks on it were attacks on the artistic heritage of an entire people, and that, as an expert himself, he intended to write a scholarly article refuting the testimony of Pieter Meyers and the other prosecution witnesses.

BY the time of the sentencing, Vance had finished prosecuting another case before Judge Uviller—a charge of attempted murder of a police officer. Wall was in federal court in the midst of a lengthy case involving allegations of bid-rigging in the concrete industry. Mark Summers had gone straight from defending Nedjatollah Sakhai to defending, unsuccessfully, a policeman who was accused of selling confiscated marijuana and who, like Sakhai, had the misfortune to carry on his business in the presence of a confidential informant who was wearing a concealed tape recorder.

Old King Kohl's Antique Shop had been gone for some time by then, replaced by a florist. The London *Sunday Times* piece on Professor Wilfred Lambert had not turned out to be terribly damaging, although it did quote an official of Sotheby's in London as saying, "We only use him to translate ancient cuneiform inscriptions and consult him on western Asiatic cylinder seals." Mehdi Mahboubian had filed suit against Sotheby's in New York. Apparently because the records of his transactions were among those subpoenaed by the District Attorney in connection with the Regency investigation, a Sotheby's memo included him in a list of people whose goods were to be treated warily by the firm—an offense to his business and reputation that he was asking thirty-four million dollars to repair. Vance hadn't heard anything more about returning what Summers had envisioned as the Mahboubian Collection. Presumably it would remain in the police property room during appeals. If Vance succeeded in having it forfeited as an instrumentality of the crime, it could, in theory, be auctioned off some day among the stolen bikes and recovered VCRs of a police sale.

The awkward question of authenticity had been in the news a lot. In answer to an inquiry by Douglas C. McGill, of the *Times*, who noticed the widely known Egyptian statue of a cat in a workroom at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Met acknowledged that the cat had been undergoing tests and was "in all probability a modern forgery." The Dallas Museum of Art announced that its best-known pieces of pre-Columbian ceramic sculpture were fakes, which prompted a California dealer to say that he had personally photographed the pieces being taken out of the ground in Mexico, which prompted a museum curator to say that the dealer was probably the victim of a staged excavation.

With the sentencing, the detectives who had worked on the Regency break-in finally left what Summers had called "the world of intrigue and deceit that exists in international art." They looked back fondly on the case of Frenchy and the Persians as a diversion from their usual fare which had turned out spectacularly well and provided a lot of laughs on the way. They happened to like Vance—cops often don't get on terribly well with assistant district attorneys—and they happened not to like Mahboubian. They had been unimpressed ever since he came from London for the interview with Assistant District Attorney Fogel. "He came in with this troupe of lawyers and kind of insulted our intelligence," John Tobin said not long ago. "You sat there and listened to this guy waltz you around the room. You could tell when he was going to lay one on you. He'd start with a little parable—about his father, maybe. It was like the rumble of a bowling ball going down the alley, then—powie!"

Even at the time of the trial, Tobin and Jim O'Brien were no longer partners. O'Brien had made sergeant, and it is the policy of the New York Police Department to transfer a newly promoted sergeant to another unit. Not long after the verdict, Tobin decided that, after twenty-three years on the force, he was going to retire. While waiting for the papers to come through, he continued trying to lock up stickup guys, working with Chris Reisman as his partner. Conversation remained pretty much the same. When Tobin was asked not long ago if he had apprehended any malefactors yet that morning, he said, "Nah, the malefactors don't usually come around until after dark. Until noon, we usually have to make do with miscreants. And, of course, your occasional ne'er-do-well."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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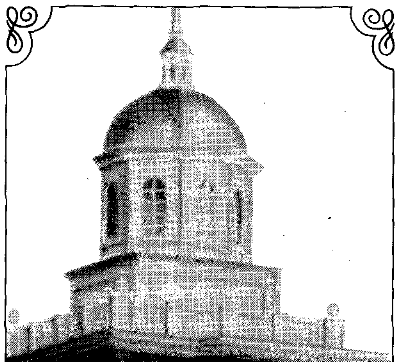

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THE THEATRE

Return Engagement

"THE GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS," that theatrical wonder, based on the painting by Hieronymus Bosch, which appeared at St. Clement's three years ago, has now returned to the attractive Minetta Lane. Conceived and directed by Martha Clarke, for Lynn Austin's Lenox Arts Center, it is (to quote my original review) "an exquisite, witty, satiric, and tough amalgam of music (delightful music, by Richard Peaslee), choreographed movement, acrobatics, pantomime, and acting. It employs, in short, every resource of the theatre except words." My second visit, last week, was just as satisfying as my first one. There is an abundance of comic surprises; how funny, how erotic, how blissfully coarse those earthly delights are! The show opens, in semidarkness, in the Garden of Eden. As the stage lightens, the members of the company appear, all of them in flesh-colored leotards (much sexier than skin). Adam and Eve dance in romantic innocence until another dancer, flicking her tongue like a serpent, hands Eve an apple; she takes a juicy bite: end of innocence. What follows, among other things, is the Seven Deadly Sins. Soon, the members of the company put on the costumes of fifteenth-century peasants for the purposes of especially low and comic delights. There are wonderful effects and images overhead, with the performers, among them the limber instrumentalists, flown around on wires or swinging on trapezes. The cellist, by the way, is limber and then some. The teeming imagination of Miss Clarke and her colleagues is, in this instance, a match for that of the late Mr. Bosch. The details are astonishing, and all of them play. The eloquent lighting was designed, as it was originally, by Paul Gallo; the flying was arranged by Foy.

FOR THE RECORD: "Her Talking Drum," which closed after a very short run at American Place, was conceived by Vinie Burrows. It was composed of poems and selections from poems, most of them by black women poets, which were spoken and performed by three remarkable black actresses. A remarkable woman percussionist named Madeleine Yayodele Nelson, who played African drums and calabash, was more instigator than accompanist. The evening opened in the nightmare of slavery and ended in the nightmare of apartheid, almost the last words being those of Winnie Mandela, with the poets recording along the way, often ironically, the troubles they've seen. The actresses were Miss Burrows, passionate and commanding; Kim Staunton, young and fiery; and Hattie Winston, who, no matter how serious or even lamentable the occasion, cannot help being humorous, seductive, and charming. Scenery by Brian Martin, lighting by Steven R. Jones, and costumes by Judy Dearing—all of them admirable. —EDITH OLIVER

Legal Aid

FAR be it from what Robert Benchley used to call "this department" to get shirty with the Manhattan Theatre Club, but what can it mean when so august an institution presents its subscribers with something as amateurish and lame as Ken Friedman's "Claptrap"? "Claptrap," which aspires to be a sort of spoof of "Deathtrap," is Mr. Friedman's first play, but there are some things even virginity does not excuse. Mr. Friedman's ineptitude as a comic playwright is matched only by the apparent tenuousness of his grasp of the English language. He imagines the words "bereft" and "bereaved" to be synonymous, for instance. (When someone close to you has died, what you are is "bereaved," Mr. Friedman. You have to be bereft *of* something—like judgment, taste, or wit.) The best line all evening came during intermission, from a member of the audience who, when one of the women in his party tripped on the way back to her seat, called out, "Lawyer! Is there a lawyer in the house?" Perhaps he should have called for a playwright. As a consolation prize for having to take part in this dismal event, Nathan Lane, Cherry Jones, Fran Brill, and Tresa Hughes should be given first crack at the next *good* comedy that comes along; audiences should riot, and Joel Polis—who plays the hero—should perhaps consider another line of work.

In the Waiting Room

TOWARD the end of the evening at the Joyce Theatre, Mickey, the hero of "Self Defense," has a fight with one of his clients. The client, a self-confessed thief called Ronnie, accuses Mickey, a public-defense lawyer in the Bronx, of making his living "off a real man's troubles," and goes on to draw an analogy between his own way of life and the attorney's. "We *gotta* do what we do," says Ronnie. "I gotta steal, you gotta be a lawyer." "I'm not a felon," Mickey replies. "You could be," Ronnie says, and, to prove the point, goads Mickey into making a physical assault on him. When the dust has cleared and Mickey has come to his senses, Ronnie says, "You see? Just everybody got a different button. But all you gotta do is push it; it's exactly the same."

"Self Defense" is a first play by Joe Cacaci. If you have never read a book, heard a song, or seen a movie whose general message was that there's no difference between "us" and the people society puts behind bars, you should probably go dashing off to see it. The first of four plays in the Joyce's

American Theatre Exchange, it comes to us from New Haven's Long Wharf Theatre and is directed by Arvin Brown. I found it good-hearted but not very interesting, and not different enough from "L.A. Law" to justify our all coming out to the theatre. Like "L.A. Law," "Self Defense" is more interested in its lawyer protagonist and his disillusionment with the criminal-justice system than it is with the system itself or the plight of any of the lawyer's clients. And Mickey is essentially a whiner. He spends so much time checking his emotional pulse and feeling sorry for himself (perhaps the play should be called "Self Pity") that there's no time o go into any of the issues that the play raises. But then "Self Defense," again like "L.A. Law," isn't really inerested in exploring the issues it aises. It just wants to tell us that they xist.

That the play does not seem to cry out for commercial interruption is due argely to the lighting (Ronald Walace's) and clever staging. And if it oesn't glamorize the legal profession or its practitioners, that's mostly due o good casting and good costuming from Bill Walker): the actors playing awyers look like lawyers, and not like elevision stars. In fact, Mr. Cacaci is particularly fortunate in his cast. (Mr. Brown has done very well by him in general.) Best, perhaps, are Steven Marcus and Charles Cioffi, who, as he belligerent Ronnie and an irascile, foulmouthed district attorney, have the most to work with. Michael Wikes does what he can with Mickey, rying hard to rise above the level of he material, with some success. And here are convincing performances rom Kevin Nova Davis, as a law tudent; from Julia Newton, as an asistant D.A. who gets caught pinching oke from an evidence vault; and from ose Santana, as a Hispanic defendant who does not trust the system and so hooses to plead guilty to a crime he id not commit.

I went to see "Self Defense" the night before the Goetz jury reached its erdict, and found myself musing on why real life sometimes seems so much more interesting than theatre. There s, of course, an age-old connection between law courts and theatre: in the hetoric that both use, in the idea of he agon, or verbal contest, between wo opposing viewpoints, and, most particularly, in the figure of the trial awyer, who is himself a kind of actor—a man whose job it is to convince others of things that he may not necessarily believe are true. One of the problems with Mickey is his earnestness, which—in the face of what we are asked to believe is a long career as a trial lawyer—begins to look feckless. In seven years' experience in the criminal-law courts, it seems never to have occurred to him that playing a role—having to espouse a cause he does not necessarily consider right—is part of his job. The real problem with the play, however, is its underlying hypocrisy. By keeping all the courtroom action offstage and robbing the genre of the (albeit hokey) device that locates dramatic tension in an opposition between the facts of a given situation and some abstract principle that someone wants to uphold, Cacaci really absolves the audience from having to think about abstract principle at all.

"Self Defense" began life as a one-acter—and it shows: the scenes between Mickey and Ronnie that frame the play are the only two that really work as theatre. As a one-act play, "Self Defense" was probably quite provocative; unfortunately, in its expanded version it seems designed to make corporate lawyers feel good about themselves. It brings them into the theatre and sends them out feeling smug about not having chosen to practice criminal law. I'm all for plays that might bring lawyers into the theatre. My worry is that what "Self Defense" has to offer is too little *like* theatre to bring them back.

—MIMI KRAMER

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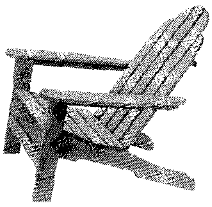

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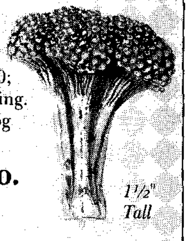

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Broad Strokes

CHICAGO circa 1930—Al Capone's capital of crime—looks so much better than New York City looks right now that local audiences for "The Untouchables" may feel somewhat chagrined. Chicago still has solid traces of Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright, and these and the other architectural remnants of the era that have been refurbished for the movie are a swaggering showcase for the legend that the screenwriter, David Mamet, and the director, Brian De Palma, present. It's the legend of the Prohibition era, and of a gangster who lived like a swell and almost got away with it. Assigned by the federal government to break Capone's hold on the city, Special Agent Eliot Ness (Kevin Costner) is a fresh-faced young innocent who doesn't even understand that bootlegging couldn't flourish without the collaboration of the police, and that the mobsters have bribed the officials, the judges, the mayor. At first, we wonder how anyone could think that this stiff is up to the job (or that Costner is up to playing the role). That's part of the film's plan: Mamet and De Palma want us to recognize that Ness, in his neat gray suit, is too clean to be able to clean up Chicago (and they've worked out how they mean to use Costner's blandness, too).

Ness is inexperienced, but he's dogged. Encountering a smart, ornery veteran cop, Jim Malone (the name rhymes with Capone), he asks the fellow to join up with him. Malone, played by Sean Connery, has had two aims: to stay honest and to stay alive. So he's still walking a beat. But he's sick of watching policemen get their palms tickled, and he starts teaching Ness how the city operates. At this point, the movie picks up. Ness and Malone find two other men who don't owe allegiance to Capone: a rookie-cop sharpshooter (Andy Garcia), who is an Italian-American and regards Capone as a stain on his people, and a small, middle-aged government accountant (Charles Martin Smith), who's an amiable crank with a fixation—he thinks that the gangland chief can be nailed for failure to pay income tax, if only the evidence of his business profits can be found. The movie is about the interaction of these four, and their fight to restore the honor of a corrupted society. They're designed to be true heroes, because they resist corruption in a situation where that takes supreme courage. And they're designed to be entertaining heroes, because they're such an unlikely group.

The Disney moviemakers knew that Snow White alone would be stupefying; she needed the Seven Dwarfs. And Mamet and De Palma know that the way to set off the Waspy-white Eliot Ness, the family man, is to surround him with misfits who are unlike him in everything except loyalty, courage, and a belief in justice. These qualities seem strongest in Connery's Irishman, Malone. At fifty-six, this grizzled Scots actor has an impudent authority that's very like Olivier's, except that Connery is so much brawnier. His performance here is probably his most sheerly likable turn since "The Man Who Would Be King;" it's a far less imaginative role, but he gives it a similar straightforward bravura. Mamet has provided him with lines that have a Biblical simplicity, and Connery delivers them with a resonant underlayer—Malone is always thinking and feeling much more than he's saying. In one scene, this aging man has a fistfight with a heavy, powerfully built white-haired cop on the take; we watch in horror as these two pound each other, and punches land on flesh that has lost its resilience. Somehow, Connery's Malone, while fighting with all his strength, never loses his sense of irony about his opponent's being an old man; his awareness makes the fight a comic horror. In a later scene, Malone, registering in a glance that he has been outfoxed by a killer, makes you feel the full, pulsing force of life in him. It's the force that holds this movie together. It transcends the pitches to the audience that are built into his role—tired gimmickry, like having him carry a St. Jude's medal that is passed along in the group.

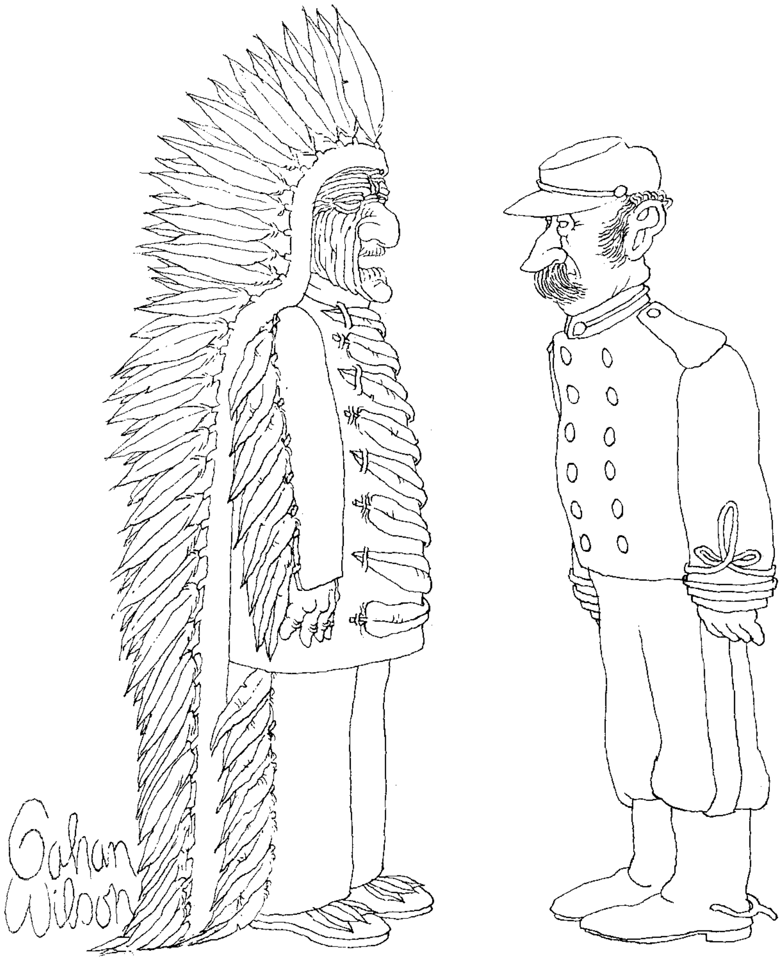
The magnificent wide-screen vistas require a villain on a grand scale, and Robert De Niro's Alphonse Capone is a plump peacock with receding hair and a fat cigar in his mouth who wants everyone to jump at his bidding. He's also a ham who wants to be admired. In the first scene, photographed from overhead, he sits on his barber's-chair throne and is shaved and manicured and shoeshined while reporters ask questions and his underlings laugh appreciatively at his jovial answers. The scene suggests a windbag king's levee, and later, when Capone, surrounded by his retainers, comes down the main staircase of the hotel in which he has his baronial apartments, he exudes opulence. De Niro isn't in many scenes but his impact is so strong that we wouldn't want more of him. Right after Ness's first successful raid of a Capone warehouse (it's in a post office), Capone, in full evening dress stands pontificating about teamwork to his seated lieutenants, also in forma attire. They're at a huge, round banquet table set in a ritzy hall—the table suggests that this is his Camelot (Here, and elsewhere, too, the palatia rooms are reminiscent of the vas spaces in Sergio Leone's "Once Upon a Time in America.") All swanked up, and smiling at his own wit Capone suddenly does something so grotesquely violent that we are as stunned as the men at the table. (Hi victim's crime is that he was in charge of the warehouse that got busted.) A movie doesn't need many scenes as shattering as this one; "The Untouchables" has all it can contain. Capone' stink is palpable. In his box at the opera—it's "I Pagliacci"—he's brimming-eyed from the beauty of it all a the tenor, laughing through his tears sings "Vesti la giubba." Capone's enforcer, Frank Nitti (Billy Drago) comes into the box to whisper that he has carried out his instructions to kil an enemy, and a grin breaks through Capone's beatific expression. When hi lips part, a beam of light bounces of his teeth, and his face is a cartoon o obscene satisfaction. Later, in a courtroom scene, Capone displays a low-comedy belligerence: goaded by Ness he lunges at him like a maddened beast and has to be pulled back. He's ludicrous yet terrifying; he'd pull Ness apart if he could get his hands on him

"The Untouchables" is a dream o gangsters in Chicago. It isn't De Palma's dream, though. This isn't a "personal" movie. He isn't the voluptuary satirist here that he is in "Carrie" or "Dressed to Kill" or the hallucinatory "The Fury;" he isn't the artist that he is in "Blow Out." And "The Untouchables" doesn't have anything comparable to the romantic lushness or the obsessive, sensuous rhythms that Leone brought to "Once Upon a Time in America." The picture is more like an attempt to visualize the public's collective dream of Chicago gangsters; our movie-fed imagination of the past is enlarged and given a new vividness. De Palma is a showman here. Everything is neatly done in broad strokes—the gangsters' bulging bodies in their immaculately tailored suits, the spats and fedoras, the tommy guns and gleaming cars, the gilt on the furniture, the deep, plushy reds of the blood. And the slight unbelievability of it all makes it more enjoyable.

De Palma has been developing a great camera technique, and in this movie—it's his eighteenth—he uses it more impersonally than in the past. He's making a self-consciously square movie. He works within the structure of Mamet's moral fable, and Mamet is a master of obviousness. This writer is all deliberation—his points are unavoidable. Yet his characters have a fullness: you get what you need to know about each one. His dialogue is pointed; it has tension. And the scenes have a satisfying economy. He's a good engineer, and his construction provides De Palma with the basis for reaching a broad audience. De Palma employs this engineering without being false to his own sensibility. He puts almost no weight on Mamet's moralism. (The film isn't at all like the Mamet-Lumet "The Verdict.") De Palma doesn't press down on the scriptural language—he uses it as much for its rhetorical color as for its import—and when Ness makes a speech about how the war with Capone has changed him, De Palma glides over the words.

De Palma's resistance to Mamet's heart-tugging devices results in a neutral tone in some of the scenes. (The mother of a little girl who has been killed by a gangland bombing comes to see Ness to encourage him in his efforts; there are interludes of Ness at home with his wife and small daughter to show us the domestic tranquillity he's trying to protect; and his wife puts little notes in his lunch bags telling him how proud she is of him.) But if De Palma's cool neutrality is infinitely preferable to the cloying emotions that other directors might have piled on to scenes such as the one where the little girl is killed by the bomb (she might have been a bonny little lass), it nevertheless creates dead spots. At times, you feel that he's going through the motions pro forma, in order to preserve Mamet's structure. Yet De Palma takes such pride in camera angles and the organization of the shots that even the dead spots are likely to have some visual life. (The cinematographer, Stephen H. Burum, uses Panavision to spectacular effect. The imagery, though, isn't always backed up by the music; every now and then you wonder what Ennio Morricone's throbbing disco-synthesizer beat is doing in this period.)

De Palma demonstrates his technical command in a stakeout on the marble staircase of Union Station, where Ness and his sharpshooter have gone, hoping to grab Capone's bookkeeper. They've been tipped off that he's going to try to slip out of town, and they know that he'll be escorted by gunmen. A young mother is struggling up the steps with two suitcases and a child in a cumbersome old-fashioned baby buggy. Ness, positioned at the top of the stairs, keeps looking down at her progress, knowing that she's going to be right in the line of fire, and De Palma has the beautiful effrontery to make us experience Ness's anxiety in suspended time, as in the instant of a car's skidding into a tree. He holds sound in suspension, too: the shooting is punctuated by the noise of the buggy as it rolls down, clattering slowly, step by step. The sequence deliberately evokes the Odessa Steps montage in "Potemkin." It doesn't involve crowds and armies, though—only a small number of people—and it isn't meant to be taken as real life. It's a set piece, and when it's over, you want to applaud De Palma for having the nerve to bring it off.



"My people have worked out many, many things to do with feathers."

"The Untouchables" uses only a few historical facts, and embroiders those; it's a rehashing of the 1959-1963 TV series (which starred the imposing, fine-voiced Robert Stack) and of countless movies. But it has a pulp grandeur, like the big, magisterial Westerns made by John Ford. De Palma includes an homage to those epics in a sequence set on the

Canadian border, where a truck convoy carrying liquor is expected, and Ness and his three friends are on horseback, working in cahoots with the Mounties, who are lined up on the horizon. But the follow-through of that lineup image is disappointing, and the sequence wouldn't be very effective if Charles Martin Smith's little, half-bald accountant weren't there to be the hero of the occasion. Smith has never before had the glory moments onscreen that he has here; when he charges the enemy, you feel the joy rise in him, as it does in the gunfighters of "The Wild Bunch." It's a crazily exhilarating performance, helped by the fact that the accountant is no longer young; he never expected to be a hero—it sneaked up on him.

There's no getting around it: though "The Untouchables" is De Palma's only measured film, it's a blood thriller. It works for an audience because of the excitement you feel when the four heroes overcome their misgivings and their tremors, and go in for the kill. The Old Testament language is, finally, preparation and justification for attacking the mobsters with the only means at hand. And when, near the end, Ness arrests the mob's white-suited enforcer, Frank Nitti, and Nitti taunts him, saying that he'll be let out by the courts, and then tells a spiteful lie about Malone, we can see Ness's need to release his anger. The scene is directed so that the audience wants it to happen, *needs* it to happen. Ness says at the beginning that he will do anything "within the law" to destroy Capone's grip on the city; the point of his character is that as he gets to know himself better he learns he'll do more. This is too programmatic. The way Mamet designs his celebration of law enforcement, Ness's giving in to his vengeful impulse completes the plan. It's what is supposed to show that he's human—that he's grown. For some of us, this takes the air right out of his actions, and he's left a little wooden. Mamet doesn't allow the characters enough free will. But, in an impressive, four-square way, he fills out the audience's expectations. He gives you revenge—an eye for an eye—and makes it seem just and righteous. It's a relief when the film doesn't take itself so seriously—when it tosses in such burlesque stunts as a judge's ordering a jury that Capone has suborned to switch places with the jury in the courtroom next door, and then has Capone's counsel changing his client's plea from not guilty to guilty without consulting him. It's as if the stern Mamet had left the room and the kids were playing.

"The Untouchables" is not a great movie; it's too banal, too morally comfortable. The great gangster pictures don't make good and evil mutually exclusive, the way they are here. (Even Ness's deliberate violence, when he turns judge and executioner, is meant to be good: he's carrying out Biblical law.) But it's a great audience movie—a wonderful potboiler, like "I Pagliacci." It's a rouser. And if people laugh and cheer when the gangsters get their heads blown off they're probably not cheering real death. These gangsters aren't the lawless aspect of ourselves—the sly, manipulative part, the killer part. They're just sleazeball monsters.

JACK NICHOLSON entertains himself in "The Witches of Eastwick": he snuffles and snorts like a hog, and he talks in a growl. And damned if he doesn't entertain us, too. As Darryl Van Horne, who describes himself as "your average horny little devil," he has half-closed piggish, insinuating eyes, and his big, shaggy head doesn't look as if it belonged on those small, fleshy shoulders. His wardrobe is an astonishment: it suggests a pasha or a samurai, and he changes garments in the middle of his conversations. He seems to have given more attention to assembling his flowing brocade robes than he ever gave to assembling his body. He's so repulsive he's funny.

The movie wavers between satirizing a hyper-sexed male's misogyny and revelling in it. Directed by George Miller (of the "Mad Max" movies), from a rickety script credited to Michael Cristofer, it's a farce that resembles its source, John Updike's 1984 novel, only in its high gloss, the general outlines of the leading characters, some purloined lines of dialogue, and Darryl's entertainingly uncouth turns of phrase. When Nicholson has a dirty word to deliver, he punts it right into your face. And he has invented some furiously demented slapstick; he's an inspired buffoon. (Nobody is likely to fall asleep at this movie.)

The three women in the fictional New England town of Eastwick—Cher as a sculptor, Susan Sarandon as a cellist and music teacher, Michelle Pfeiffer as a reporter on the *Word*—aren't the busy adulteresses that they are in the novel. They're three good-hearted beauties (a brunette, a red-head, a blonde) who have lost their husbands by death, divorce, and desertion. They're lonely, and they practice a little harmless magic just to keep from being bored. It turns out that their combined longing for a man is potent enough to lure Darryl the lech from New York City. Once ensconced in a comically vast mansion, he seduces each of them, and soon they're all frolicking together in his indoor swimming pool. But though the women are in sexual bliss with Darryl, they're so upset by his cruel tricks (he causes the death of a puritanical local woman, the owner of the *Word*, played by Veronica Cartwright) that they decide not to have anything more to do with him. When he starts punishing them, they turn to witchcraft, in self-defense, to get rid of him. Except for this mechanical structure, nothing is carried through; about half the scenes don't make much sense, and the final ones might as well have a sign posted: "We're desperate for a finish." But even at its trashiest the movie keeps bumping along. It has its moments, such as the townspeople's initial inability to remember Darryl's name.

And those three beauties *are* beauties. Cher, though, mysteriously ravishing as she is, has too many closeups. The camera feasts on her heavy-lidded exoticism for so long that we can't help noticing that she isn't playing a character. And she doesn't relate to anyone else: she might be acting in front of a mirror. Sarandon is more luxuriantly physical, and she makes contact with the other performers—especially with Nicholson, in a scene where he accompanies her cello playing and she gets so hot her instrument starts smoking. Sarandon's huge eyes are made for batting, and she knows it. She has become a terrific comedienne. (A friend of mine says she wears her eyes on her sleeve.) Pfeiffer has less to do, but her kitty-cat comedy style is soft and fluid; she blends right in with the others. They're a supple trio—not a brittle bone among them. Nicholson has waited all his acting life for a harem like this.

—PAULINE KAEL

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At 3 p.m., members of both the House and the Senate will march into a joint session accompanied by fife and drunk. Gov. John Ashcroft will deliver a welcome speech and portions of the Constitution will be read.—*Jefferson City (Mo.) News Tribune.*

With thick tongue, probably.

REFLECTIONS

EXPERIENCING PLACES—II

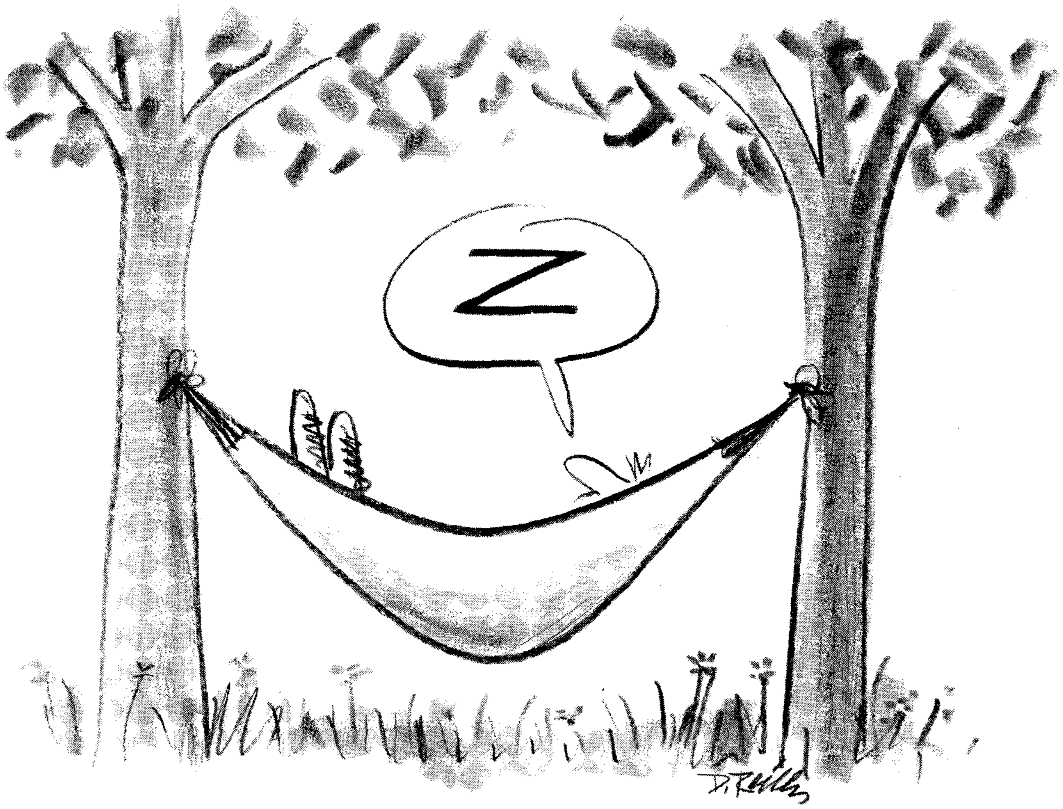
SEVERAL new planning tools allow us to work directly with our experiences of our surroundings—an aspect of human perception which, as we're coming to understand, has a direct bearing on our health and well-being and also affects the economic and social development of our cities and regions. One of the most innovative new tools is a recently developed technique called environmental simulation, which enables planners to look at an area facing development—New York's Times Square, say, or the hundred-plus city blocks constituting San Francisco's downtown office and shopping district—and make a short movie that immediately shows people how changes being proposed there will affect their experiences of the place. If the changes under consideration—new buildings, new uses—will damage or diminish the experiences already available in that place, the movie can also show how the changes may be redesigned to protect or enhance people's experiences.

Twenty-three major sites around Times Square, where most of the buildings date from before the Depression, are now being looked at for immediate redevelopment with huge office buildings and hotels, up to seventy stories high. A simulation film of the Times Square plans which was made in 1985 by Peter Bosselmann, the director of the Environmental Simulation Laboratory, at the University of California at Berkeley—the first research facility of this kind in the country—was able to show that the existing over-all experience in this world-famous place, despite its long, slow decline, still has great strength and vitality. And then the movie demonstrated that it would make both economic and social sense for the city to redevelop Times Square by building on that eighty-year-old experience. At the same time, Bosselmann's Times Square movie also made it clear that unless the zoning rules in effect for this area can be changed in three different ways by late summer or early fall of 1987—before construction can start on any of eleven new buildings in the planning stage—the classic experience of Times Square faces extinction.

So far, the New York City Planning Commission, despite repeated urgings by civic groups led by the Municipal Art Society, has responded favorably to only one of the zoning changes proposed in the Bosselmann film: last December, it voted a requirement that all new buildings around the Square be festooned with bright, festive, gaudy lights and signs, and mandated a setback at about sixth-floor height to accommodate giant signs. But the film points out that new buildings in the Square must also meet two other minimum requirements in order to preserve the existing Times Square experience—they need to have their bulk restricted, a large part of which can be accomplished by including a second setback, at about the twelfth floor, so that sunlight and sky can continue to be seen from the Square; and they need to set aside work space for the businesses that support the theatre industry, such as costumemakers and setmakers. And the Planning Commission, which was supposed to produce a comprehensive plan for the redevelopment of Times Square four years ago, has yet to act on either of these two must items.

Some of the new buildings now being planned for Times Square will contain stack upon stack of huge open floors to accommodate computer operations—such structures have been called "factory offices." All of the buildings could be expected to remain in place for twenty or thirty years, if not longer, and would cost billions of dollars. It cost almost a million dollars just to draft an environmental-impact statement for the area in 1984. Bosselmann's movie, which also surveys the whole area, was made in two months and had a total budget of twenty-five thousand dollars. Environmental simulation, I learned from working as an unpaid and uncredited assistant to Bosselmann on the narration of the Times Square film, can provide a quick, low-cost analysis of development decisions by adapting for planning purposes a discovery about human visual perception that was made years ago by Hollywood special-effects experts (and by cost-conscious Hollywood producers).

Unlike, say, George Lucas, Bosselmann doesn't need to provide nov-



TYPE Z BEHAVIOR

elty or excitement; all he has to do is get in touch with something that is already operating in us—our ability to experience our surroundings. Bosselmann has found that simply by moving the camera around he can make the eyes engage more than one sense. When we can see ourselves not only in a place but also moving through it, things loom up and recede, and we begin to get an internal physical sensation of being near some of the objects we're looking at and distant from others. While it's based partly on the sense of touch—feeling air pressing on our skin as a way of knowing about the volume of the space around us—it's also based partly on visual cues.

So Sim Lab movies keep everything moving. At the same time, the seemingly ordinary stationary objects in the movies—the models themselves—are passing on to people a large part of the detailed visual information that is absorbed during the experiencing of a place. The models of various buildings may be nothing more than photographs pasted on sheets of cardboard, supplemented by cutout photographs of moving crowds of people, tiny trees, and toy cars built for model-train layouts—in fact, just such objects were used in Bosselmann's Times Square film—but what you can take from such bits and pieces once they've become part of a Sim Lab movie is an understanding of such things as how much sunshine and shadow there is in a place; how much sky can be seen; how the place looks at night; whether you can orient yourself in the place; the height, shape, scale, and density of all the buildings in the area; the kind of uses provided by these buildings; the number of people and the amount of traffic in the vicinity; whether there's a sense of openness, any views or vistas or places to stop and just look around; whether there's an over-all sense of security, or perhaps a sense of welcome or delight; how many reasons there seem to be for spending any time at all in the place.

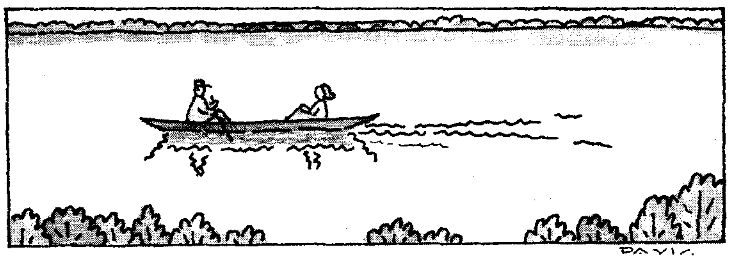
Some architects—those with an unusual combination of abilities—have always been able to feel the experience of a new building before it goes up. Previsualization, as this ability is called, is not something that is taught in schools, and it's often treated as a sort of minor gift that can make work go faster—similar in some ways to a musician's possession of perfect pitch or a politician's ability to remember names and faces. With those architects who have it, previsualization seems to be a matter of doing two things at once: they must be sensitive to their own experiences of places, and they need well-developed powers of visualization. People equipped in this way can look at the plans for a new building and conjure up the completed structure in their minds. They can see themselves standing in front of the building, and can note their own responses.

But probably no one—not even architects who can visualize their own work, and certainly not mayors or planning commissioners—can previsualize the effects that large-scale rebuilding will have on the experiencing of an area, because this means trying to previsualize the cumulative effect on a place of years of change and redevelopment. And so most predictions about the results of full-scale rebuilding are largely guesswork. When the guesses turn out badly, as they frequently do, there is likely to be widespread distress—after the fact—about the loss of a valued experience. People who lived in New York in the early nineteen-sixties, for instance, can still remember the shock they felt when Pennsylvania Station, a railroad station bigger than Grand Central, was torn down for a new station, underground. "Until the first blow fell no one was convinced that Penn Station really would be demolished or that New York would permit this monumental act of vandalism," a 1963 *Times* editorial said in summing up reactions throughout the city. Penn Station, which covered two city blocks, was a gargantuan but exuberant structure—half greenhouse and half Roman arches, and both halves full of light—that made you feel glad you had arrived in New York. The replacement station, cramped and shabby, makes people pull into themselves and hurry through.

The loss of Penn Station and its experience led directly to a new government program in New York. Within a year and a half, the city, responding to popular pressure, established the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission as a permanent city agency, to give some protection to important buildings. In the nineteen-seventies, because of the existence of the Landmarks Commission, efforts to tear down Grand Central, which had been designated a city landmark, were thwarted, and so that building and its experience are still available.

Most American communities now realize that it's possible to have a special concern for older buildings and their experiences without taking attention away from economic and social goals. It has taken far longer to develop the techniques that will let us deal directly with another vulnerable community resource—the experiences that our surroundings provide. But today action can be taken in this field, too: we can identify the important experiences in a community and then maintain and enrich them through successive waves of rebuilding.

One American city, San Francisco, has already taken on the job of looking after its own experiences. A series of films about San Francisco development options that the Berkeley Sim Lab produced over a six-year period for the San Francisco Department of City Planning—films that were shown to San Franciscans on television—helped lead in 1985 to a new plan for downtown San Francisco, which limits the height, the bulk, and the number of new buildings, and the amount of shade they can cast, in order to preserve the existing experience of the area by maintaining its views, its openness, its sunshine, and its low wind speeds. By means of models, the films let residents experience in advance the effects of each development option. The resulting plan makes it the city's responsibility to think simultaneously about its economy, its social programs, its environment, and its experiences. The intent, according to a draft of the plan, is "to make possible appropriate growth but to manage vigorously its effects," by "maintaining San Francisco's renowned environment and character," and "preventing building where change would diminish the city's character or livability but accommodating development that would further the city's economic and social objectives." One



San Francisco planning commissioner has said, "It was the simulation films that let us see what would happen to the city if we stayed with the old zoning—and what kind of zoning we need to get the city we want." Other experiences, in different communities—Times Square among them—lack this kind of care and safeguarding.

TIMES SQUARE, the crossroads of the world, and the place where Broadway opens up to become the Great White Way, has performed three overlapping functions in the life of New York for more than eighty years: it is where people come together, where people go out on the town, where they head just to take a look around. It is the heart of the city: a centrally located open space that is a transportation hub (transit lines feed in from all the boroughs, and the Lincoln Tunnel brings cars and buses from New Jersey), is big enough to hold crowds of several hundred thousand people, and has enough light—more than two hundred miles of neon tubing—to illuminate gatherings day and night.

Times Square is also New York's central entertainment district: the world's largest concentration of legitimate theatres is supplemented by support activities tucked away on side streets or upstairs—dance studios, rehearsal halls, recording studios, costumers, script services, theatrical agents, ticket agents, hardware stores, paint stores, musical-instrument shops. The theatres, most of which went up during the first three decades of the twentieth century, are themselves a major part of New York's inheritance. The designers of these buildings came up with something new, as contemporary architectural historians are now pointing out—a modern form of urban-entertainment architecture. The idea was to build lavishly, colorfully, and gaudily everywhere, inside and out, as a way of extending the atmosphere of the drama beyond the stage—of bringing it through the auditorium, into the lobby, and out onto the street. The effect of these designs is to surround both audiences and passersby with a festive glow.

Many of the theatres are also individual national treasures, with the sight lines of an arena and the acoustics of a concert hall in addition to their exuberant decoration. Broadway performers have compared these theatres with great musical instruments, with Stradivarius or Guarneri violins, for their special ability to fuse the energy of audiences and the emotions of actors into the kind of focussed force that only live entertainment generates. At the old Broadway legitimate theatres, memorable performances have been a continuing reality since before the First World War: Fred and Adele Astaire danced at the Winter Garden, where "Cats" is now playing, and Jolson sang there, and Fannie Brice, and Barbra Streisand *as* Fannie Brice. Sarah Bernhardt, the Marx Brothers, Judy Garland, Bette Midler, and Diana Ross have all played the Palace. The Broadway theatres pull eight million people to Times Square every year all by themselves, and crowded in among the theatres are the area's many other entertainment activities—bars and restaurants, discos and dance halls, night clubs, jazz clubs, a concert hall, hotels, shops and shopwindows, amusement parlors, street musicians, gigantic flashing signs, and twenty-two first-run movie houses that sell more tickets than all the other movie houses in the city put together. Many of Times Square's businesses are family owned, and have been around almost as long as the theatres. Manny's Music Store, where Jimi Hendrix and the Beatles bought guitars, is more than fifty years old, and so is the Broadway Arcade, a meticulously maintained pinball parlor that draws fathers and sons, businessmen, mailmen, Broadway stars, and the best pinball players in the world.

Most of the established businesses in the Square still cater to a middle-class and family crowd, and an increasing number of these middle-class customers are black families, Hispanic families, and Asian families. In the mid-nineteen-eighties, New York City for the first time in its history has a population with a majority—fifty-four per cent—of non-white people, and one of the still largely unnoticed benefits of this change has been that Times Square is now on its way to becoming the first fully integrated American entertainment center.

Times Square is the tourist and visitor center of New York—a function that is rapidly taking on increased importance now that tourism, an industry growing steadily nationwide, has become the largest industry in the city. More than seventeen million visitors now come to New York in a year, and while they're in the city they spend more than two billion dollars and provide work for four hundred thousand people. Because Times Square is one

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of the most widely recognized place names in the world, it's the city's biggest tourist attraction—even though at the moment, once it has attracted its visitors, it doesn't do much about recognizing their existence. The only visitors' center in the area is a trailer on Forty-second Street. New York does not offer tours of the area or backstage tours of the theatres, and there are no signs laying out a tourist trail to link Times Square to other nearby attractions, like Central Park, Fifth Avenue, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Radio City Music Hall, or Macy's.

All three of these principal uses of Times Square have so far managed to survive many years of decay and neglect—forces that have hit Times Square as hard as they have hit any downtown district in the country. One reason these uses have shown such resilience is that the experience of the area, a dynamic one, has remained essentially intact. It has been reduced, it is off balance and calling for help, yet it is still unbroken: all its main components and ingredients are in their original positions. The taste there is now more bittersweet, or more brackish, than the taste at Grand Central or in Prospect Park, but people can still walk through Times Square day or night and pick up a feeling of being in contact with the energy of a whole city.

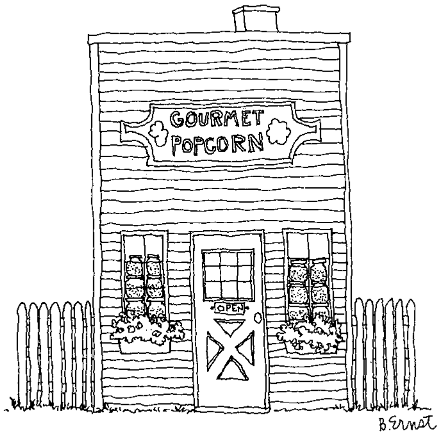
The first thing I noticed on a daytime visit to Times Square this spring was the sun pouring down on me and filling both ends of the intersection. Times Square is not really a square, of course; it is made up of two long triangles touching nose to nose—the triangles formed by the crisscrossing of Seventh Avenue and Broadway. Manhattan's one long diagonal street, Broadway follows Indian trails, Colonial wagon roads, and a fault line. It predates the right-angled Manhattan street grid, and it provides midtown with a series of wedge-shaped open spaces—bow-tie intersections, planners call them—as it angles past the successive north-south avenues. South of Central Park, Broadway's slicing through has created not only Times Square but also Columbus Circle (which has actually been scooped out to form a complete circle), Herald Square, Madison Square, and Union Square.

On city maps, the two Times Square triangles now have separate names: the southern triangle, the one near Forty-second Street, is the official Times Square, while the northern triangle has been renamed Duffy Square, in honor of Father Francis P. Duffy, an Army chaplain and Times Square pastor whose bravery under fire made him a hero of the First World War. But people still use the name Times Square for both triangles, and as a neighborhood Times Square is even bigger: it includes Forty-second Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, a movie-theatre block that has at times been almost overwhelmed by social problems, including drug dealing, vagrancy, prostitution, and con games, and pickpockets, teen-age runaways, homeless families put up in welfare hotels, and small groups of unemployed young men, mostly black and Hispanic, with nowhere to go and nothing to do. The Times Square area also takes in Restaurant Row, on Forty-sixth between Eighth and Ninth, and all the operating legitimate theatres on the side streets off Broadway and Seventh starting at Forty-first Street and stretching up as far as Fifty-third. But the experience of Times Square is generated primarily in the open space in the middle: in the bow tie.

Walking along Forty-fourth Street and emerging into the full sunlight in the Square, I was surrounded by a mixture of warmth, activity, noise, bright colors, and neglect, with openness all around and blue sky and white clouds to my left and overhead. Taxis, cars, buses, and trucks thundered by; large numbers of people moved past busily; a breeze picked up pages from an abandoned newspaper and pushed them along the sidewalk near my feet; and there were bright flashing signs up ahead of me. But for a few moments my attention was elsewhere. Simultaneous sensations of flooding sunshine, extensive openness, and a chunk of blue sky reaching down almost to eye level are so rare in Manhattan outside a park or a penthouse that I glanced up toward the sun to see how long the sunshine part of this could last.

This is one kind of celestial calculation that many New Yorkers learn to make automatically; it amounts to an astronomical equivalent of looking at a parking meter or checking the fuel gauge on a car's dashboard—only, instead of looking at an arrow moving through a semicircle on top of a parking meter to see how many minutes you've got left before the "EXPIRED" sign flips up, you look up at the sun to find out how big a piece of open sky it can still arc through before a building somewhere on the skyline blocks it and throws a shadow over you. Tall, bulky buildings can cast broad shadows for surprising distances, influencing the experiencing of people who never go near them. Right now, the New York developer Donald Trump wants to put up the world's tallest building on Manhattan's upper West Side—a hundred-and-thirty-six-story skyscraper that would be the centerpiece of a new development to be called Television City. This building, if it is ever built, will create shade on the far side of the Hudson River, in New Jersey, more than a mile away.

There are now three modern high-rise towers in Times Square to cast shadows over the area. Two are in the middle of the west side of the Square: One Astor Plaza, a block-long office building rising fifty-four stories straight up, sits next door to a block-long hotel, the New York Marriott Marquis, which rises fifty stories straight up. On the east side, there's a block-long office building that rises thirty-three stories straight up. But when I looked up to check the Square's sun-supply gauge I could see that the tank was still brimming: in the extreme southwest corner of the Square, down by Forty-second Street, two blocks of low buildings, mostly four and five stories high, would continue to let afternoon sun stream into the Square for several hours. Walking north through this protected light, with a feeling that I had a wealth of sunshine to spend, I could see that old four-story and five-story buildings of walkup height are still the norm in Times Square, as they once were all over the city. These often undistinguished small-scale commercial structures, almost all of them built more than half a century ago, remain standing only because in all that time things haven't gone according to plan in Times Square. But I realized as I walked among these modest buildings



that their almost accidental survival has anchored the experience of Times Square for several generations of New Yorkers.

Until the theatre arrived in Times Square, just after this century began, the district was, like other New York neighborhoods, a nomadic operation. While the city's most fashionable residential neighborhood migrated up Fifth Avenue from Washington Square toward Central Park during New York's great nineteenth-century expansion, the theatre district flowed north along Broadway, lighting up one bow tie after another: Union Square in the eighteen-sixties, Madison Square in the eighties, Herald Square in the Gay Nineties. Even during the boom years of theatre construction in Times Square, it seemed reasonable to assume hat after a few years the business would again pick up stakes and head north, this time to Columbus Circle. And one theatre did yet built near the Circle—the New Theatre, a beautiful white marble tructure designed by Carrère and Hastings, the architects of the great white marble palace that serves as the main branch of the New York Public Library, at Fifth Avenue and Forty-econd Street. But the New Theatre was a commercial failure—first as a heatre and then as an opera house. The economy changed, and then the world, the city, and entertainment itelf; rebuilding stopped during the Depression and the Second World War. When building started up again after he war, the island was for the first ime full: there were no empty areas in which to relocate. Consequently, the upper East Side continued to be the best address in town, and the theatre district stayed on in Times Square. And there wasn't much money for putting up new structures even there, because a lot of people had moved to he suburbs and now spent their evenings watching television.

A number of the older buildings around Times Square—office buildngs and hotels—are twelve to sixteen stories high. There's also a medium-sized skyscraper, dating from the nineeen-twenties—the Paramount Buildng, reaching thirty-one stories after seven setbacks. But the very low-rise buildings—the four- or five-story ones—still predominate. In addition to the two blocks in the southwest corner, there are five on as small a scale nearby: one on the east side, in the middle; one due north; and three that stretch up to the northwest, along the Square and beyond it. A fourth block to the northwest is dominated by the eleven-story Brill Building, the original Tin Pan Alley building. Thanks to these blocks of buildings, the principal architectural feature of New York's entertainment district, day and night, is light.

The small buildings create a bowl of light, a mixture of natural light and the bright lights of Broadway. The building heights that let the sun pour in are also just low enough so you see a great sweep of sky and clouds without having to tilt your head back. At the same time, these buildings have proved to be just the right size to serve as the supporting framework for the gaudy—and expensive—advertising signs that Times Square is famous for: there are huge flashing neon signs fastened on the fronts of these buildings, covering their top two or three stories, and neon signs, equally huge, if not bigger, up on their roofs. Almost all the rooftop signs are set at angles to the buildings and streets. This special placement justifies their expense, because angling a roof sign that says "AIWA," "JVC," or "CANON"—Japanese companies are now a major presence in Times Square advertising—gives the name much more visibility: you see the sign long before you walk in front of the building it's on top of.

In Times Square, the angling of the signs has another kind of impact as well; at night, there are thirty-one big signs around the Square reaching for people's attention—so many signs, in so many places, that in the end they seem to band together and surround the area with an unbroken ring of light. The three-dimensional quality of this system of light feels strongest up at the northern end of Times Square, where a sloping stack of roof signs reaches gradually up and away from the Square, over the space of a couple of blocks. First, there's a red-and-white "COCA-COLA" sign, on top of a low building at Forty-seventh Street. Above and behind it, a red, white, and gold "SUNTORY ROYAL" sign (Suntory Royal is a Japanese Scotch) hovers over the back of the same building at a greater height. Finally, in the next block north, a two-hundred-and-fifty-foot-high all-white "SONY" sign rises high above a ten-

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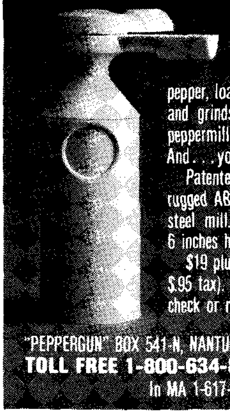
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story building, almost like a snow-capped peak in the distance. This dramatic sequence of cascading signs frequently appears on postcards of the Square.

Walking north through the Square, I found myself ducking out of the moving crowd just north of Forty-sixth Street to stand beside the statue of George M. Cohan. I had a feeling that I wasn't yet in touch with all the sensations reaching me, and although I had no sense of danger, I could see that I couldn't just do what is so easy to do in a place like Grand Central Terminal or Prospect Park; that is, slip almost automatically into a greater awareness of how the major ingredients of a place work together and what they bring to people. It took me a while, as I stood beside the statue, to realize that this was because here in Times Square I was getting a first lesson in how to repair damaged experiences.

The statue of Cohan, which shows him carrying his straw hat and his cane, is on a traffic island, a concrete triangle in the middle of the northern end of the Times Square bow tie. The statue is near the southern point of the triangle, and on the rest of the traffic island are a couple of flagpoles, a statue of Father Duffy, some concrete tubs holding flowers and small trees, the TKTS booth, for half-price Broadway theatre tickets, and several rows of metal stanchions, used to organize the people who line up for tickets. A few of the stanchions have been placed so that they also fence off the Cohan statue from the sidewalk, and an unintended result of this is to make the two or three feet of space right around the statue the closest thing Times Square has to a sheltered, quiet spot.

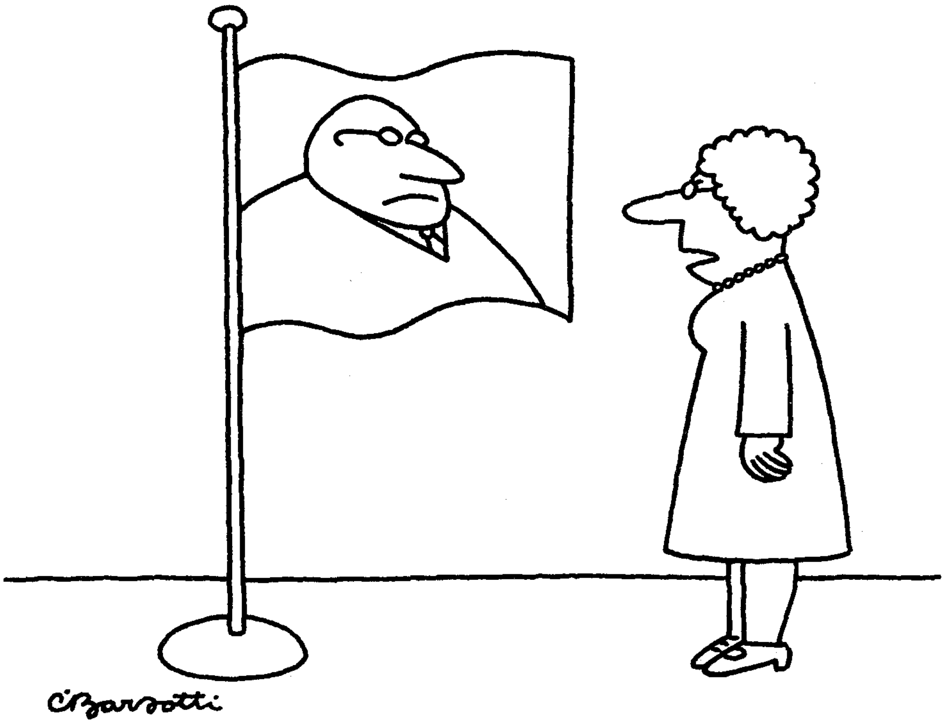
You can't sit down—there's no public seating anywhere in Times Square—and you have to scramble around the stanchions in order to get close to the statue. But once you're there you've moved a full two steps away from all the activity swirling through the Square—enough of a distance in this kind of space to confer a feeling of privacy. Every so often, I had to step sideways for a few moments, so that people on the other side of the stanchions could take pictures of the statue. The rest of the time, I wasn't in anybody's way, so I was free to take a long look at what I was experiencing—at my reactions to my surroundings.

You can see a lot of Times Square's light and openness from the Cohan statue. The cascading signs of the north end begin a block away. Right across the street to the west is the first of the four blocks of lower buildings along Broadway, three of which extend beyond the Square to the northwest. In addition, I found I could look straight up Seventh Avenue as far as Central Park, which showed up as a small blob of green more than half a mile away; when I turned around and looked down Broadway, I could see a corner of the garment district. I could feel a slight breeze in my face, and the breeze was also rustling the leaves of the little trees in front of me. And sunshine continued to pour down on me pleasantly. Standing in this warmth, I took a good look at the low buildings along Broadway, and realized that from the center of the Square these small buildings seem to be much farther away than just across the street. At this point, one part of what I was experiencing began to make better sense to me: although Times Square isn't as big or as formal or as carefully planned an open space as, say, the Grand Army Plaza in Brooklyn, it has an unusual feeling of welcoming spaciousness that isn't to be found at the Brooklyn plaza or at any other New York intersection. It gives you a sense of being protected, because it conveys the impression that there's room enough here for all. And it's because of this feeling of roominess that tens of thousands of people can jam into the two smallish triangles of Times Square and yet not feel crowded.

Times Square's spaciousness, like Times Square's bowl of light, is a product of small-scale buildings, light, and sky. You can see how these three ingredients work together to convey the impression of roominess by taking a walk through the Square toward the end of a sunny afternoon—as I did half an hour later. By that time, I had picked up a better understanding of some of the contributions that each one of these elements can make to roominess. Standing at the statue, I had begun to see, first, two things that sunshine by itself does to make nearby buildings seem farther away. One of them is a purely visual effect: sunlight was making the actual volume of space around me into a visual object. It's something like the effect of throwing dye into a river in order to see the shape of currents in the water. In this case, it was a matter of sunlight reflecting off the dust in the air, and so making the air seem to be charged with light, and showing it as a three-dimensional form. As I came to realize this, openness took on more of a presence, with the consequence that buildings, high and low, seemed to keep their distance; for now there was a sun-filled block of air between me and them.

At the same time, I was responding to the touch of the sunlight on my skin; I could sense both heat and something like weight, or pressure. Because this force from ninety-three million miles away can come right up to our own outsides, the sun can seem to be the closest thing around, and then everything else, even sun-filled air, begins to seem slightly farther away—somewhere on the other side of an enveloping glow.

Like the sun, the great expanse of open sky over the Square seemed to be putting me at my ease: it was giving me an enlarged sense of where I was. The small buildings around Times Square, in addition to not disrupting sunlight and views of the sky, reinforce the impression of roominess by encouraging in people a sense of buoyancy of the kind found on return visits to grade-school classrooms. It's a sensation, I would say, that's built out of three feelings: self-confidence, a feeling of safety, and a feeling of being the right size. When I went back—as a grownup—to my fourth-grade schoolroom, my initial reaction was surprise: It's so small! And then came the sense of buoyancy. The words in my head were: I can handle this. Part of this response was just hindsight, a realization that if I'd known more—about people, about decimal points—I could have coasted through fourth grade (or some of it). I was also feeling reassured just because I was no



"Ogden, you're taking yourself too damn seriously."

longer being dwarfed by my surroundings.

This sense of buoyancy is deliberately evoked at Disneyland, where all the buildings are scaled down to something like seven-eighths size. This is not enough of a reduction to make the buildings look like miniatures, but I've noticed at Disneyland that even this slight shrinkage does have the effect of helping people relax and feel more in control of their circumstances. In Times Square, the sense of buoyancy complements the effects produced by the sun and the sky, and together these make it possible for people to feel spaciousness within themselves as well as around themselves.

What would Times Square be like without its roominess? When I left the Cohan statue to walk back south through the Square, the center of the Square—the knot in the bow tie—was sitting in a late-afternoon shadow cast by the two modern fifty-or-more-story buildings on the west side of the Square. The transition as I stepped into the shadow, with the two high rises straight ahead of me, was as striking as any engineered by an environmental-simulation movie. I hadn't been thinking much about the two big buildings as I walked toward them through the sun, because, like the small buildings in the Square, they seemed to be at some remove from me; my sense of them, before I reached their shadow, was that despite the long blank walls they presented to the street and their huge size—which was already cutting off a large part of my view of the sky—the Square could somehow absorb both of them.

As soon as I reached their shadow, however, the two buildings had almost all my attention: with the sunlight gone, they seemed to push forward, almost to lunge toward me, and at the same time I suddenly became aware of their height and weight up above me, hanging down over the Square. A few moments later, I was chilled by a sharp gust of wind pushed downward by the building nearer me, the Marriott hotel. This transition is something new in Times Square—the Square never had two adjacent skyscrapers until the hotel was completed, in September, 1985—and both it and the hotel have attracted harsh comments. "Walking north on Seventh Avenue from Forty-second Street, I felt the weather suddenly get warmer and brighter and the emotional temperature likewise improve: I'd just emerged from the shadow of . . . the Marriott," one New Yorker wrote in to the Municipal Art Society recently. And Paul Goldberger, the architecture critic of the *Times*, has written, "The Marriott is a hulking, joyless presence, looming over the one part of New York that, whatever its problems, always used to walk with a spring to its step."

The central experience that Times Square has had to offer is, I think, energy in action—a sense that here, in this one place, the energy of an entire city is on display. It's like a window overlooking the engine room of an ocean liner, or a cutaway view of a dynamo. Thanks to Times Square's sunlight and openness, this energy does not feel overpowering and threatening but, rather, like an abundance, a surplus, readily available, constantly replenished, the city dweller's secret asset, and yours to tap into and use—to walk a little more briskly, or whistle a tune, or exchange a smile, or lift up your spirits, or what you will.

At night, when the patterns of motion are different in the Square, the feeling of available energy intensifies. Now there's no sun, no birds, no views of the working of the winds; instead, the great neon signs have surrounded the Square with flashing light. If, during the height of the theatre season, you were to head for the Cohan statue just before curtain time—at around a quarter to eight—and stand there for a minute while taxis and theatregoers push past on all sides, you might feel the pulsing light of the signs already at work inside you. As one New Yorker recently put it, "the switch that turns on the lights seems to turn on a light within."

WHY, then, if there is such a strong, enduring, and invigorating experience at the heart of Times Square, does it now take so much time and effort to get the full taste of it? Is there some kind of interference at work—apart from the Marriott hotel and the other skyscrapers, which have only a localized effect on the way the Square is experienced—and is it something that we could diagnose and deal with? Standing at the Cohan statue, a stroller can clearly see that the most common explanation of Times Square's troubles—the idea that the Square is awash in pornography and overrun by "undesirables"—provides only a small part of the answer, although it does suggest why some people may avoid the Square altogether. In the first place, there isn't much pornography left in Times Square: "adult" bookstores, peep-shows, and theatres showing hard-core pornographic movies, which did proliferate in the Square in the late nineteen-sixties, have been in decline over the past five years or so, and today they account for just nineteen, or four and a half per cent, of a total of four hundred and thirty retail businesses in the Square. From the Cohan statue, for example, only one such place is visible.

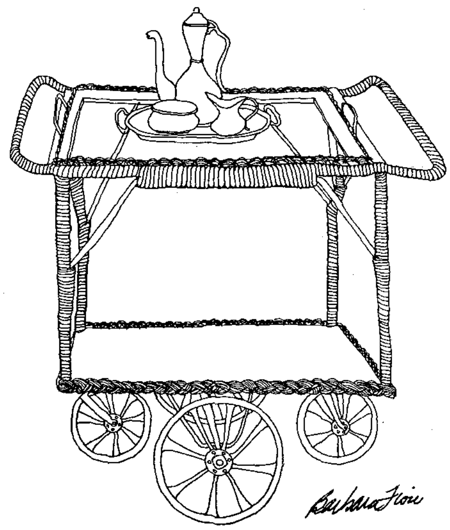
Kevin Lynch, a highly regarded city planner who taught for many years at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was able to show, in an innovative book called "The Image of the City" (1960), that the "mental maps" of our home towns which we all carry around with us have a lot more precision and detail if we live in places that offer us richly detailed and well-defined experiences. (In his famous example, a typical mental map of Boston was an intricate diagram, and a typical mental map of Jersey City was practically a blank.) That Times Square's reputation as a pornography center has lived on despite a quietly effective cleanup effort suggests that in times of rapid change our mental maps of places quickly get obsolete. Certainly if we're not in the habit of checking up on the experiences around us, we will be slow to recognize either a deteriorating environment or one undergoing a process of renewal.

The question of the so-called undesirables is a little trickier. Many of the unsolved social problems that have always been part of the city spilled over into Times Square years ago: derelicts, pickpockets, con artists, prostitutes, and gangs of unemployed young men all got there long before the upsurge of pornography shops, in the late sixties. People from newer problem groups, such as drug dealers and teen-age runaways, got to the Square around the same time pornography did, and it was this combined arrival that gave Times Square the reputation of being a dangerous place. In the years since, members of still newer problem groups have now reached the Square—homeless families being sheltered in welfare hotels around the Square, and homeless mentally ill people, who wander the streets in unprotected distress. As a result, although there is now less crime in the Square than there was in the nineteen-seventies, the notion of danger has not yet declined to the extent that the danger itself has declined.

But if fear is *only one* part of the interference at work in Times Square, how do we get at the rest of it? Thinking of Times Square for a moment as an object in a living museum enables us to see that there are three kinds of things that could interfere with our experience of it: the experience could be diminished if spectacular or essential or well-liked components of it are taken away; it could be weakened or contaminated, or even poisoned, by the addition of inappropriate elements; or it could get out of balance if some of the signals were very strong or raucous, because people would have a hard time broadening the sweep of their attention to bring all of what they were experiencing into conscious focus.

If you stand at the Cohan statue and keep this kind of checklist in mind, you can see that Times Square is now suffering from all three of these difficulties. For example, two of the gaudiest and most dramatic of the Times Square signs, the famous Pepsi waterfall and the equally famous Camel man, are gone, one of them replaced by a much plainer sign, the other replaced only by a piece of wall. The Camel sign dated from the nineteen-forties; the Pepsi sign from the nineteen-fifties. The Pepsi sign featured a three-story-high real waterfall, almost a block long, that constantly recycled ten thousand gallons of water. The waterfall was flanked by two five-story-high Pepsi bottles, and all three perched thirty feet over Broadway and were drenched with a million watts of illumination. The Camel man, a block to the south, was only a gigantic painted head with a hat that was changed from time to time, but he had a round, perpetually open mouth that blew a perfect smoke ring of steam every twenty seconds around the clock.

At the same time, Times Square is both filthy and dilapidated: the streets and the sidewalks are dirty, fences and trash baskets are dented or mangled, and many property owners, who have been waiting for four years to see whether the city will get around to adopting a comprehensive plan for the future of the area, have simply abandoned any attempt at maintenance. Deliberate neglect, as a number of unscrupulous developers have discovered over the years, has a powerful perceptual effect: dirty, broken, or boarded-up windows, peeling paint, and a sagging cornice are painful to look at; consider the word "eyesore."



And the Times Square experience is also ill-balanced. The Cohan statue is just about the only place where you can stand still; the noise of the traffic batters at you constantly and distracts your attention, especially since there's no waterfall to drown it out with a more soothing sound. And, in addition to all this, in front of several of the neglected or abandoned buildings on the edges of the Square—of world-famous Times Square, the center of the richest city in the Western Hemisphere—the stench of urine, until you hurry past it, is almost overwhelming.

WHAT is the remedy for Times Square, or for any place where a valuable experience is threatened or needs repairing? Perhaps the first thing we need to do is simply to get used to the idea that, with the help of environmental simulation and several other new planning techniques—such as those being developed by Project for Public Spaces, a nonprofit New York City research-and-consulting group and by Toni Sachs Pfeiffer, an American filmmaker currently working in Bonn—we now have enough basic understanding of people's experience of places to begin to be able to protect and enhance the experiences that interest us. Just as, earlier in the century, it was found that after the discovery of sulfa drugs and antibiotics people only gradually adapted themselves to the fact that doctors could now actually cure a whole range of diseases, so today most people—including most planners, architects, developers, and mayors—have not yet formed the habit of expecting cities to know how to care for the experiences of places.

A long-term solution to Times Square's problems could emerge from a new effort to regear the city's economic strategy so that it can give as much emphasis to developing tourism as it does to the further development of the service economy: banking, law, insurance, financial services, and real estate. During the Reagan years, all American cities have had to scramble to find new funds, because of drastic cutbacks in federal and state spending

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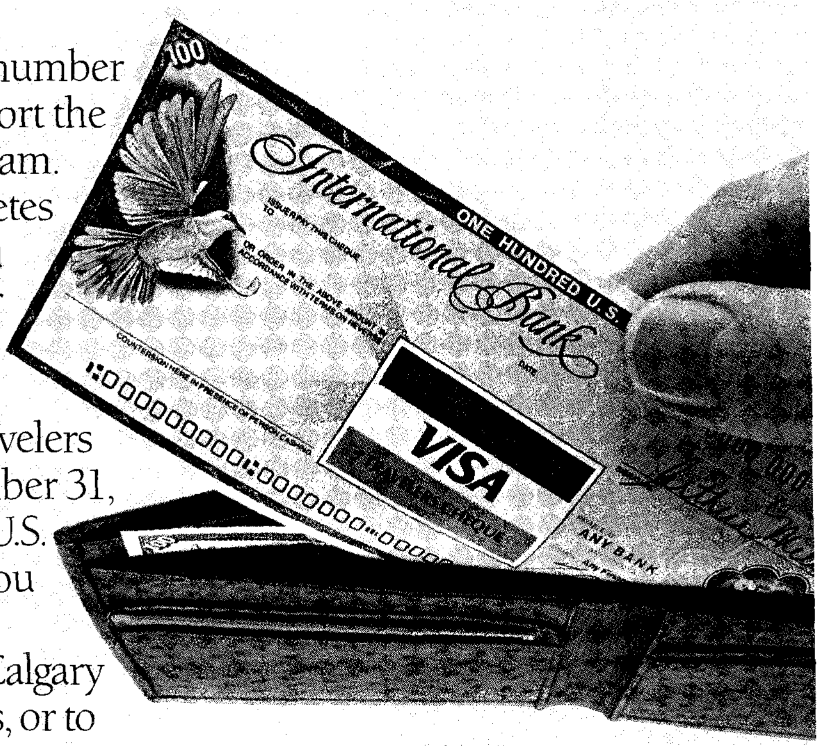

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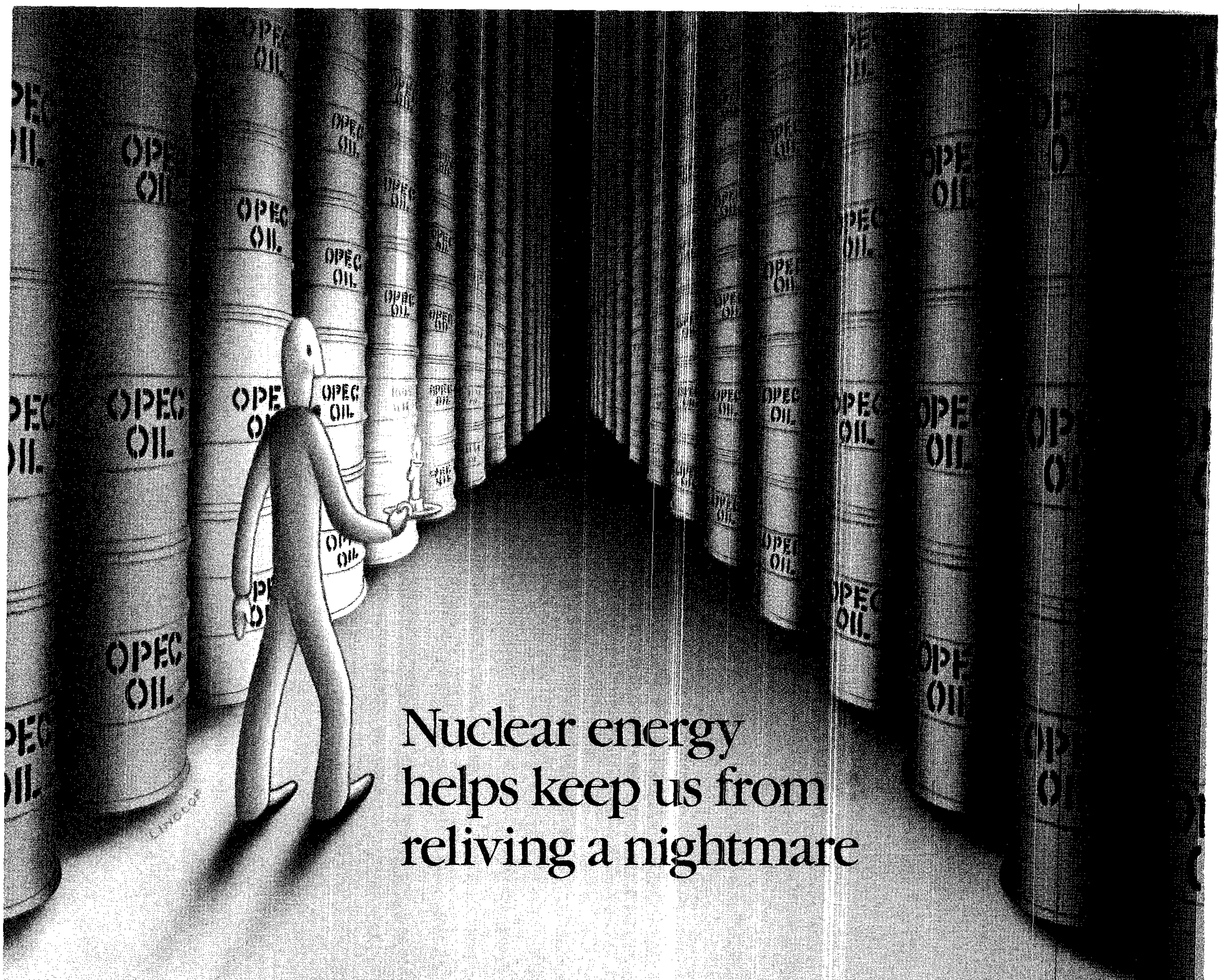

Nuclear energy helps keep us from reliving a nightmare

The 1973 Arab oil crisis is a haunting reminder of the darker side of foreign oil dependence. Since then, America has turned more to electricity from nuclear energy and coal to help restore our energy security. As a result, these are now our leading sources of electricity and a strong defense against an increasing oil dependence that again threatens America's national energy security.

A dangerous foreign oil dependence

America imported four million barrels of oil a day in 1985. Last year that increased by another 800,000 barrels a day. The danger? Most of these new barrels come directly from OPEC. And the U.S. Department of Energy estimates that by year-end 1987, oil imports will be 30% higher than the 1985 level—an ominous trend.

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Nuclear electricity's contribution

America's electric utilities have helped diminish OPEC's impact. Today, over 100 nuclear plants make nuclear energy our second largest electricity source, behind coal.

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The lessons we learned in 1973 are lessons we can't afford to forget. Nuclear energy and coal can't offer us guarantees against another oil crisis. But the more we hear about the return of OPEC dominance, the more we need to remember the critical role played by electricity from coal and nuclear energy in fueling America's economy and protecting our future.

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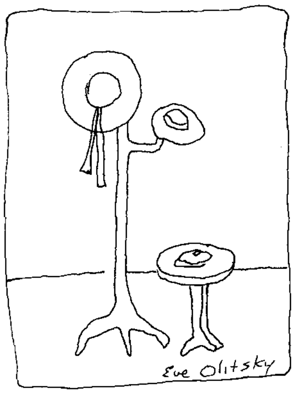
on urban services. New York's first attempt at solving this problem has concentrated on assisting the service industries by putting up as many new office buildings as possible: seventy-five new office towers have gone up in Manhattan just since 1980, which is like adding downtown Dallas to downtown and midtown New York. The new buildings have increased the city's tax base for the time being, but one problem with this solution is that tourism is now the largest industry in the city—and also the fastest-growing industry in the city—and tourists don't like to visit office districts. Their interests, as planners like to point out, are in seeing safe, beautiful, interesting places—places that afford vivid and memorable experiences. The gradually dawning realization in the financial community is that unless New York starts to safeguard and polish its experiences of places the New York City tourism industry won't have a product to offer visitors.

All the new planning techniques could play a part in maintaining and enriching the experience of Times Square as part of a revamped New York City economic development strategy. Peter Bosselmann's environmental-simulation movie about the Square has already made it plain how vulnerable the experience is to unsympathetic new development. His pictures of what the Square will look like if —as is currently planned—skyscrapers with only a single setback replace all the low and medium-sized buildings in the area show clearly that the Square is even now at the saturation point in terms of its ability to absorb conventional high-rise construction without causing a drastic change in the existing experience. When you watch the movie, you can see that the Square's sense of openness will disappear if even one additional high-rise tower of this type is built anywhere around the Square, and most of its sunlight will be blocked off if one or two of these high rises replace some of the low buildings near the southern end of the Square.

The experience could be redesigned and also actively managed in ways that go far beyond simple rezoning.

Toni Sachs Pfeiffer, who is known, among other things, for design improvements that have dramatically increased the numbers of people who flock to the Hauptwache, one of the major central public spaces in the city of Frankfurt, says that there are two basic needs to meet in order to enhance the experience of a public open space. First, she has found that people's sense of security in a public space is "spatially anchored": each user has to be able to find some space within that place—a little niche where he or she can stand or sit without being bothered by other people and without getting in anyone's way. (For me, in Times Square that space was next to George M. Cohan's statue.) If you can't find such a space, she points out, you'll start to feel insecure and as a result threatened by the other people around you, whatever they are doing or not doing. Second, she says, people need reasons for going to a place, and the more reasons they have, the more secure they feel and the more time they'll spend there; they'll visit more often, and they'll make longer visits.



For Pfeiffer, there are two sorts of reasons for spending time in a public space: passive reasons, like standing and looking around at people, or sitting and reading and eating a sandwich; and active reasons, like talking to people, or asking for information, or buying a book or a sandwich or a drink, or taking a photograph, or meeting a friend. When Pfeiffer works on a space, she tries to cram in as many niches and as many reasons for being there as she can. While other West German cities have spent substantial sums on neighborhood rehabilitation, the city of Frankfurt has concentrated on upgrading its major public open spaces.

In the process, the city has changed radically. From being a stodgy, uninteresting banking and industrial city—and barely a city, at that—it has come to be generally considered a real city, with a complex metropolitan character and with a certain dash. Perhaps as a result, Frankfurt is growing, and retail sales in its downtown business district have been increasing. "People want to come in regularly to cities, not just once," Pfeiffer says. "That is, they want to have a reason to come in regularly. And if you can get them to come and spend time they'll start to spend money, too. Each time they visit, they'll buy something—a lipstick or a T-shirt—and then they'll go eat."

Pfeiffer's understanding of how public places function is a product of a unique observing technique she has worked out—one that, for the first time, allows people to study the totality of uses and experiences that occur in a public place. Pfeiffer's technique, which she sometimes describes as "becoming a space"—she means getting to know a place as well as it could know itself—was developed in the nineteen-seventies, when the German National Railways hired her to make a study of how six of its main center-city stations were being used. Train ridership was decreasing, and railway officials were worried that this might be connected to a growing feeling that "undesirables," which meant primarily Turkish, Yugoslavian, and other foreign workers living in German cities, were loitering in the stations, and perhaps even taking them over. Pfeiffer's approach was to photograph comprehensively events and interactions in the stations over a period of several months. She and her co-workers took sixty-thousand photographs, and ten people then worked for two and a half years analyzing them.

The results were astonishing. In the first place, it was found that the Turks and other foreign workers posed no threat to anybody. Although they had been thought of as dominating the stations, their actual numbers in the stations, as a percentage of the total number of people there, were exactly the same as their actual numbers as a percentage of the population of the city—which they were not thought to be dominating. The reason for the misperception in the stations was this: the foreign workers were poor and lived in old buildings downtown, where the stations were; they had few meeting places of their own, so they used the railroad stations—the nearest public spaces—as places to wait for friends; the best place to wait for people was inside, next to the main doors; unlike travellers, who hurried through the doors, the foreign workers had to stand around until their friends got there; consequently, the only people that travellers noticed as they entered the stations were foreign workers, and they also noticed that the foreign workers were not moving, so to them the stations were full of loitering Turks, Yugoslavs, Greeks, and Portuguese.

But that wasn't the big news. Careful examination of the photographs showed that many of the presumed travellers were not travellers at all but people who had nothing else to do with their time and spent their days, week after week, walking in and out of the railroad stations. Pfeiffer called these people the "profis," for "professional railroad-station users." No one—not travellers, station attendants, or railroad officials—had ever noticed the profis, because they kept moving, just like real travellers. According to Pfeiffer, at least twenty-five per cent of the people in the stations stayed there between six and sixteen hours every day.

Since this pioneering study, which revealed the existence of a large, hidden population of isolated and lonely people, Pfeiffer has refined her research techniques to include extensive interviewing of people who use the spaces she's concerned with and asking them to draw or take photographs of what they find important about the spaces. In studying a variety of places, among them working-class residential neighborhoods and major downtown plazas, Pfeiffer has turned up a vast amount of material indicating that the organization of space organizes people's experiences and much of their behavior—including, startlingly, whether they feel that they are allowed to interact with one another and with their surroundings, and whether they will assume responsibility for maintaining some part of the places they use, by watering a street tree, say, or weeding a planter. Pfeiffer continues to discover hitherto unknown phenomena, like the "third skin," which is the sense that she says many German housewives have of their neighborhoods. (The first skin is their own; the second skin is their family; the third skin is the area in which they know everybody.) She hopes ultimately to show how we can design places that will encourage people to take on purposeful behavior—so that they will spend their days caring for their streets and planting trees instead of entering and leaving railroad stations.

WHEN the city of Frankfurt hired Pfeiffer to look at the Hauptwache, a major intersection in a sparsely used commercial district at the center of the city, with a subway station and a large underground pedestrian passageway lined with shops—"a hole with staircases," Pfeiffer has called it—her initial assignment was quintessentially German. Because city officials had noticed litter in the Hauptwache passageway, she was asked to investigate the *Subjektive-Schmutzbereitschaft* of the Hauptwache—the "subjective willingness to make dirt" of its users.

Pfeiffer took time-lapse photography throughout the hole and spent months identifying and interviewing all its user groups, from shoppers to beggars. The passageway was crammed with huge "elephant feet" columns, as she called them, which were there to hold up the street above. The columns not only created a network of blind subspaces in very small alleyways but also were disorienting: you couldn't see the length of the space, and there was no way of telling where you were in relation to the street. Even the police got confused there. The physical layout of the space, in other words, made people feel insecure. But people didn't say this. What they said was "It's a very dangerous place." In reality, only three crimes a month took place in the Hauptwache, yet it began to be known as the second most dangerous place in town—next to the area around the railroad station. And this reputation began to attract new users, such as derelicts, the homeless, and lunchtime adventure seekers.

Pfeiffer and her team told Frankfurt's city planners that it was possible to help people to use the Hauptwache as the new center of the city—by making two sorts of changes: tearing open the roof around the main entrance, so that people downstairs in the subway station could see what was happening up above them on the street, and installing a color-coded orientation system in the station, so that people could always tell where they were. At the same time, they could devise all sorts of niches to accommodate all the people who had been using the passageway. When these changes were in fact made, the result was that shopping increased and the drifters stayed put, but now shoppers and drifters no longer felt intimidated by the presence of the other. Frankfurt has a new and functioning city center, and the Hauptwache is also cleaner now that it is more heavily used: the heightened feeling of security seems to have permanently sapped any will to besmirch. "As soon as people begin to spend time regularly in a space, they begin to take care of it," Pfeiffer found.

A few blocks from Times Square in New York is a cheerful little public park, on the edge of Rockefeller Center, that is heavily used all day long, by office workers, shoppers, mothers and children, teen-agers and middle-aged and older people. It contains trees and flowers, tables, chairs and benches, a food stand, a security guard, and, along one wall, a waterfall. Ten years ago, Exxon Park, as it is known, had much the same kind of equipment—trees, flowers, seating, security patrols, food service, and a waterfall—but in those days the park was empty most of the time, and aside from some young men with loud radios its two most frequent patrons were drug dealers, one of them up by the front gate and the other down by the back gate.

The primary difference between then and now is that in the late nineteen-seventies a team of space doctors, as they sometimes like to call themselves, from New York's Project for Public Spaces—three people who are by training a geographer, a city planner, and a landscape architect—studied the park for Rockefeller Center, shut it down for two months, and, in that interval, rearranged and redesigned its various components. "What we've found is that you can have all the necessary ingredients for a good park and still not generate any users," says Fred Kent, the geographer, who has served as the president of P.P.S. for twelve years—during which the firm has worked on projects in seventy-five American cities. "In fact these wonderful elements can actually be repelling people. The trick is to arrange all the parts of a park so that people can see all of them and use them and also have spots that give them a feeling of privacy. When you do this, all of a sudden a place feels more comfortable to be in, and that feeling acts as a magnet. A healthy mixture of people doesn't just happen by itself anymore. But now we're capable of creating healthy mixtures in any kind of place."

Exxon Park is an L-shaped park that was built in the nineteen-sixties. In its original design, the long leg of the L, which stretches between Forty-ninth Street and Fiftieth Street, was left relatively open, and as a result it was used principally as a shortcut between the two streets, so people moved through it swiftly, and didn't linger. The food stand was hidden in a corner behind the waterfall—you couldn't see it from either Forty-ninth or Fiftieth. Also, its prices were high, and it offered no quick takeout food. When the drug dealers first appeared in Exxon Park, Rockefeller Center tried to box them out by putting up heavy fences along both Forty-ninth and Fiftieth. Now you couldn't see into the park at all except through a narrow gate at either end, and still fewer people used t. One small area near the waterfall attracted a few mothers and children and older people, and their presence convinced the P.P.S. team that there was a potential for a broader variety of park users.

The P.P.S. analysts focussed coniderable attention on the park's two drug dealers and realized that these men had staked out for themselves the wo spots in the park that were most visible from the street. So P.P.S. deided to put a food-vending cart in the busier of those two spots—out by the ront gate. That cart now does a roarng business. P.P.S. also scattered tales and chairs throughout the park, nd put a second food cart in the middle of the park. This served three purposes: it slowed down people who wanted to use the park as a crosswalk; it made tables and chairs something you could see from the street; and it reated more pools of privacy.

P.P.S. also opened up the fence by dding a second gate to it. This gave eople walking by the park on Fiftieth treet two chances to look inside as hey went past, instead of only one. Before the redesign, when people did glance inside the park all they got was quick glimpse of a rather bleak exanse, and for the most part they just kept on going, without slackening heir pace. Now, however, when pasersby looked inside the first gate they aw greenery, two food carts, tables, hairs, and other people, and the result was that many of the walkers started o slow down to get a better view. And when they did this, often enough it brought them to a halt directly in ront of the second gate—at which point a number of them would decide o go right on into the park.

William H. Whyte, who has studied this slowing-down process, calls it "window shopping," because it's the same thing that happens outside a department store. In the case of a park or a plaza, he says, it serves as the mechanism that allows the life of the street to flow into an adjacent open space. And Fred Kent points out an additional reinforcing phenomenon that's also at work—the "shill effect": when people see that other people have stopped to look at something, they tend to stop and look at the same thing, whatever it is. Exxon Park now draws crowds every day—a lunchtime crowd of office workers and a neighborhood crowd of older people who use it all day long.

THE managements of privately owned public areas, like theme parks and shopping malls, see the maintenance of such areas as a routine part of day-to-day operations. At Disneyland, for example, no piece of trash spends more than fifteen minutes lying on the street. But so far there isn't really any watchdog group that devotes itself to speaking up for the experience of some public area not under one ownership—although there is one parallel development of a sort. In many theatrical productions, the director and the actors are supplemented by a dramaturge. While the actors think about their parts and the director concentrates on shaping a performance, it's the dramaturge's role to look out for the play itself, and make sure no one moves away from what the playwright originally had in mind.

Where such a thing is possible, a watchdog group—let's say, a new organization called the Times Square Conservancy—might eventually go the dramaturge one better: by sending an experience, in this case the Times Square experience, back for rewrite. The Conservancy could take on responsibility for improving the experience of the Square and for monitoring any improvements made: one early Conservancy task, for example, would be to compile an inventory of lost elements in the Times Square experience and work for their restoration—in addition to the lost rooftop signs, this list would include things like the spectacular old low-cost restaurants that used to pull people to the Square, such as a giant Automat and a pancake house that kept a chef up in the front window flipping flapjacks. Another Conservancy job would be to scour the country for new ways of making illuminated signs—such as laser projections or light sculptures—or new ways of making movie theatres more exciting (such as lobby projection units that can simulate a rain forest or a lunar landscape), and see to it that these innovations receive Times Square installations.

And every experiential watchdog group will have to make sure that none of the corners of an experience get inadvertently knocked off by a city crisis. Periodically, the city hatches an emergency plan to cope with some shortage or head off some danger, and because these plans usually don't include assigning someone to put things back to rights when the emergency has passed, supposedly temporary procedures are in many cases extended indefinitely. In the past, without any advocacy group available to assure the continuity of the experiences of places, people have often started to forget that some experience is still crying out for repair, and newcomers to the city, people who have arrived after the damage was done, may never even get to know that something is now missing from the city. For instance, in the mid-nineteen-seventies, during the oil crisis, the city cut back on energy consumption, and one casualty was the small electric time and temperature sign on top of the *Newsweek* tower, on Madison Avenue at Forty-ninth Street, which now was shut down at eight P.M. instead of flashing twenty-four hours a day. Later, as oil prices came down, skyscrapers uptown and down that had never before been anything but black silhouettes all night became bathed in ornamental floodlights until midnight or beyond—but for years afterward the *Newsweek* sign still clicked off at eight. In 1965, during a major drought, the New York City water commissioner ordered city restaurants not to put down a glass of water in front of any customer unless specifically requested to. Up to that time, it had been a custom in New York restaurants to give everyone just sitting down a glass of ice water. Many restaurants in the city have not yet resumed the practice of dispensing unasked-for water.

At the beginning of the Second World War, the city ordered that skylights in public buildings be tarred or painted over so that any enemy planes that might fly over North America couldn't see light leaking into the sky. The Metropolitan Transportation

Authority, which inherited Grand Central Terminal from its Second World War landlord, New York Central Railroad, through several intermediaries, is just now scraping the black paint off all Grand Central skylights. Patrons of the Palm Court at the Plaza hotel haven't been so lucky. Once the skylights there had been covered over, the management installed a central air-conditioning unit overhead, permanently blocking off all natural light from the room. The Palm Court ceiling is now lighted by concealed fluorescent bulbs. In our culture, people are so used to ignoring their experiences of the places around them that working with these experiences as a part of our procedure for taking care of our cities and landscapes may mean that we'll have to get rid of a few long-held habits of thought. One tendency that I have found to be a strong part of my own makeup appeared in a *Times* article a while ago about Rockefeller Center's decision to close the observation deck on top of the RCA Building. The observation deck was a lovely spot, absolutely quiet, generally almost empty, a sort of picnic ground halfway to the sky. The reporter who covered the story obviously loved the place, but in writing about it he implied that the experiences we cherish have to be relinquished sooner or later. The *Times* headline over this piece read, "A QUIET PLACE AT RCA'S SUMMIT DRIFTS ONTO THE PAGES OF THE PAST."

In my case, I had the good fortune of learning at an early age that experiences of places can be a valuable part of life, but it took me years to learn the next lesson: that these experiences are under our control; they are a rainbow well within our grasp. From an early age, I savored the experiences that New York then had to offer—double-decker buses and Checker cabs and two-way avenues and double-red stoplights (when all the traffic at an intersection came to a complete halt for a few moments) and movie palaces and small midtown cafeterias and second-hand bookshops. But, like many other people, I assumed that experiences were only a by-product of other, more important purposes. When they disappeared—and they did, faster and faster—I mourned them but thought, like the *Times* reporter, that it was their nature to vanish.

No American city at the moment has an officially constituted Department of Experiential Protection or an Urban Experience Development Corporation. But we can already begin to recognize that because we have built into us two different systems for organizing our perceptions—the narrowing focus of ordinary consciousness and the more inclusive approach of simultaneous perception, which responds to whatever the senses can detect—we need continuing contact with a rich variety of experiences in a place if we are to stay connected with our environment and with other people. We already know that these experiences can be very complex. A single experience may have a number of universal elements in it, common to everyone, like our response to grass, say or to winding paths. At the same time that experience may contain certain culturally conditioned component that will be common only to peopl from the same society. Arabs, for instance, the anthropologist Edward T Hall has pointed out, like to stan close enough to their friends to be abl to smell them; Americans don't. An still other elements of an experienc may be purely personal—we all us long-lasting and familiar buildings for instance, as a mnemonic devic that can organize and prompt ou memories: that's where I went on m first date; that's a place my father onc worked.

In addition to all this knowledge we also already have an abundance o tools for cultivating and enhancin these complex and composite experiences: we can simulate them; we ca previsualize them; we can redesig them; we can manage them; we ca add on new awarenesses. We're finall in a position to get on with the job o making sure that all places are wort experiencing. —TONY HIS

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

•

She will work with physicians at th hospital to treat patients with acute an chronic lunch problems.—*Concord (N.H. Monitor.*

Like tuna melts.

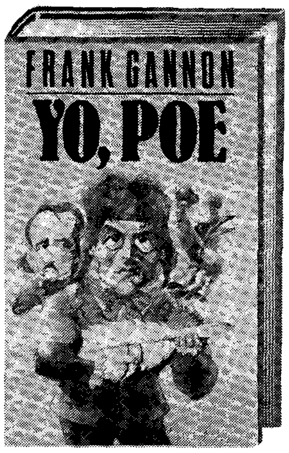
•

FROSTBURG—The Adult Choir of Firs Congregational Church will hold a rummage sale on Saturday, May 9 from 9 a.m to 3 p.m. in the church basement.

Items available will include clothing household, toys, books and appliances.

The choir will also be selling necktie made from church bulletins.—*Cumberlan (Md.) Times-News.*

Nothing wasted at the First Congregational Church of Frostburg.



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—Newsweek

Some of these pieces first appeared in The New Yorker

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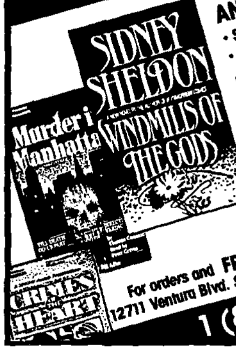

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BOOKS

Choosing a Place

INTELLIGENT people who confess that they haven't yet got around to reading Nadine Gordimer always protest that they "must," and her fans re rarely willing to qualify their "awe nd admiration" by telling you what hey love about her. Great writers eserve better.

Why is Gordimer intimidating? She sserts that it is possible to do omething about evil. There is no ha-angue, just a challenge in the form of narrative. The challenge is to imag-ne with her what shape, obstacles, imits, and value the doing of some-hing might really have. We aren't sed to such cool practicality in a mod-rn writer, to such nonchalance of in-tinct. Gordimer understands necessity s something apparent, though not imple; her art is in many ways like the pider's. No wonder, then, that she nocks those foreign reviewers who, in rojecting their own "morbid symp-oms" onto her situation, have created courageous" as a literary value for outh African writers. It isn't courage hat builds webs.

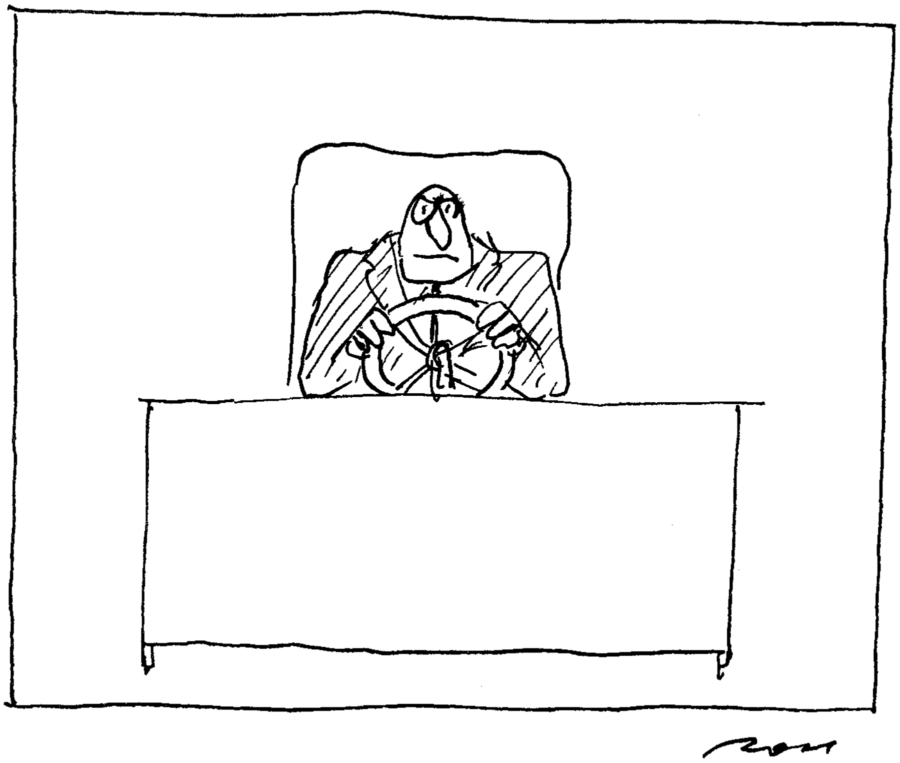
The awe that readers express for ordimer may also reflect their per-eption, useful though poignant, that ital assurance is different from anx-ous drive. It is rare to find the com-ination of destructive and healing owers under control in one sensibili-y. Her fury is as shameless as her lyr-cal eroticism. Her penetration into er characters sometimes makes you eel she has expropriated rather than nvented them. She homes in on their ics of speech and thought with a recision that would be cruel if it were ot, like the mynah bird's, so impar-ial. The voice that speaks to us in this nanner, in our own language, comes rom a distance greater than that hich separates our continents, al-hough it is, perhaps, only the distance hat we so meekly accept as inevitable etween life and art.

"A Sport of Nature" (Knopf; 18.95) is Gordimer's ninth novel, nd the first since she published "July's eople," in 1981. That was a much horter book, almost a novella. It had he claustrophobia of a theatre piece nd it was written for a tight ensemble f characters—a white family and its lack servant (July), who were isolat-d in his native village. Their con-rontations were immediate, and cen-ered on concrete things: keys, a gun, remembered grudges, fears bred in the bush by the rain and heat and by languages not understood. The continuous pressure exerted on every surface by a distant revolution and its history held the novel's perfect shape together. "A Sport of Nature" is a much more unrestrained piece of writing: in its form; in the time and ground it covers (forty years and three continents); and in the author's unabashed fascination with her central character. The lifetime of this slippery girl is that of apartheid, and her function is that of all picaros: to infiltrate a society at every level, though without any forethought.

What we have here, then, is a guided tour, and our guide, as is so often the case, is the kind of young woman to whom no one can deny a favor, and who is equally generous with her own. She takes us home first: to the suburbs of Johannesburg, where her family lives; then she smuggles us across the border, to a country that has achieved its independence, and where, in shabby lodgings and offices, and in villas abandoned by former colonists, a group of exiles, black and white, is organizing the Azanian revolution. The horizon broadens as we follow our young woman to Eastern Europe, lobbying for guns and butter; to London, seeking column space and cachet in the best leftist drawing rooms; to the East Coast of this country, where any red dust clinging to the revolution's threadbare business suit has to be brushed off; and, finally, back to Africa—but now to visit the rebels' bush camps, safe houses, and strategic-planning sessions in Hilton bars. Gordimer writes about each of these milieus, and its inhabitants, with a relish that is sometimes wicked and an authority that seems absolute. If she hasn't made the tour herself, she has a lot of flies reporting to her. Sometimes, in fact, there's almost too much detail for the reader to absorb. (A glossary of acronyms—which are as much the litter of a revolution as its spent cartridges—would have been useful.)

When we meet our heroine for the first time, she is in the act of shedding one name and emerging under another. This is the kind of opening scene Gordimer often writes, composed of small, expertly focussed, pleasurable sensations that relax a reader, and of flashes of mystery that draw one into a story. A schoolgirl is going somewhere. Her train is crossing an African landscape. She throws the

LEADERSHIP



name Kim "up to the rack with her school panama" and becomes Hillela.

It is worth paying attention to these names. A name never pushes an individual toward the idea of his fate more dramatically than in wartime: it is a password, an incitement; it recovers, under fire, some of its original incantatory power and economy. For example, the names that are chanted by the spectators in the courtroom at the trial of Hillela's cousin—"*woza Luthuli, woza Mandela, woza Tambo, woza Sisulu . . . woza Kgomani*"—are the essence of what both sides recognize cannot be negotiated. The feeling of solidarity they arouse is inspiration as the old poets understood it, which was to permit yourself to be visited by "the dead" and charged by the outcome of their lives.

The name Kim has served Hillela as a kind of unmarked skin, deflecting questions and permitting her to pass as a girl like any other. But it disappears after the first few pages, and it was, for all we know, something her mother picked up from a paperback novel or a movie magazine. But Gordimer never wastes a detail: it also makes her the namesake of Kipling's orphan. Hillel was the girl's great-grandfather, a Zionist peddler. She is embarrassed to admit the connection, yet she turns out to be the heir both to his displacement and to his faith in the divine right to a homeland. And, for those interested enough to pursue the reference, it leads us to that Rabbi Hillel who was the president of the Sanhedrin at the time of Christ, when the Jews were facing dispersion and struggling to preserve their identity under the Romans. "If I act not for myself," Hillel asked them, "who shall act for me? And if I act for myself alone, what then am I? And if not now, when?" Finally, Hillela is a one-off, pretty sort of name, easy to remember. Its combination of sounds, in English, suggests the landscape of a woman's body—a body that will prove to be this novel's "liberated territory."

Gordimer's territory has always been morality, in the roomier Greek sense of the word. In Greek, morality is *ethos*, which means, literally, "choice of a place." All moral action in her fiction—and I think one can say all its dramatic action—has to do for her black characters with the anguish of displacement and their response to it, and for the whites with their choice of a place, of a moral relation, to that injustice. The counterpoints of her narrative mirror the laws that govern the movement of people under apartheid, as they reflect each other in two so nearly matching words—"passport" and "passbook." How you pass is the question: freely, with your own name; furtively, with the forged identity of another; or as something objectively accounted for and transported, like the pieces of equipment on a manifest. Sometimes, as in "The Conservationist," apartheid is just the corpse no one wants to take responsibility for burying or not burying, so it stinks out in the veld somewhere while the life of the story moves around it.

In her new book, as in "Burger's Daughter," that corpse is the guest of honor. The other guests are Gordimer's familiars—the whites who consider themselves politically engaged, who take on deserving cases to defend or educate, who instill a social conscience in their children and go on cheap camping trips instead of real vacations as a kind of penance. Hillela's tireless, outspoken, and to some degree admirable Aunt Pauline is their epitome. But when she is asked to shelter an unknown fugitive and thus break a law, she hesitates, accuses herself of cowardice, and decides that the risk to her family is not worth incurring for someone who is "just a name" to her.

Gordimer is never not writing about the larger moral issue of sanctuary: the sanctuary of the white family. Whatever high-minded discussions take place within its walls, however many envelopes are stuffed with protest literature while servants are given instruction for leadership roles in a new society, the white parents still command a privilege exclusive to their race: protecting their children and, by their example, empowering them with that sense of self-worth which is inextricable from a sense of middle-class entitlement. That has been one of our own literary themes at least since James: the economics of being a somebody or a nobody. In South Africa, however, the concept of identity loses its slack to the tensions between black and white, and, finally, between life and death.

Consider how in American fiction one class of character asks the question "Who am I?" and another class "How much am I worth?" Gordimer forces the heroine of "Burger's Daughter," Rosa (who plays a cameo role in "A Sport of Nature"), to conclude that there is only one class of answer to both questions, only one she can live with—that she is a child whose father would orphan her for his ideals. And who are "July's People"? The answer for one of them, Maureen Smales, is that unless you are autonomous, your worth, like your self, is defined by whatever figure of authority provides it for you. The husband who has provided hers is now a displaced person—an architect lying on a box spring in a hut, and suddenly nothing more than "a man without a vehicle."

Strip one of Gordimer's schemas of its details and you lose the subtlety, but you are then faced with the starkness and ubiquity of the moral: every black is a fugitive under apartheid, and no white can claim the sanctuary of conscience—which for Gordimer is self *and* worth, indivisible—without sharing his fate.

That harshness of hers toward the decent whites, which has on us the cooling effect we call our admiration and which has increased a little with every novel, approaching intolerance in "A Sport of Nature," needs some perspective. In a lecture she gave five years ago in New York, Gordimer told her audience that there were two "absolutes" in her life: that racism is "damnation in the Old Testamen sense" and "no compromises as well as sacrifices should be too great in the fight against it;" and that "a writer is a being in whose sensibility is fused what Lukács calls 'the duality of inwardness and outside world' and he must never be asked to sunder this union." It is too easy to assume—and I think some writers do, with a kind o perverse envy—that these absolutes one positive and one negative, create a force field, and that Gordimer's career simply flows between them; or that her vigor and longevity, like those o centenarians in some mountain village have been conditioned by a simple die of pure principles and the affirmation that, as an elder yet a producer, she continues to be needed. What she said however, was that the existence o those absolutes "often seems irreconcilable within one life, for me.' And she imagined, not without a note of wistfulness, how "in another country, another time, they would presen no conflict." The compromise—the sacrifice—that Gordimer makes in her novels is, I think, with her own freedom to do the kind of literary beachcombing, the poking into and savoring of timeless subjects, that she occasionally permits herself in her short stories

The longing for a vacation from the forty-year-old state of emergency in South Africa may be what has driven Gordimer to write "A Sport of Nature." It is something between a novel and a vision, just as its heroine, Hillela, who has the shimmer of a mirage, is something between a fata morgana and a character. She belongs to the future, to a country that has not yet come into being, and she moves through the story with an aura that is a bit like the blurry surface of a Polaroid snapshot as it emerges from the camera, and which gives you the same primitive, voyeuristic pleasure in relaion to time.

The title refers us to the dictionary's definition of a sport of nature *lusus naturae*) as "a plant, animal, tc., which exhibits abnormal variaion or a departure from the parent tock or type . . . a spontaneous mutaion." It also refers to the fact that Hillela is another something new out of Africa, a singular creature, who will not perpetuate the strain "of madness" in her race, and will therefore be it to stay on once the old order has been brought down.

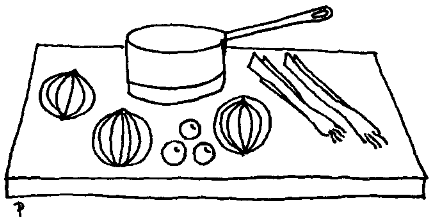
This is a loaded proposition on sevral counts. The mutants of myth and ction have a creepy propensity for urning on their creators, and among he modern writers who have treated he subject there seems to be a consenus that the impulse to purify the race onstitutes its single most monstrous genetic flaw. But to all our unstated bjections Gordimer replies:

> Utopia is unattainable; without aiming or it—taking a chance!—you can never ope even to fall far short of it. . . .
>
> Don't you see? It's all got to come own, mother. Without utopia—the idea f utopia—there's a failure of the imaginaion—and that's a failure to know how to o on living. It will take another kind of eing to stay on, here. A new white peron. Not us. The chance is a wild chance —like falling in love.

If the use of dashes seems reckless, it may be excused by the fact that this is letter addressed to Hillela's Aunt Pauline by Pauline's young son, Sasha. He leaves it around rather than deliver t—one of those gestures which betray he rational half-grown child's magic wish for a mother to "understand what she couldn't, ever." That is preisely his predicament: he is half in nd half out of manhood, independence, conviction, desire; his gradual nd tortured emergence runs parallel o Hillela's more facile, though less heltered, one, and to reach his apoheosis he must descend to it, while she will be Assumed to hers. But the burden of doubt in the novel rests on Sasha's shoulders, and that, I think, defines him as its true hero—a *modern* hero: one whose solitude makes us weep for him. Sasha, though, is also a hero in the Greek sense: he to whom the gods offer a choice between the place of love and the place of duty. What he doubts most heroically is his ability to sever the bond to his mother, and to dispose of his own "worth" without regard for his preciousness as a white child.

Hillela may be the new white person, but she is also the type of malleable waif who has always attracted art students, guerrilla poets, mad scientists —the more conventional kinds of Pygmalion. One of her revolutionary intimates attempts to sum up her qualities with the word "innocent." She is innocent of prejudice, vanity, shame, scruples, possessiveness, inhibition, nostalgia, fear, frigidity, and the *sachel* you pick up in a middle-class Jewish family, which consists of knowing, when you have a good thing, how not to spoil it. Her mother's one distinction was to lack that *sachel*, too. She bolted, as they used to say, when Hillela was two or three, leaving a box of photos and a pornographic love letter—addressed to the Portuguese gigolo she defected with, not the travelling salesman she left behind, who sends Hillela to a Rhodesian boarding school when he remarries. Both she and Gordimer have an obscure soft spot for this oaf. Perhaps it's simply that he's a man.

Gordimer has rarely bestowed her affection on a *female* who has so little ethical tension to her character. There would be none at all if Hillela didn't have some of the white child's choice of a place. She gets this from her two maternal aunts—first, Olga, who offers her the advantages of orthodontia and "a dress-sense," and then Pauline, who holds up the mirror of her own social conscience. Neither of their efforts takes hold, however, nor could it: show me a romantic heroine who has not grown up motherless and she is sure to have had a mother who was a nonentity. (The successful daughter of a *woman* learns to cultivate resemblance and gratitude, not risk-taking and singularity.) Hillela betrays the expectations of both of her surrogate mothers with versions of a single transgression: blithely crossing a boundary—of race in one instance, of kinship in the other (she seduces her cousin Sasha). Both Olga and Pauline suffer for their decisions to expel her, but, I think, suffer not so much because she has behaved badly as because she has behaved incomprehensibly—which frightens them. Mothers abhor a stranger.



Hillela, for her part, seems relieved to have been sprung from "the house of their lives," where it wasn't "possible to move about." She is now free to embark on her years of living marginally—as a "tramp," a "beach-girl," sleeping her way into and out of indigence and into the liaison that lands her in exile, among the revolutionaries. She marries one of them, and marries well. Her husband, whom she sees for the first time as an "obsidian god" swimming toward her in the ocean, is a key figure in the banned African National Congress. Before Whaila Kgomani is assassinated on their kitchen floor, she gives birth to their daughter.

This nativity is one of the crucial scenes of the novel, and it is lit for drama and contrast, like a bare stage. There is a shadowy hospital room, brightness at a window, a sombre white nurse, a laughing black one, a pale mother, and her first incandescent thought: "She wanted, above all consideration of life and death, to tell Whaila how the baby had come out: like him, like him." How should we understand this? Gordimer continues to engage something in us deeper than curiosity and more volatile than resistance until, several pages later, she is ready to give her answer:

> Satisfaction sank deep as the cool moisture that existed under the parched sand: not to have reproduced herself, not to have produced a third generation of the mother who danced away into the dark of a nightclub, the child before whom certain advantages lay like the shadow of a palm tree, the aunts who offered what they had to offer.

The language here is provocative, despite the bland image of Madonna and child. (The only figures missing are the three wise men, and perhaps they are the aunts and the mother, spurned because their gifts are too bourgeois.) But if Gordimer is asking for an act of faith, and promising redemption in exchange for it, she has

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put up insufficient writerly collateral for her favorite character. Hillela has been conceived by Gordimer as without sin—or at least the cardinal sin, which is the narcissism of mothers.

Not to have reproduced herself. Yes, that is the quick of every utopian idea. Of course, it applies to more than biological reproduction; it is also about the reproduction of race or class privileges and enmities. But Gordimer neglects to acknowledge the oppressive aspect of such narcissism. It, too, is a form of displacement. It occurs in anyone who nurtures the autonomy and prestige of others without having, except in fantasy, a claim to her own. One finds it in the hauteur of the old retainer who wears his livery as if it were the ermine robes of his lord as much as in the mother who wears her son's Phi Beta Kappa key as a lucky charm. You smile. But the word "vicarious" was early used to describe suffering.

Narcissism is a disorder that deprives a character or a society of its depth; it's not just a synonym for shallowness. When Gordimer permits us to see this irony playing itself out, as she does, at its most profound level, in the struggle between Pauline and Sasha, and in the form of its most typical fantasy—the modelling career of Hillela's beautiful black daughter—she gets to us under our own skin. But when she flashes Hillela's sinlessness at us, as an example we can worship but not follow, she reproduces the experience of narcissism itself.

The precision and delight with which Gordimer describes Hillela's body—taut cheekbones, full breasts, skin that constantly tingles with intelligence and pleasure—suggest that it is just the kind of place a moralist might choose for her vacation. And what is a vacation if you can't relax your ethical tensions for a while?

Her art never relaxes, but the beach girl vanishes, the martyr's grieving widow pulls herself together and ... Some years later, Aunt Pauline hears that her niece has been lecturing on the black-liberation movement at M.I.T., among other places, and is considered an expert in her field. She can't resist the observation that Hillela's field used, at any rate, to be men. It hasn't quite ceased to be that now: men for the woman warrior's delight. But Gordimer employs the succession of Hillela's exotic lovers and milieus as a guerrilla leader employs his layovers in bush camps: to give the troops an education in the history, tactics, weapons, and geography of thei revolution.

By the time that revolution comes Hillela has acquired her third name and with it she sloughs off her individuality and slips away into her publi role. The name is a wedding presen from her second husband, the Africa general who returns from exile t liberate his country and become it President. That smiling woman wit the high cheekbones whom her Aun Olga barely recognizes—sitting righ there next to Yasir Arafat in the photograph—is now called Chiemek which is the feminine version of th President's own tribal name. It mear "God has done very well."

How satisfying it would be to sa amen. If I do not, it isn't that I dislike Kim/Hillela/Chiemeka—indeed, found her to be one of the mo engaging opportunists in fiction sinc Fabrice del Dongo. Nor did I b grudge her her rise to power on th strength of her instincts. I wis though, that they had not always bee "unerring." Nor could I possibly b grudge Nadine Gordimer her raptu over this new creature of hers. She h taken "a wild chance—like falling i love." And so it is written. Eros h always rendered the gods vulnerabl just as, the Greeks say, it prevails i every conflict—because, as Gordim has herself divined, it is the princip of change.

But the danger is also as she h divined. The maker's infatuatio turns into a pride as regressive, in th end, as any mother's doting:

> The President has seen her in a lig other than that of perpetuator of a bloo line. Any woman could be that. In fact, man wanted Hillela to be like any oth woman, would allow her to be even if had been possible for her, herself.

The President is not uniqu Gordimer has taught all the men i her new world, white and black, want Hillelas. And however fully sh breathes life into her other wome characters, it is so that they may ser both heroine and author as better foil In this respect, the novel is itself a "abnormal variation" from its pare stock: alive in its contradictions b static in its ideal.

—JUDITH THURMA

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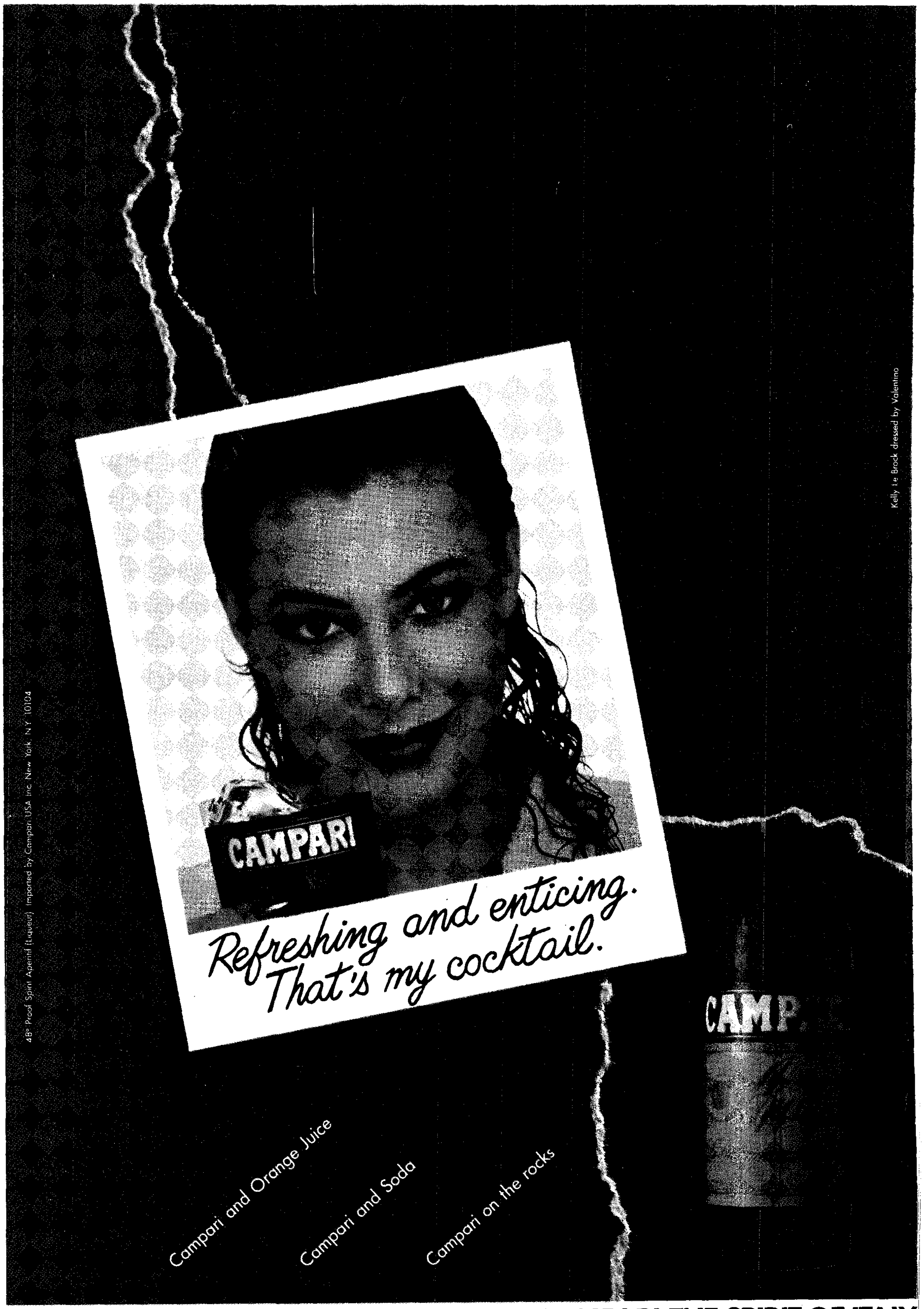
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